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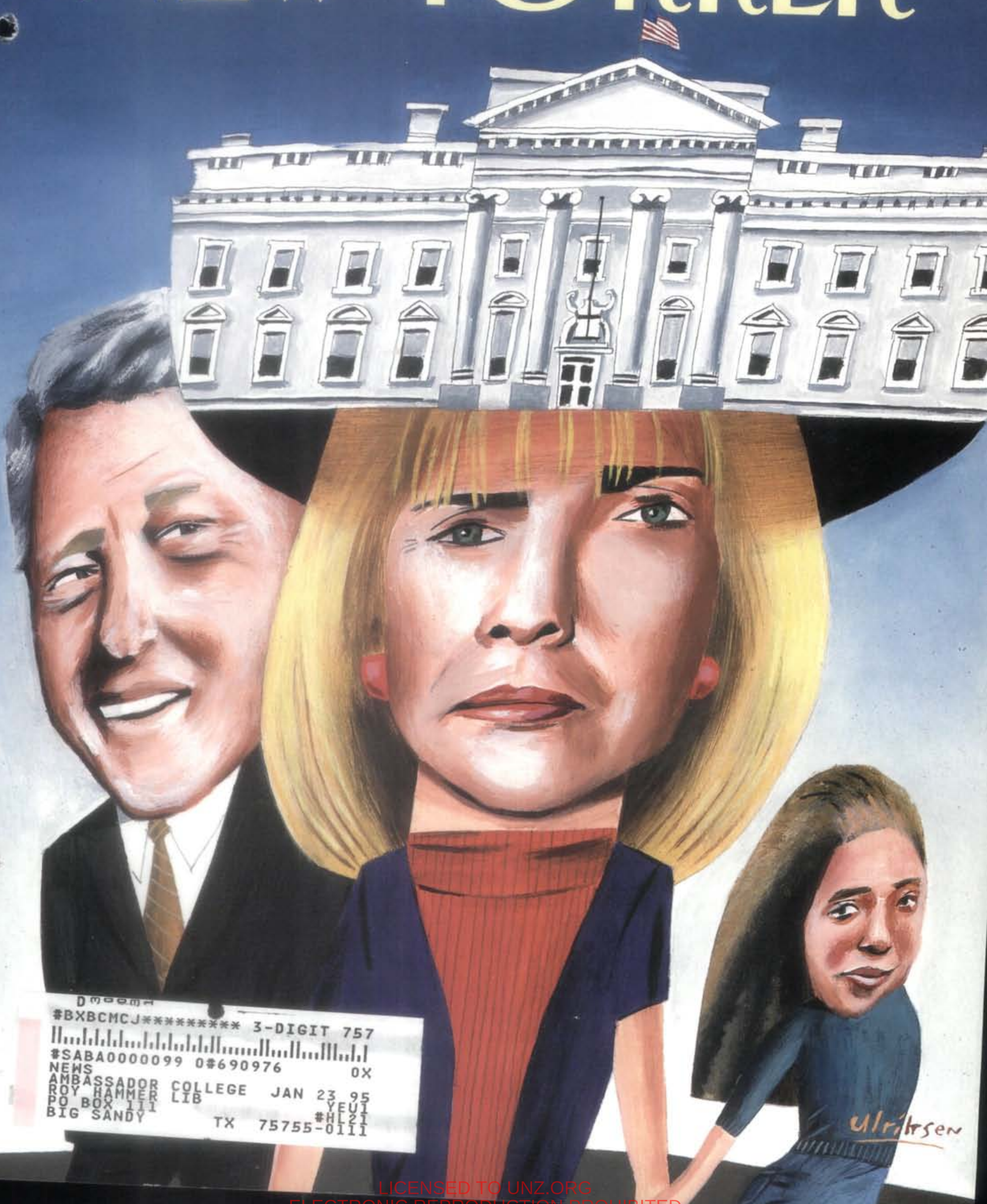

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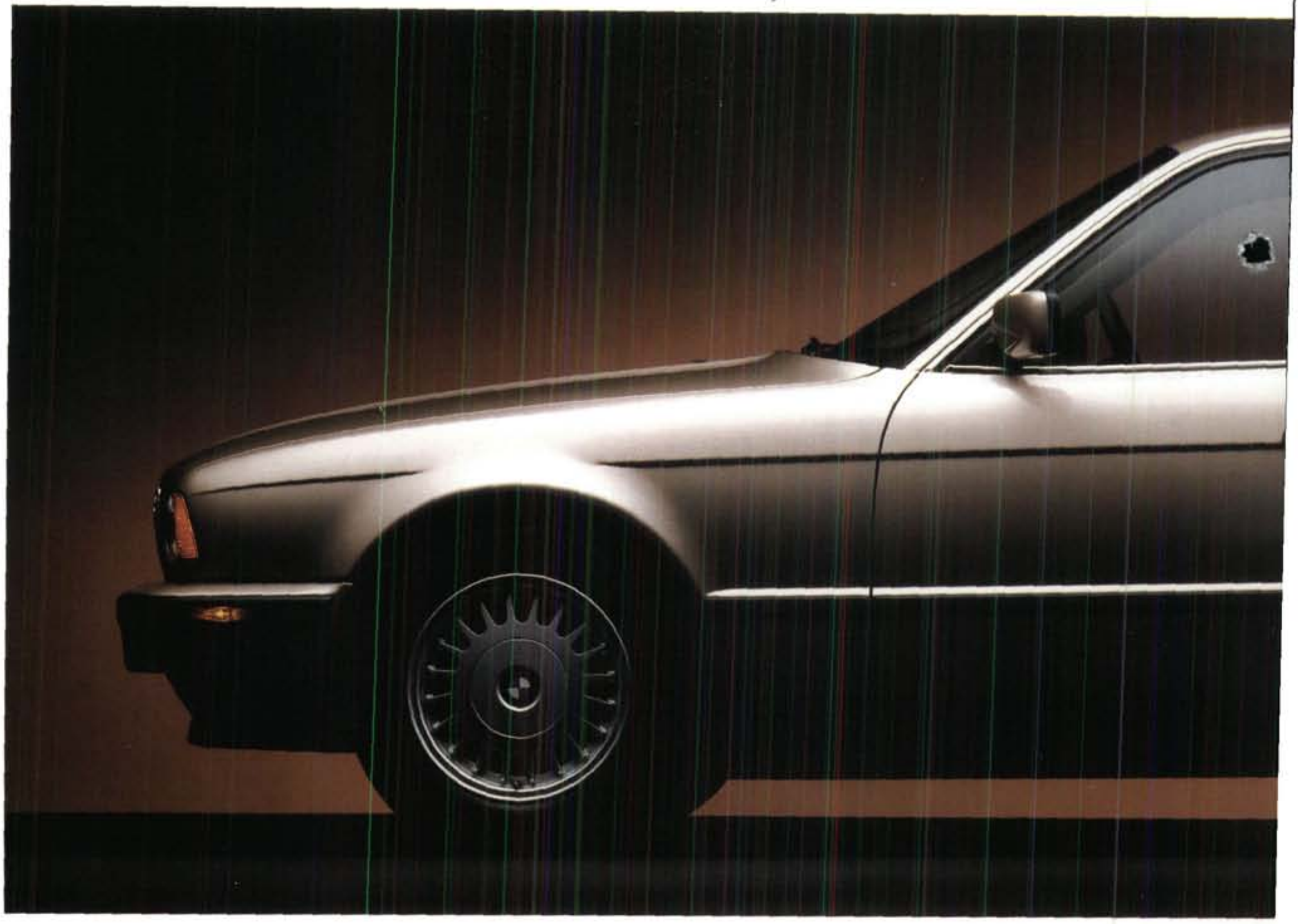

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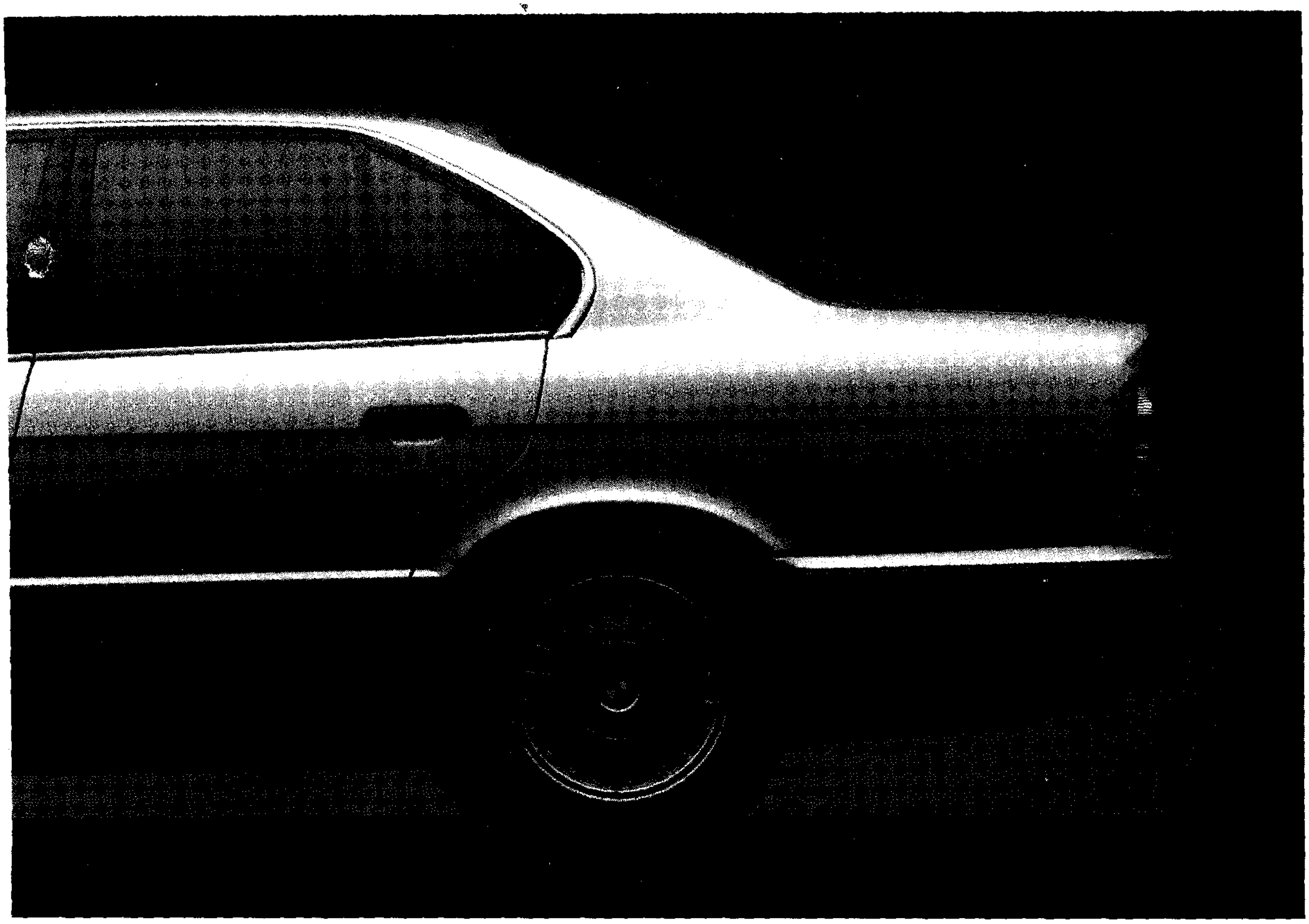

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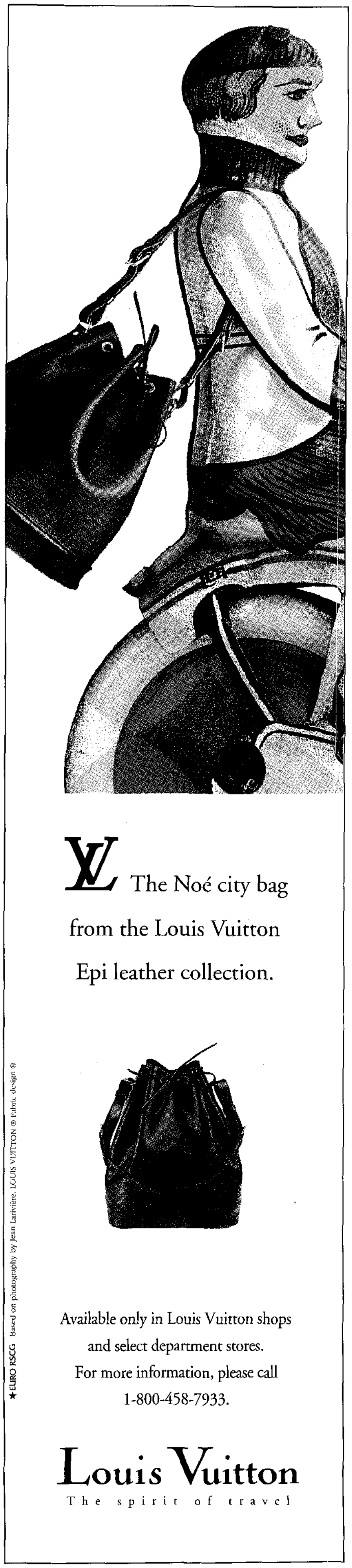
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"Did you ever notice how good he smells?"

GEORGIA: *I finally went out to dinner with him last night.*

JACKIE: *Just the two of you? Where did you go?*

GEORGIA: *Mario's.*

JACKIE: *Mario's? The food is terrible.*

GEORGIA: *I didn't notice. I don't really even know what I ate.*

JACKIE: *Really?*

GEORGIA: *You should have seen him. He was so sweet. He spilled his wine all over my dress.*

JACKIE: *Adorable.*

GEORGIA: *And then when he reached over to give me his napkin, he knocked over his water glass.*

JACKIE: *Hilarious.*

GEORGIA: *Well, it was. We couldn't stop laughing. We just had to get out of there. We laughed all the way back to my place.*

JACKIE: *Your place?*

GEORGIA: *Well, I was soaked. And besides...*

JACKIE: *Besides.*

GEORGIA: *Did you ever notice how good he smells?*

JACKIE: *Frankly, no.*

GEORGIA: *He wears the most wonderful cologne.*

JACKIE: *Dare I ask what it is?*

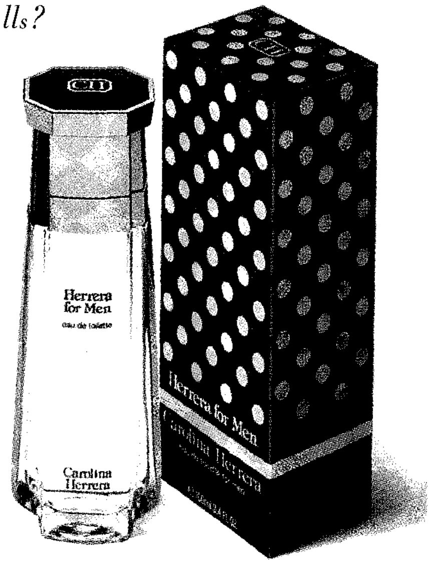
GEORGIA: *Well, it comes in a box with dots.*

JACKIE: *Dots?*

GEORGIA: *Dots.*

JACKIE: *So. Now we're back at your place...*

GEORGIA: *Jackie, how's your mother?*



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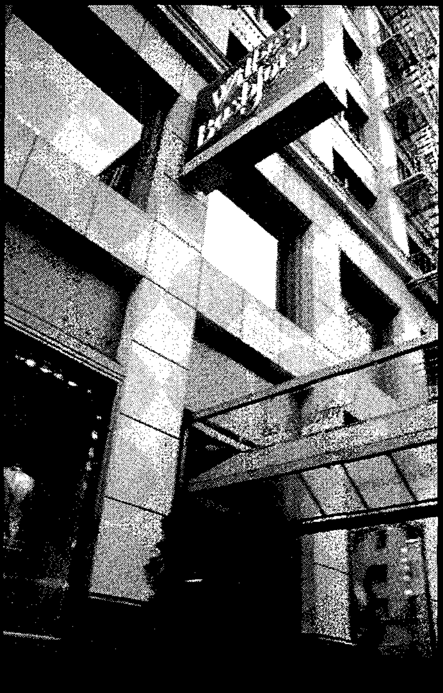

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COMMENT

FIRST LADY

JACQUELINE LEE BOUVIER KENNEDY ONASSIS stands with Eleanor Roosevelt as one of the two Presidential wives in our century whose following was large, passionate, and enduring. In contrast to the devotees of E.R. and of Hillary Rodham Clinton, whose adherence is essentially a matter of political belief, Jackie's public adored her performance in the other half of the First Lady's role, the ceremonial: restoring the antique splendor of the White House after the damage inflicted during the 1948-52 refurbishing; casting a spell on Charles de Gaulle and all of France during President Kennedy's visit to Paris; presiding with queenly grace over East Room performances by Jerome Robbins and Pablo Casals. Above all, they honored her for giving the United States back its dignity after the nightmare of Dallas. Those four sombre days in Washington cemented her place in history. At a time when people around the world questioned a political system suddenly vulnerable to the whims of gunmen, Jacqueline Kennedy understood the consolations of ritual. Emotionally depleted after flying back from Texas and waiting out her husband's autopsy, she had the presence of mind to ask aides to search the dark stacks of the Library of Congress for histories of Lincoln's funeral that she could consult. The result was that John F. Kennedy's death is remembered as much for Lincoln's caisson and the riderless black horse as for the horror in Dealey Plaza.

The price of being a venerated widow and a national heroine at the age of thirty-four was not small. She gave Camelot its name (nudging Theodore H. White to remember the musical by J.F.K.'s Choate and Harvard schoolmate Alan Jay Lerner); went to Atlantic City for the 1964 Democratic Convention, which lauded her husband; wrote a tribute on the first anniversary of the assassination; and dedicated a Kennedy memorial at Runnymede. But when Robert Kennedy, who had become her favorite

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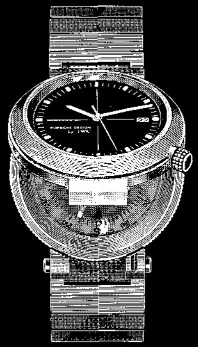

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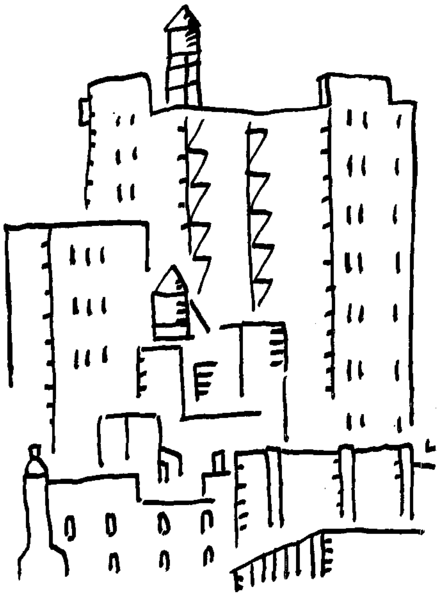
member of the family, was murdered, in 1968, something snapped. If America was killing Kennedys, she exclaimed, she wanted to leave the country. Four months after Robert's death, she married her husband's antithesis, Aristotle Onassis. By pulling herself down from the pedestal, she could begin living as a human being again. One might say that in both her marriages she was a master of Realpolitik.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, who understood the Long Island patriciate in which Jacqueline Bouvier grew up, wrote that in American lives there are no second acts. Jacqueline's had not only a second act but a third. After the seven-year marriage of withdrawal to the Greek Islands, confrontations with the paparazzi, and spending, she created for herself what was, for the first time, an existence on her own terms. She said goodbye to the turbulence of her lives with the inconstant J.F.K. and the volatile Onassis—powerful men whom she had looked to for protection but who had failed her in one way or another. She established herself as a working editor specializing in nonfiction books, noting, "After all, I *have* lived through a lot of American history." She edited a dozen books a year, ranging from Carly Simon's stories for children to biographies of Czar Nicholas II and Judge Frank Johnson, Jr.

She now rarely spoke of her highly publicized years as First Lady or as the chatelaine of Skorpiós. Friends marvelled at her success in shielding John Kennedy's daughter and son from the public eye and from the temptations that afflicted their Kennedy cousins: those children have become adults possessed of seriousness and modesty. Outside her circle of family, friends, and colleagues, her voice—breathy and seductive—was almost never heard. She was never a feminist in any public sense, yet the life she led in her mature years—working at a job she loved; declining to remarry, while sharing her life with a strong, devoted, sweet-natured, genuinely protective companion, the Manhattan financier Maurice Tempelsman; being an exemplary mother and grandmother—made her values plain. Her eloquence was the eloquence of silence. These later choices of hers recalled what she wrote a year after John Kennedy's death—that he had become "a legend when he would have preferred to be a man." She could scarcely take a step in the last years of her life without scenes out of Nathanael West: crowds of photographers and rubberneckers, shouting "Jackie! Jackie!" Not even her final stroll in Central Park a week ago was spared.

Into the nineteen-nineties, she remained Our Lady of Washington, Hyannis Port, and Dallas for most Americans, including the wife of the forty-second President of the United States. Robert Kennedy once said that one of his sister-in-law's charms was that she would never greet Jack at night by asking what was new with the minimum wage. This could scarcely be said of Hillary and Bill. In the index of a book that mentions Mrs. Kennedy, one finds such entries as "France charmed by" and "political wife's role rejected by." A book dealing with Mrs. Clinton includes the topics "controversial statements by" and "political skills."

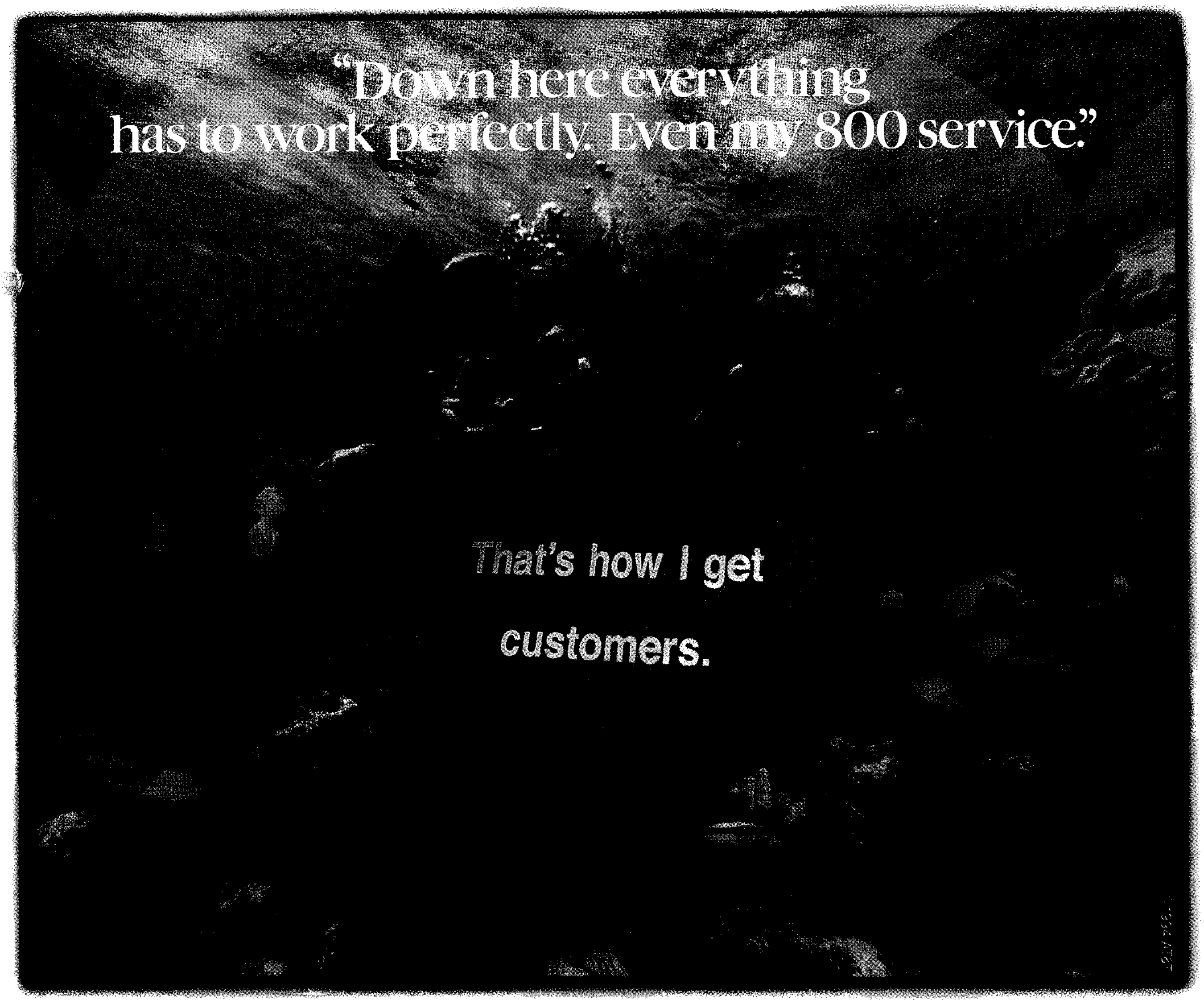
Actually, in the early nineteen-sixties Mrs. Kennedy was more deeply involved in her husband's politics than we knew. Roswell Gilpatric, who was a Deputy Secretary of Defense in the Kennedy Administration and then, before her marriage to Onassis, became one of her beaux, has recalled that "she was always asking me all kinds of questions about the Pentagon, about the flow of power." She smoothed John Kennedy's relations with foreign leaders such as de Gaulle and the Shah, and was said to do an uncanny impersonation of Sukarno, who once saucily invited her to visit Indonesia—unescorted. Like Nancy Reagan, she quietly prodded her husband to improve relations with the Soviet Union.



There was every reason to expect a friendly relationship between Mrs. Onassis and the Clintons, whose admiration for John and Jacqueline Kennedy was unambivalent. But the[illegible] association turned out to be more than that. Jacqueline responded to Hillary's vivacious intelligence and her audacity. Hillary understood that Jacqueline's official blessing would go a long way to quiet critics who complained that she neglected the ceremonial side of her role as First Lady. Both women knew what it was to live in the White House with husbands who had complicated personal histories. A mother-daughter relationship was suggested even by their styles: Jacqueline's consistent sense of self had led her to maintain the same shoulder-length hairdo and dark glasses for three decades; Hillary's almost daily change of hair style betokened an experimental groping for something that worked.

Hovering like a godfather over the odd friendship, which was nourished by telephone calls and visits, was the senior senator from Massachusetts. For Edward Kennedy knew that close ties between the Kennedys and the Clintons could only benefit both families. The most public manifestation of those ties was last summer's famous cruise off Martha's Vineyard on Tempelsman's boat Relemar, during which, it is reliably said, the President ate so much that the former First Lady was moved to exclaim softly, "*Bill!* You have *such* an *appetite!*"

One way to understand what Jacqueline brought to Jack is to look at a photograph of the couple, and then at one of Jack alone: her presence amplified his youth and vitality many times over. And, as long as Jacqueline was alive, looking fifteen years younger than her age, with the same bearing that we saw in the White House and as she strode up the hill at Arlington National Cemetery, so, in a way, was the thirty-fifth President. Now that she is no longer here, the Kennedy years have become suddenly remote. ♦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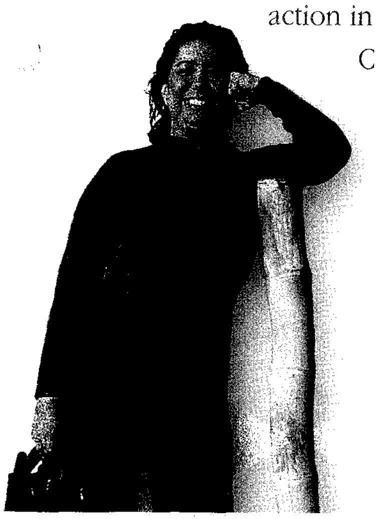

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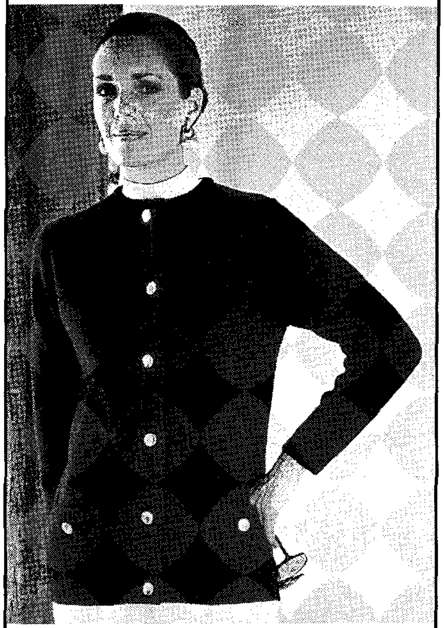

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MORE TROUBLES

David Remnick's "Belfast Confetti" (A Reporter at Large, April 25th), an exercise in debunking Gerry Adams after his recent P.R.-successful visit to our shores, is a mirror of the British Information Service line: dreadful Irish, benighted Loyalists, and the poor British in between! It is too bad that *The New Yorker* couldn't have advanced beyond this plague-on-both-your-houses style to suggest some ideas for forward movement. There are such in Northern Ireland, but they eluded Mr. Remnick. He should have also examined the Downing Street Declaration in more detail, since it was hailed a few months ago as the solution to the problem. It contains ambiguities, to say the least, and raises serious questions. Why not give Sinn Fein some clarifications, since that seems a small price to pay to get it to the peace table? Is the reason, perhaps, that the governments really had no concrete ideas beyond an I.R.A. ceasefire? What is the real motive of the Irish government in all this? Is it trying to wash its hands of the North?

ALBERT DOYLE
Vice-President
American Irish Political Education Committee
West Haverstraw, N.Y.

David Remnick's story mystified this former Belfast resident. Mr. Remnick suggests that we should hate Gerry Adams, because Adams won't let go of the war—that, on the contrary, he keeps it going. But this argument ignores the other players in the conflict and their unwillingness to compromise. Adams and Sinn Fein, in fact, support a constitution that enshrines compromise, equality, and diversity on the island of Ireland.

Even after reading this article, we have no reason not to believe that Sinn Fein is anything but a legitimate political party whose first interest is a united, independent, and diverse Ireland. It is ironic that, in an effort to straighten out the bias he fears we have, Mr. Remnick reveals his own bias in favor of Britain.

SANDY CARLSON
Newton, Conn.

David Remnick's article skillfully dissected the Nationalist and Loyalist myths masquerading as historical truths. But his most telling point concerned the population of poets: "There have been a remarkable number of them for a country of a million and a half." Here we may have the underlying problem, as it was identified by W. H. Auden: "Now Ireland has her madness and her weather still, / For poetry makes nothing happen."

JOHN O'BYRNE
Dublin, Ireland

KURT COBAIN

Alex Ross, in "Generation Exit" (April 25th), discovered something that seems to have eluded the media's herdlike and hysterical coverage of Kurt Cobain's suicide: a voice of reason and an understanding of context. It is clear that Mr. Cobain, whether or not he intended to be, simply was not the icon the media have cast him as. Nor, for that matter, is his audience (or the mythical Generation X) representative of anything unique or world-changing. Mr. Cobain's story is indeed "simpler and sadder," as Mr. Ross describes it, for it is more accurately about an artist hooked on drugs and struggling with the burden of fame.

The generation I belong to consists simply of people in their twenties, who are perhaps overeducated and in some cases underemployed in comparison to past generations, but are nonetheless not so different from any other generation struggling to come of age. That the landscape is more complex and treacherous hardly makes us unique; the same could be said of our parents' plight compared with that of their parents'. What *does* separate youth is the generation gap, which is a function of growing up, and is not likely to change much over time.

DAVID S. CARLSON
New York City

Alex Ross manages to miss the mark almost entirely in his critique of the life and death of Kurt Cobain. Perhaps the most facile section of the piece is Mr. Ross's statement that Cobain's "disavowals of masculine culture rang false alongside a stage show that dealt in sonic aggression and equipment-smashing mayhem," followed by his question "Who was he kidding?" Cobain wasn't kidding at all; Mr. Ross doesn't get it. Like many of the male icons of alternative culture, Cobain created an aggressive, strong, masculine identity that aligned itself explicitly against sexism and homophobia, even at the risk of alienating a portion of his straight male audience. Furthermore, Cobain did not, like so many pop stars, take the safe road of defining himself vaguely and negatively, as being "against hate," but instead defined himself positively, as being *for* gays and women. Alex Ross offers us a convincing portrait of a banner-waving, generation-leading political rocker whose ambition was ultimately destroyed by drugs. Mr. Ross's subject is both admirable and tragic, but should never by any means be confused with Kurt Cobain.

ADAM FELBER
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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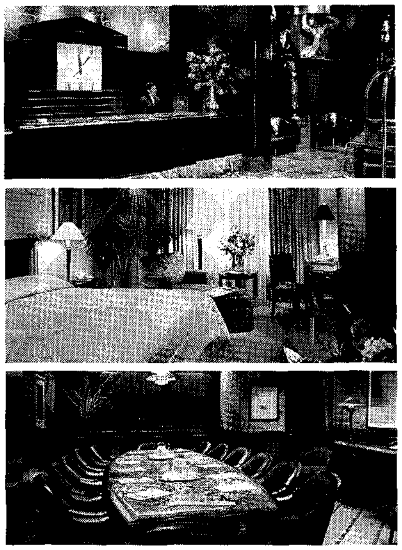

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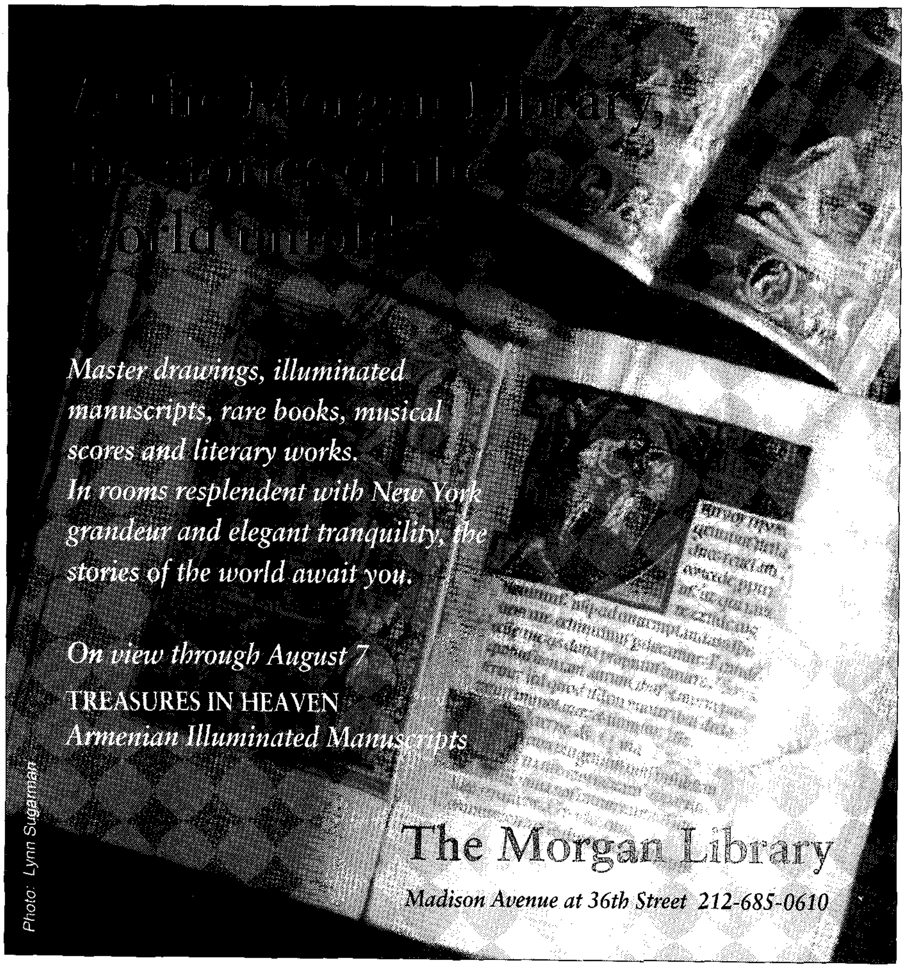

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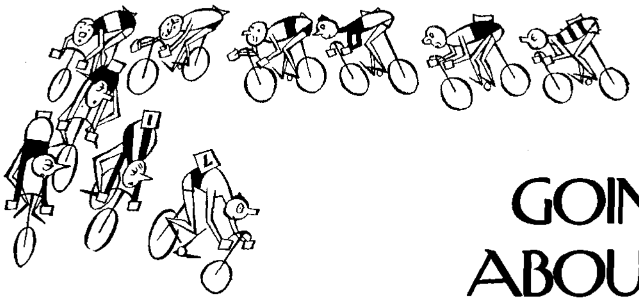
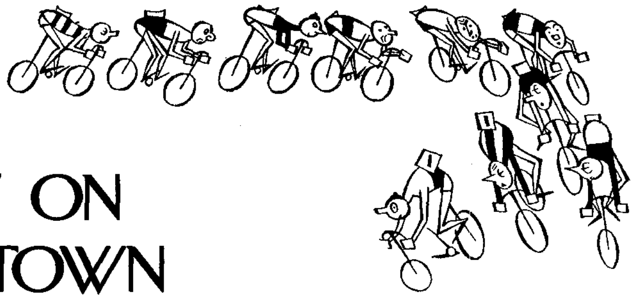




GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

Gray-Haired Youth

At first glance, "Bring In the Morning," the new musical now at the Variety Arts (Third Avenue at 14th Street), looks like every other teen testimonial since the 1980 movie "Fame." The time is "Now," the place is "the City of Their Minds," and the song list teems with uplift ("Never Stop Believing," "I'm on My Way"). Many members of the cast are graduates of that "Fame" alma mater, the High School of Performing Arts. As in a Sondheim show, however, things are not what they lightheartedly seem. In the fourteen years since "Fame" launched a thousand soft-drink commercials—and in the twenty-four years since Herb Schapiro and Gary William Friedman, the lyricist and the composer of "Bring In the Morning," created "The Me Nobody Knows"—crack, AIDS, and crossfire have entered the scene. Grief has joined joy and rage as a common teen-age emotion.

To convey this sorrow it helps to have a director and a casting artist—in this case, Sheldon Epps and Stephen DeAngelis—who know how to showcase talent. Every singer here should have a recording contract, and a few should be on the cover of *Vibe*. Inaya Jafa'n, as Lakesha, sashays sitcomically past the urban-jungle backdrops, but when she and Mavis (Raquel Polite) light up the gospel-soaked "Deliver My Soul," you don't titter: you *witness*. And when Sean Grant, as Cougar, soulfully croons "Ghetto of My Mind" you just know he's been listening to Luther Vandross, and learning to infuse a litany of troubles with a world of grief.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Big Momma 'n' em—Phyllis Yvonne Stickney brings her one-woman show to town for a brief engagement. Preview on May 25. Opens May 26 at 8 and runs through June 5. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

The Ice-Fishing Play—Kevin Kling's drama recently wound up a run at the Jungle Theatre in Minneapolis. Preview on May 25. Opens May 26 at 8. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826.)

Merrily We Roll Along—The York Theatre Company's production of the Stephen Sondheim–George Furth musical has three new Sondheim songs and a revised book. Previews begin May 26. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 534-5366.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

The Naked Truth—Paul Rudnick's new comedy. Previews begin May 26. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

OPENED RECENTLY

The Acting Company—Performing two shows in repertory, through May 28: "The African Company Presents Richard III," by Carlyle Brown, and Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

All in the Timing—Six sparkling short plays by David Ives add up to one enchanted evening. Ives and the deft director, Jason McConnell Buzas, are wonderfully served by their actors, especially Robert Stanton and Nancy Opel. Wendy Lawless, Ted Neustadt, and Michael Countryman do their part to keep the proceedings cruising along at top speed. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Amphigorey: A Musicale—Fifteen Edward Gorey stories set to music. With sets by Mr. Gorey, of course, and a score by Peter Golub. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 777-7474. Closes May 28.)

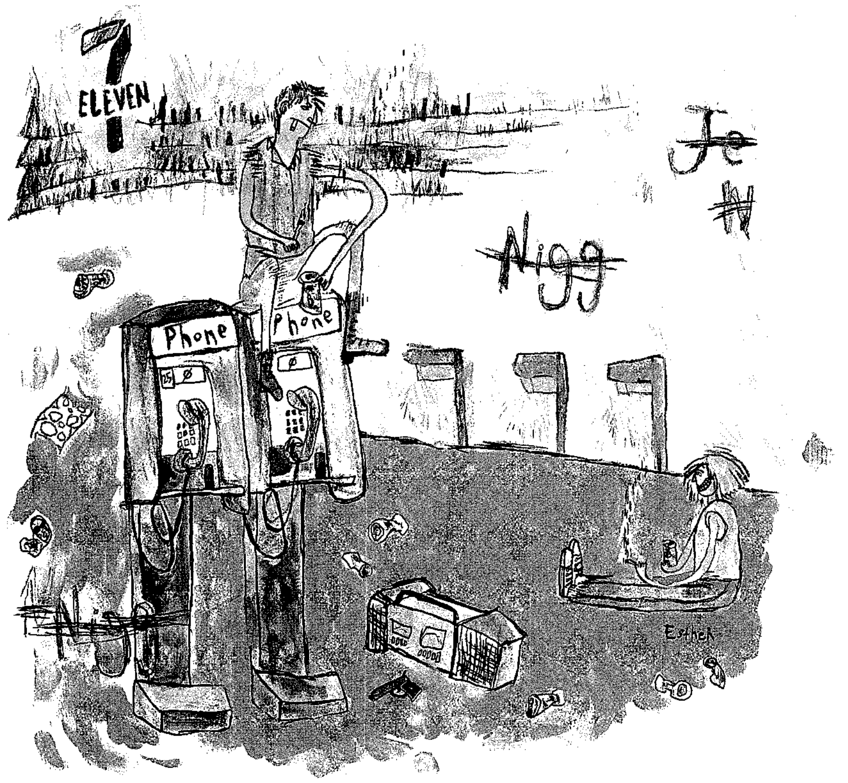
Beauty and the Beast—Disney's Broadway money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince at the finale. But the director, Robert Jess Roth, rarely rises above the pedestrian. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

Blown Sideways Through Life—In her sixty-fifth job, Claudia Shear charmingly and observantly tells us about her previous sixty-four, which have ranged from working in a hardware store to being a "phone girl" at a whorehouse, with a stint as a Bloomingdale's cosmetics salesgirl thrown in. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2285.)

Bring In the Morning—Gary William Friedman and Herb Schapiro's new musical. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

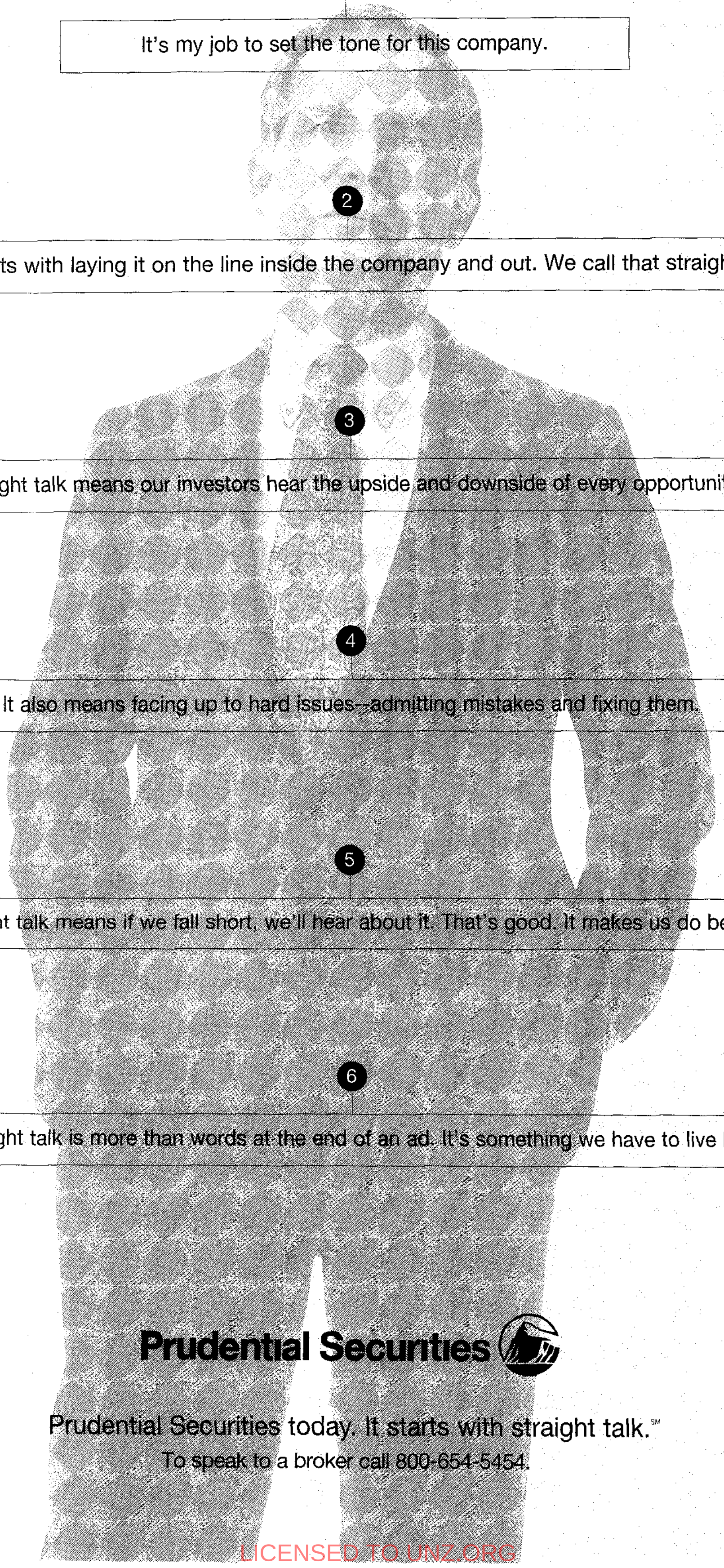
Broken Glass—Arthur Miller has found a metaphor for the cycle of blame that seems to have stalemated modern life: the hysterical paralysis of a devoted wife. This short, discursive, but compelling play features strong performances by Amy Irving, Ron Rifkin, David Dukes, and George N. Martin. John Tillinger directed. (5/9/94) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Carousel—Nicholas Hytner's authoritative direction combines with Bob Crowley's inspired sets to transplant the National Theatre's 1993 smash hit onto the Vivian Beaumont stage. Bold, beautiful, and controversial, this multicultural reinterpretation launches Rodgers and Hammerstein toward the twenty-first century. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)



Tim Guinee and Martha Plimpton in Eric Bogosian's "subUrbia."

(**Wick Simmons, CEO Prudential Securities**)



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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Christina Alberta's Father—A new musical by Polly Pen, based on a 1925 novel by H. G. Wells. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes May 29.)

Damn Yankees—The big musical hit of 1955 is back, in its first Broadway revival, with Victor Garber as the Devil and Bebe Neuwirth as Lola. George Abbott and Douglass Wallop's book has been jarringly updated by the director, Jack O'Brien (with the help of the hundred-and-six-year-old Mr. Abbott). The result is a vehicle that swerves between fifties stodginess and nineties cynicism. But the cast delivers Richard Adler and Jerry Ross's music with sporty energy, and Rob Marshall has created some lively dance numbers. (4/4/94) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—The annual marathon of one-act plays continues with Series B: works by Edward Allan Baker, John Guare, Regina Taylor, Jacquelyn Reingold, and Marsha Norman. Through May 29. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. The marathon runs through June 12.)

Four Dogs and a Bone—The "bone" of John Patrick Shanley's satiric comedy is a movie, and the "four dogs" are its producer, writer, and two actresses, who together make the funniest foursome in town. (11/15/93) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

Grease!—The 1972 musical by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Hysterical Blindness and Other Southern Tragedies That Have Plagued My Life Thus Far—A musical comedy written by, and starring, Leslie Jordan. (Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)

An Inspector Calls—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The fine cast, which includes Kenneth Cranham, Philip Bosco, and Jane Adams, has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A former rabbi from a family of rabbis, Mason uses the stage as his bully pulpit. Behind his shtick, which is sometimes vulgar but always funny, is a fundamentalist disgust at the world's fraud, wickedness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—A considerably pumped-up version of Andrew Lloyd Webber's first musical, with former soap star Michael Damian in the title role. The Bible was never like this. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. Closes May 29.)

Kindertransport—Dana Ivey has the leading role in a play by Diane Samuels. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Laughter on the 23rd Floor—Neil Simon's twenty-seventh Broadway play, about a group of writers for a fictionalized version of "Your Show of Shows," is one of his finest comic efforts. (12/20/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Loved Less (The History of Hell)—The Via Theatre presents a theatrical collage about the dangerous intersection of American sexual mores and the media, incorporating actual testimony from several recent trials, including the Bobbitt and Menendez spectacles. A witty, thoughtful evening, written and directed by Brian Jucha. (Downtown Art Co., 64 E. 4th St. 732-1201. Closes May 28.)

Medea—Diana Rigg gives a magnetic performance in this production of Euripides' tragedy, an import from London's Almeida Theatre, under the direction of Jonathan Kent. There's a thrilling electrical charge whenever Rigg is onstage, and grief and horror are also conveyed by Peter J. Davison's powerful, dramatic set. With Tim Oliver Woodward as Jason, Janet Henfrey, John Turner, and Donald Douglas. (4/25/94) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Moe's Lucky Seven—Marlane Meyer's romantic comedy takes place in a bar during a dockworkers' strike. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes June 12.)

Moonshot and Cosmos—Two one-acts by Lanford Wilson. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 239-6200. Closes May 29.)

Mort Sahl's America—One of the innovative funnymen of the fifties and sixties, Mort Sahl is sharply intelligent but too witty to be vulgar, and this is too bad. His gig is more a series of cocktail-party set pieces than a show, but he performs it with enormous laid-back charm. (4/25/94) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

Movieland—In Everett Quinton's latest outing, Mr. Q. plays a character called Ruby Stevens (attention, non-campers: that's Barbara Stanwyck's real name), who frenetically acts out parts in half a dozen old movies, including "The Spiral Staircase," "The Ten Commandments," and "Madame X" ("the blondest movie ever made"). (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

Passion—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's listless epistolary musical, in which the main characters spend much of their time singing love letters to and from one another. Jere Shere and Marin Mazzie are in fine voice as a dashing soldier and his lover, and Donna Murphy gives a stunning performance as Fosca, the predatory heroine. But much is verbalized and little is said—the words have no proper purchase on the audience's imagination—and there is an absence of pulse in Sondheim's workmanlike score. Lapine, who wrote the libretto, directed. (5/23/94) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Picnic—In William Inge's 1953 play, a man with a past barrels into a small Kansas town on Labor Day, bringing the promise of emotional danger and sex to the women who live there. Scott Ellis's production is set in the thirties, and though the leads, played by Ashley Judd and Kyle Chandler, are disappointing, most of the other actors—including Anne Pitoniak, Polly Holliday, Larry Bryggman, Angela Goethals, Tate Donovan, and that paragon of pizzazz Debra Monk—work beautifully together to call up Inge's poignant small-town world. (5/2/94) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes May 29.)

Ricky Jay & His 52 Assistants—With a Mephistophelean smoothness, the master sleight-of-hand artist discourses on the history of trickery and performs amazing illusions that will strain credulity. Directed by David Mamet. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Closes May 28.)

Sally Marr . . . and Her Escorts—Joan Rivers stars in a play about the mother of Lenny Bruce. Written by Ms. Rivers, Erin Sanders, and Lonny Price. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

Sancho & Don—In Sigfrido Aguilar and Jim Calder's play, an American and a Mexican meet on a surreal border. The two, played by Aguilar and Calder, banter, speculate on love and death and the nature of servitude, and engage in inventive physical comedy à la Bill Irwin. The music is by Andy Teirstein, who performs live on violin, accordion, and guitar. In English and Spanish. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes June 5.)

Shaker Heights—A comedy by Quincy Long. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-1242. Closes June 5.)

She Loves Me—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Stomp—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments. The noise is terrific. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

subUrbia—This play by Eric Bogosian concerns some twenty-year-olds hanging out at a 7-Eleven. The cast includes Tim Guinee, Josh Hamilton, Martha Plimpton, and Steve Zahn. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Three Tall Women—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. She, Jordan Baker, and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes represent three generations of women trying to sort out their pasts. Directed by Lawrence Sacharow. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

Twilight: Los Angeles, 1992—Anna Deavere Smith's one-woman show, seen recently at the Public Theatre. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

ANGELS IN AMERICA: "Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE SISTERS ROSENSWEIG:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

DANCE

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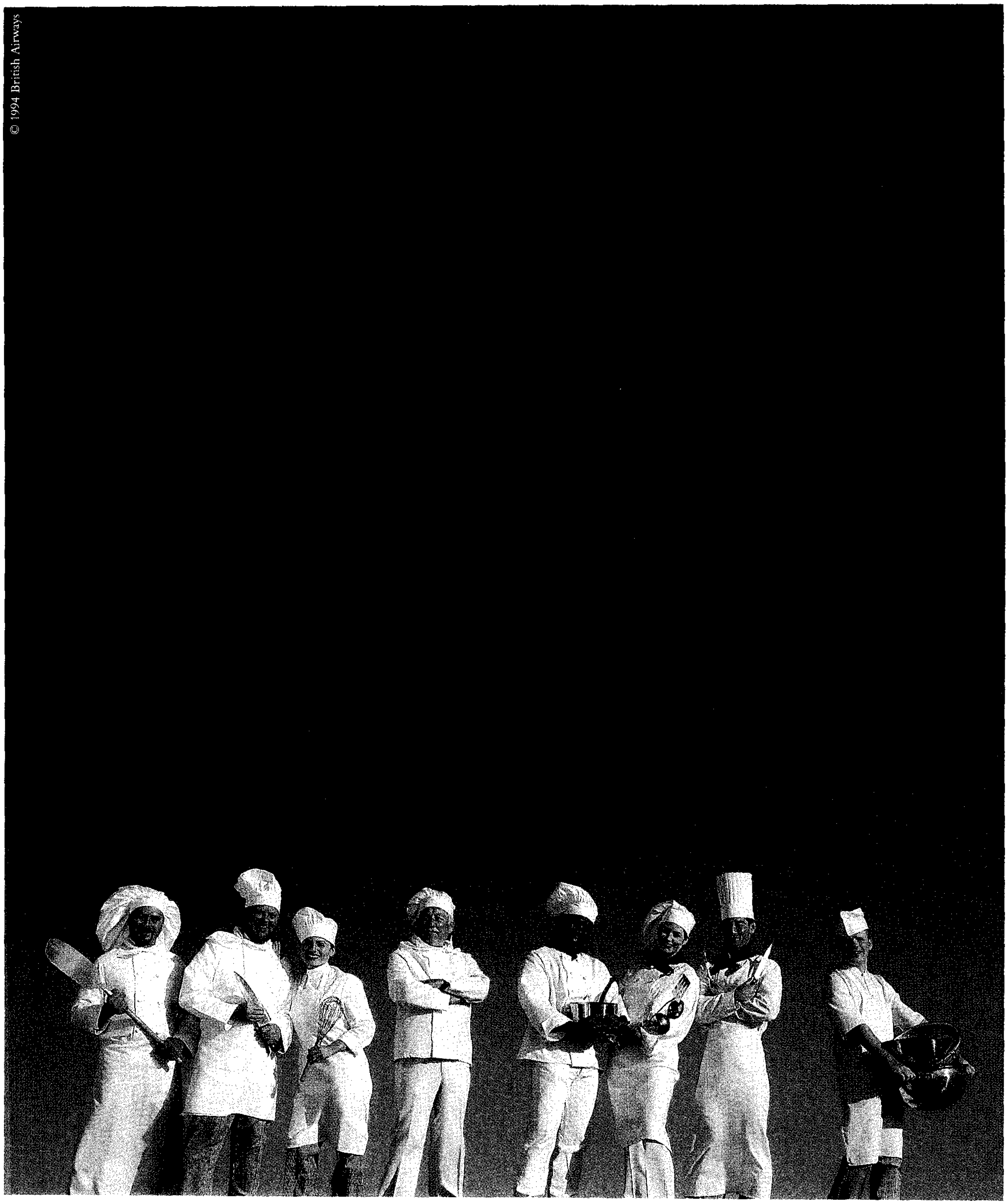

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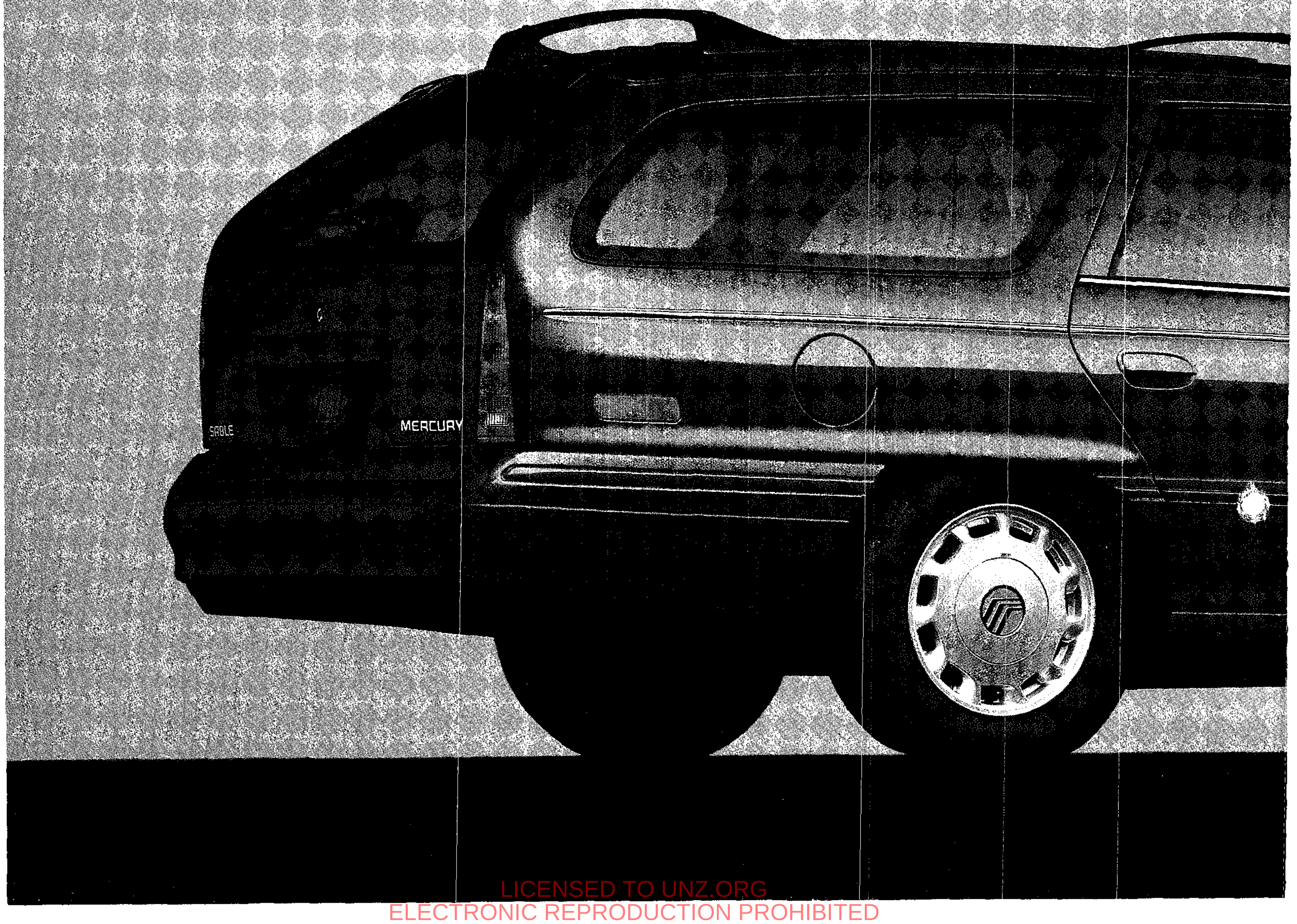

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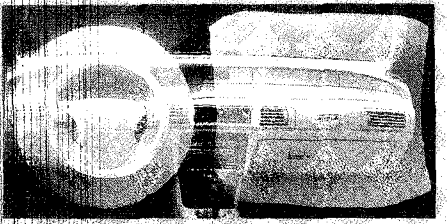

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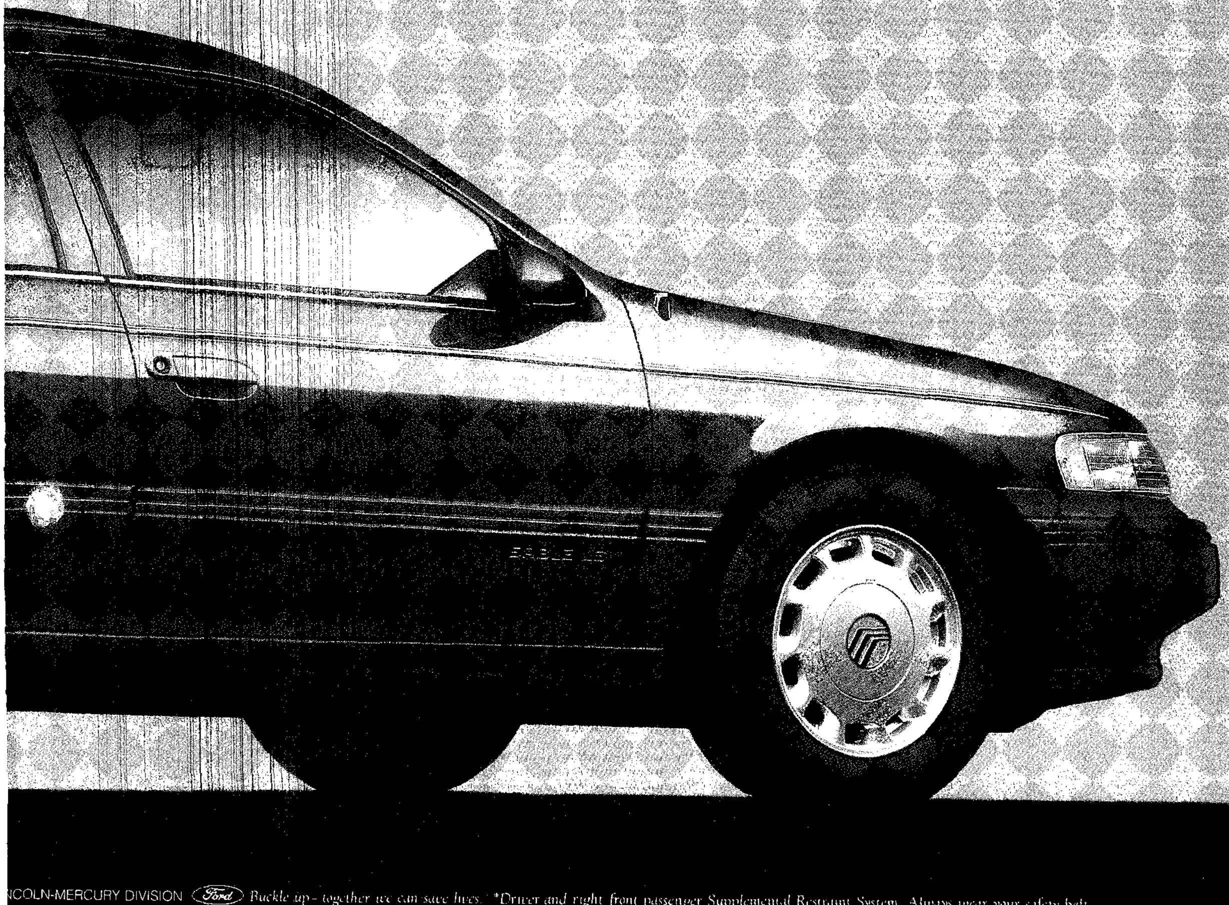

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Street. "The experience should give a different frisson than you'd get in the theatre," Marshall says. "Because you're in public, and what the dancers are doing is very intimate and involved, you the viewer become a voyeur."

Such portable work could crop up in innumerable unconventional venues: shopwindows, hotel lobbies, vest-pocket parks. "In a public environment, the audience sees the performance as being much more than what the dancers are doing," Marshall says. "You are a part of it, and other events around you become a part of it." That is, when a dance is happening five feet away, it's suddenly indistinguishable from life.

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—May 25 at 8: "Haieff Divertimento," "Chiaroscuro," "Ives, Songs," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ May 26 at 8: A Diamond Project program, a series presenting neoclassical dance by international choreographers. This one includes "Correlazione" (première), by Miriam Mahdaviani; "Steel and Rain," by Trey McIntyre; and "In the Blue" (première), by Anna Laerkesen . . . . ¶ May 27 at 8: "Bourrée Fantasque," "A Suite of Dances" (with guest artist Mikhail Baryshnikov), "Agon," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ May 28 at 2: "Interplay," "Concertino," "A Schubert Sonata," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ May 28 at 8: "In the Blue," "Ives, Songs," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ May 29 at 1: "Concerto Barocco," "A Suite of Dances" (with guest artist Mikhail Baryshnikov), "Ives, Songs," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ May 29 at 7: "Concerto Barocco," "Chiaroscuro," "A Schubert Sonata," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ May 31 at 8: A Diamond Project program, including "Episodes & Sarcasms" (première), by Richard Tanner; "The New Blondes" (première), by John Alleyne; and "In the Blue." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 26.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—May 25 at 2: "Airs," "Echoing of Trumpets," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ May 25 at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Echoing of Trumpets," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ May 26 at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Echoing of Trumpets," and "Sinfonietta." . . . ¶ May 27 and May 30-31 at 8, and May 28 at 2 and 8: "The Red Shoes" and "La Sylphide." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through June 4.)

SUSAN MARSHALL & COMPANY—In "*Private Worlds in Public View: First Appearance.*" (Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, Park Ave. at 42nd St. May 25 at 12:30 and 1:30. No tickets necessary. Admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

"DUETS"—The third program in the series of dance-related works, including performances by Art Bridgman and Myrna Packer, David Dorfman and Dan Froot, two members of DanceBrazil, and two members of the Joffrey Ballet. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. May 25 at 12:15. No tickets necessary.)

MARTITA GOSHEN—And her company, in "The Seed," with singer Daniel Diez and violist Leslie Tomkins. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. May 26-29 at 8:30.)

DANCEAFRICA—This year's festival focusses on a wide range of young dance companies, from Les Guirivoires, from the Côte d'Ivoire, to the Tri Shades of Gold, from Queens. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. May 28 at 2 and 8, and May 29-30 at 3.)

TAP EXPRESS—The opening program of a new tap-dance ensemble, with live vocals by Pat Tortorici and music by Ben Allison, Frank Kimbrough, and Tim Horner. (Hudson Guild, 441 W. 26th St. 924-0077. May 31 at 8. Through June 5.)

Salt-N-Pepa at Radio City Music Hall.

NIGHT LIFE

A Week of Mondays

NEARLY thirty years ago, Thad Jones and Mel Lewis took the curse off Monday night. In 1966, Jones, an ingenious cornettist, flugelhornist, composer, and arranger, and Lewis, a subtle, one-of-a-kind drummer, persuaded the Village Vanguard owner, Max Gordon, to let them assemble a big band and perform on the traditional off-night for jazz. Jones, Lewis, and Gordon have all passed away, but the Vanguard Orchestra plays on. The club is celebrating the band's longevity by giving it a full week (including Monday, of course) of its own.

The Vanguard Orchestra draws heavily on the original charts of Jones and other stalwart arrangers who wrote big-band music in an era when the big bands were fading. Ironically, this gave them the freedom to break the rules and reconceive the sound of a massed jazz band. With danceability a dead issue, the band's orchestral colors, rhythms, and formal strategies could take on modernist garb, but the band has always had a shout-it-out-loud enthusiasm, producing huge tones that are both thrilling and precise. The Vanguard Orchestra is also a soloist's band, with impassioned improvisation provided by Dick Oatts, John Mosca, and a slew of others. And it hasn't lost the imperative lilt that Lewis so deftly imparted; veteran bassist Dennis Irwin melds with drummer Jon Riley, whose feathery touch sets him apart from most contemporary players. (Dennis Mackrel, Lewis's protégé, will split the week with Riley.) And if Sunday night leaves you wanting more, there's always tomorrow.

CONCERTS

SALT-N-PEPA—Salt (Cheryl James), Pepa (Sandi Denton), and DJ Spinderella (Dee Dee Roper) first made news on the hip-hop scene back in 1987, with the buoyant, gleefully suggestive single "Push It." Since then, they've survived bad relationships, career-management potholes, and insecurity. The trio's 1993 album, "Very Necessary," which combines rhythmical suppleness and brilliant verbal dexterity, has become the best-selling album ever by a female rap act. In their videos for the new songs, Salt-N-Pepa flirt lasciviously, flaunting their flat tummies (all three have had babies in the past few years and are in better shape than ever) as they diss deadbeat dads and rap the praises of a few good men. The righteous Romeo on "Whatta Man," is "never disrespectful, 'cause his mama taught him that." (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. May 27 at 8 and midnight and May 28 at midnight.)

OREGON—With Glen Velez, in the final "New Sounds" concert of the season. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. May 26 at 8.)

BARRY HARRIS—The jazz pianist, with a vocalist, tap dancers, several youth choirs, and others. (Symphony Space. May 28 at 8.)

NEW YORK ETHNIC MUSIC FESTIVAL—A Memorial Day "happening" in Riverbank State Park. The lineup: at noon, the Andean group Inkay; at 1, the Andy Statman klezmer trio; at 2, the Four Winds, a hip-hop outfit; at 2:30, Irish music with Tom Doherty and friends; at 3:30, Antilles, a West Indian soca and calypso troupe; at 4:30, Puerto Ri[illegible]n *bomba* and *plena* music, with Los Pleneros de la 21; at 5:30, African and Caribbean tunes, with Spirit Ensemble; and at 6:30, merengue, with José Quezada y Los Cinco Diablos. (Riverside Dr. at 145th St. May 30. No tickets necessary.)

CLUBS

ACADEMY, 234 W. 43rd St.—The **PRETENDERS** arrive on May 26. Chrissie Hynde's band, one of the great post-punk pop groups, is back, promoting "Last of the Independents," its first new album in over three years (and its first since 1986 with drummer Martin Chambers). The songs on "Independents" combine the raw power of yore with a hard-won sense of authority; this live show prom-

MARTIN COLLECTED

ises to do the same, and is not to be missed. For concert information, call 249-8870.

A.K.A., 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Jazz, hip-hop, and world beat meet in this small, velvet-draped club. There's a long, elegant bar with enough seats to accommodate the few non-dancers; it can be a tight squeeze, but it's a svelte crowd.

Blarney Star, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—On May 27: **LARRY NUGENT** and **PATRICK OURCEAU** present an evening of Irish flute and fiddle music.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts. Politically correct, critically adored folk-rocker **MICHELLE SHOCKED** appears on May 26-27. The **SUN RA ARKESTRA** is here on May 28. Sun Ra himself may have gone out, but his sonic circus lives on, led by longtime saxophonist John Gilmore.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The **WEDDING PRESENT** is here on May 26-27. . . . ¶ The club is flanked by a bar and performance space called CB's Gallery.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—Thursday nights belong to **GIANT STEP,** a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop. Sonic Youth guitarist **LEE RANALDO** drops by on May 28. May 30 is Prozac Night, featuring members of the Jazz Passengers.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. Pop standards are sung/shouted, usually with altered, risqué lyrics; wisecracks are fired across the room; and everyone laughs too hard. The **LADY BUNNY** begins a one-month engagement on May 25.

Flannery's, 205 W. 14th St. (929-9589)—A well-scrubbed, amiable Irish pub with many of the classic features (pints of Guinness, non-stop TV sports) and a few of the near-classics (a CD jukebox, a portrait of Elvis).

Grand, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—Monday nights, the Grand presents Soul Kitchen, an evening of classic seventies R. & B. for devotees of Don Cornelius.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—**CHRIS STAMEY** arrives on March 28, with guests **SHE NEVER BLINKS.** Stamey rose to prominence (with Peter Holsapple) as co-songwriter and front man of the pop band the dBs. He's currently a solo artist, between record contracts. At this gig, he'll be introducing brand-new material.

Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. Every Wednesday night is Disco 2000. Break out your glitter vest. **TOO SKINNEE J'S** stop by on May 31, with 4th Floor and Radar Kings.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—Blues pianist and longtime Chuck Berry sidekick **JOHNNIE JOHNSON** swings by on May 26.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—Many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. May 27: The **SUPERSUCKERS** appear.

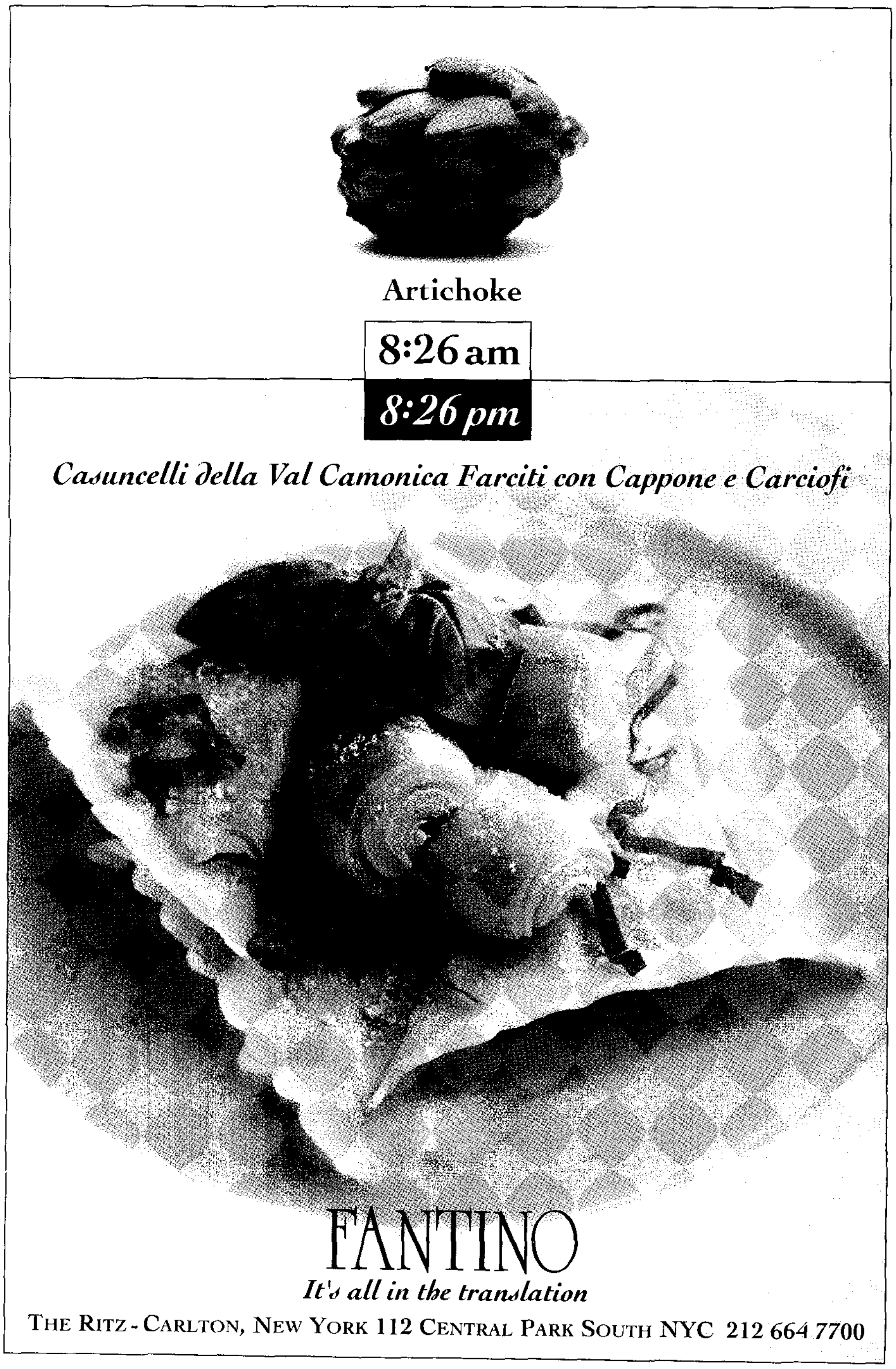
Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—The back room of this bar is a dark, sparse affair, with tables, chairs, candles, and a small stage on which acoustic-oriented upstarts can show their stuff. May 24: **MAZZY STAR.** The May 25 bill features **BOTTLEROCKETS, BLOOD ORANGES,** and **ROSCOE'S GANG.** In the late eighties, three of Bottlerockets' four members played in a Missouri-based roots-rock band called Chicken Truck; now they've got a new bassist, a new moniker, and a new album, "March 16-20, 1992," a gritty collection of songs about trailers, fossil fuels, and other things rural. Blood Oranges are based in Boston, but you'd never know it from the tangy authority they lend to their modern country songs. On their current album, "The Crying Tree," the Oranges veer effortlessly from spirited bluegrass to zany punkabilly, and offer some lovely, Stones-style ballads, to boot.

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 495 Second Ave., at 28th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** usually plays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. Perennial favorite **TITO PUENTE** returns on May 30. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—Upstairs at this gilt and lamé club is the Blue Room, a plush little nook with celestial wallpaper, far from the midtown racket. Wednesday is Havana Night, an evening of salsa music and Latin cuisine.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—**HUEY LEWIS & THE NEWS** are here on May 25. It's hip to be square, Lewis and the News asserted back in the eighties, when it was and they were. Now this clean-cut, regular-dude singer and his sturdy band have released "Four Chords & Several Years Ago," a collection of cover songs that pays homage to the fifties and pre-psychedelic sixties. The News' versions of rock and R. & B. classics like "Blue Monday" and "Shake, Rattle & Roll" won't make you forget the originals, but this nostalgia trip is a good showcase for the solid musicianship and deadpan goofiness that have always been the group's strong suits. With guests Side Car Jones and Paul Collins. On May 28: **CHUCK BROWN & THE SOUL SEARCHERS,** with the **P-FUNK HORNS.** In 1979, when Brown was king of the Washington, D.C., go-go scene, he and the Soul Searchers had a No. 1 R. & B. hit with "Bustin' Loose." Fifteen years later, they're still touring—often with the gutbucket P-Funk Horns—and delivering the most consistent, definitive party groove this side of New Orleans.



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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—A warehouse complex for neo-hippies and other party animals. May 28: African drummer **BABA OLATUNJI** appears.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Midway through her spring fling in that woody nook known as the Oak Room, **ANDREA MARCOVICCI** is in the midst of an Irving Berlin tribute, mixing some rarely heard early pieces with classics like "Cheek to Cheek" and "Say It Isn't So." Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and John Parker, weekends to the Freddy Francis trio, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—Jazz singer **MORGANA KING** begins a two-week run on May 25. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents an early show (6:30) on Friday and Saturday evenings. Wednesdays and Thursdays belong to singer **JOHN WALLOWITCH.**

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—This northern restaurant-bar is a shade too slick for Columbia students but just right for post-collegiate jazz fans. The **CHIP SHELTON JAZZTET** is in on May 29. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. R. & B. diva **PHYLLIS HYMAN** continues through May 29. The **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET** begins a four-night run on May 30. This stalwart quartet stands at the intersection where bop and the blues meet classical, and there's nothing stuffy about it. The quartet has been merging these elements brilliantly for more than thirty years, swinging as forcefully, in its own subdued fashion, as the Basie band did in its prime. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here. Through May 28: **JACKY TERRASSON, LEON PARKER,** and **UGONNA OKEGWO.** Terrasson, a mainstay of Art Taylor's Wailers and a recent Betty Carterite, may be the nerviest in the surfeit of new jazz pianists. Where others cram in the notes, Terrasson uses space and silence. For this engagement, Parker, on drums, and Okegwo, on bass, will complement his economic approach. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The fabulous **BOBBY SHORT** is in through mid-June. Time has not diminished the tasteful virtuosity of Short's ivory-tickling, nor has it deflated his gregarious wit as a singer and showman. Now in his twenty-seventh year at the Carlyle, Short continues to give the royal treatment to gems by Gershwin, Ellington, Arlen, Berlin, and, of course, Cole Porter. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano.

Down Beat, 101 Seventh Ave. S. (620-4000)—A long, warm, wood-panelled room with upholstered banquettes, a nicely appointed bar, and a reliable roster of jazz names. Murals of Diz, Bird, and Basie adorn the walls, so the players are always in good company. The **SPANKY DAVIS** quartet is in through May 31.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—The **AL GREY** sextet continues through May 29. Trombonist Grey parcels out melodies in increments of pleasure, reminding us that there was life for his instrument before J. J. Johnson. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—The downstairs room of this comfortable neo-Moroccan bar and lounge is a comfortable spot to take in a show. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday; every Monday, **GUITARS PLAY MINGUS.** Dining.

Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—A jazz club set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom. The **JEFF BERMAN** quartet entertains on May 26. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Across the street from Lincoln Center, this restaurant and club features a handsome bar upstairs and a surreal performance space downstairs. May 25: The **SCOTT FEINER** quartet. **RANDY JOHNSTON** plays on May 26-28.

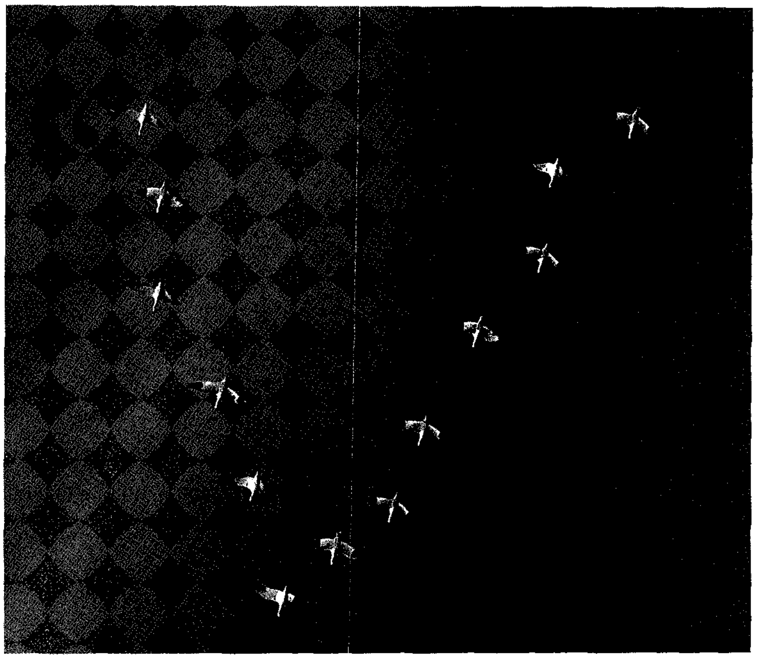
Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. **RACHEL Z** and **CHARNETT MOFFETT** team up through May 28.

Le Madeleine, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great **GENE BERTONCINI** lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro with his simmering melodicism and chordal grace.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Ignore the menu, order something from the bar, and wait till the lights go down for **VERNEL BAGNERIS,** whose tribute to Jelly Roll Morton is a treat. There may be a tad too much talk, but Bagneris is a captivating performer. An expansion of last year's "Jelly Roll: A Memorial," the show is now a more substantial evening, highlighted by the rapport between Bagneris and pianist **MORTEN GUNNAR LARSEN.** On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble now in its twentieth year. Closed Sundays.

Metropolis, 31 Union Square W. (675-2300)—The basement of this swank café is now hosting a series of high-profile gigs. On May 27-28, noted conga player **RAY BARRETTO** leads a Latin-jazz sextet.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. **MARY CLEERE HARAN** continues through May 28. Her show, called "An Affair to Remember: Movie Music from the Fabulous Fifties," recalls a time, according to the velvet-voiced chanteuse, "when the whole world was younger and stupider." A graceful performer and delightfully intelligent raconteur, Haran peppers her set with steamy gems, nifty impersonations, encyclopedic references, and



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enough torch to start a four-alarm fire. With Bill Charlap on piano, David Finck on bass, and Dave Ratajczak on drums. **MAUREEN MC GOVERN** begins an engagement on May 31. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Tuesdays belong to the Smith Street Society jazz band; Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and Sam Ulano and his Bourbon Street Swingers; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A jazz outpost where the musicians are always top-shelf. Through May 29, catch the **YOSUKE YAMASHITA NEW YORK TRIO,** featuring whirlwind pianist Yamashita, accompanied by a quick-witted, modernist rhythm section: drummer **PHEEROAN AKLAFF** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE.** Illustrious saxophonist **JOE LOVANO** will make a guest appearance. Enervation is not expected. The **JIM HALL** quartet begins on May 31. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

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Recent jazz albums we've been playing and replaying.

JOE WILDER, "No Greater Love" (Evening Star).

LIONEL HAMPTON, "You Better Know It!!!" (Impulse!).

HANK JONES, "Upon Reflection" (Gitanes).

MORANO & MONTEIRO, "Double Standards" (Denon).

TOMMY FLANAGAN, "Lady Be Good. . . for Ella" (Verve).

JIM HALL, "Dedications and Inspirations" (Telarc).

BEN WEBSTER, "Birdland, 1952" (Musidisc).

MARY CLEERE HARAN, "This Heart of Mine" (Varese Sarabande).

"LESTER YOUNG TRIO" (Verve).

JAVON JACKSON, "When the Time Is Right" (Blue Note).

CHARLIE HADEN QUARTET WEST, "Always Say Goodbye" (Gitanes).

JOE LOVANO, "Tenor Legacy" (Blue Note).

MARTY EHRLICH, "Can You Hear a Motion?" (Enja).

KENNY BARRON, "Other Places" (Gitanes).

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—**JIMMY SCOTT** is in through May 29. Scott has dropped the "little" that used to front his name, and with good reason: there's nothing diminutive about the talent of this fine singer. With his quirky way of looking from one side of the room to the other, he seems to be conducting a discussion. He's always in control musically, too; even on songs you've heard dozens of times before, he makes you listen for the next lyric as if it were a password to love and happiness. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The Vanguard's own sixteen-piece jazz orchestra celebrates its twenty-eighth anniversary, through May 30. On May 31, the **DAVID SANCHEZ** quartet begins an engagement.

VISIONES, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—The **JOHN HICKS** trio plays on May 26-28, followed by the **WILLIAM GALISON** quartet on May 31. Dining.

ZANZIBAR, 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—May 27: The **DONALD HARRISON** band, with Steely Dan guitarist **DREW ZINGG.** Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—The food is Italian and the musicians are first-rate. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** start on May 30.

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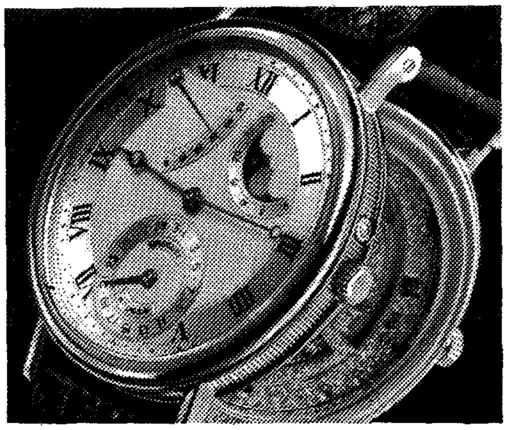

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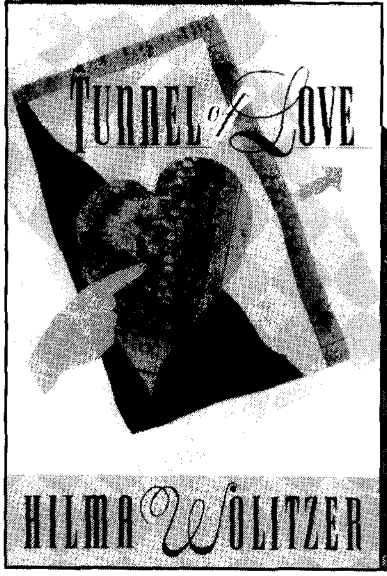

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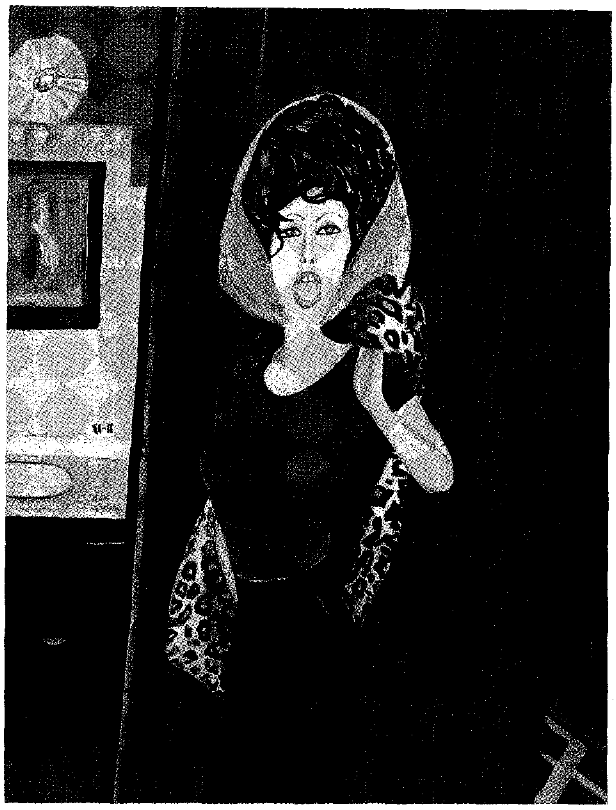
ART

Cinderella Story

It was only a year and a half ago that Eileen Doman, a forty-one-year-old beautician and telephone operator in a small town in Illinois, was looking through family photographs and was seized by an irresistible urge to paint. The remarkable portraits of relatives and family friends that she began to produce have the idiosyncrasy of a Modigliani: slightly off center, angular, distorted, yet always true to the spirit of their subject.

Ms. Doman's paintings first turned up in New York at the Outsider Art Fair, in January, where they stopped Roger Ricco and Frank Maresca in their tracks. Ricco and Maresca, SoHo gallery owners who have been ferreting out self-taught artists across the country for fifteen years, have just accorded Ms. Doman a one-woman show (152 Wooster Street; through June 25).

By turns humorous and poignant, the paintings have the perspective of people caught by the camera, but transformed by the brush. "Fred and Mary" depicts a Jack Sprat couple, on lawn chairs, wearing pinched smiles: the woman, in a yellow-flowered dress, grasps the man's shoulder with a small, clawlike hand. In "Mrs. Gray on Sunday," a woman in a purple polka-dot dress and cat's-eye glasses is drawing back the curtains from the living-room window, apparently longing for visitors. It's "Lillian and Me," however, that holds the key to the show. A bitter-looking young woman in black pedal pushers (most of the photographs were taken in the fifties) is leaning back on a park bench, ignoring a pouting toddler. Lillian is Ms. Doman's mother, who had her when she was sixteen and felt she'd missed out on life. Speaking for the entire exhibition, the painting fairly shouts, "This is my story."



Self-portrait by Eileen Doman.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Annenberg collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works, which includes paintings by Picasso and Renoir, will return to the nineteenth-century European paintings and sculpture galleries on May 28. . . . ¶ Forty-four clarinets from a private collection are on display in the musical-instruments gallery. . . . ¶ The roof garden, complete with sculptures, is open through the end of October. . . . ¶ "American Impressionism and Realism: The Painting of Modern Life, 1885-1915." John Singer Sargent and Mary Cassatt are included in the first major exhibition to focus on the similarities of these turn-of-the-century schools of painting. . . . ¶ "Petrus Christus: Renaissance Master of Bruges." The Flemish painter Petrus Christus was long thought to be little more than a competent pupil of Jan van Eyck, but modern scholarship has reconstructed a career of the first rank. This exhibit contains twenty-seven works, three-quarters of Petrus's known œuvre. The come-hither "Portrait of a Lady," from Berlin, has the penetrating psychological analysis of a Holbein; the surrealistic fantasy of "Madonna of the Dry Tree," depicting a luminous Virgin and Child in a thorn tree hung with tiny golden "A"s (symbolizing the Ave Maria), recalls the sophisticated wit of Mantegna. . . . ¶ Twenty-seven paintings by Sidney Nolan (1917-92), an Australian who chronicled the adventures of his countryman Ned Kelly, a nineteenth-century outlaw. . . . ¶ "Waist Not," a Costume Institute exhibit, proposes that the waist is the defining element of the fashion silhouette, offering examples from the eighteenth century to the present. A Jane Fonda exercise tape provides the audio. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Projects: Karin Sander." Three large works, including a seventy-by-fifty-foot sculpture made of Astro-Turf. Through June 6. . . . ¶ "Bernard Tschumi: Architecture and Event." Models and drawings of six projects. Part of the museum's Thresholds series. . . . ¶ "American Surrealist Photography" offers forty-nine photographs from the permanent collection, some of which seem to have been smuggled in from outside the supposed theme. The truly surreal images—such as a 1933 photograph by James Thrall Soby depicting a female nude that turns out to be made of stone—really get to the heart of the matter. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Women on the Edge: Twenty Photographers in Europe, 1919-39" provides an antidote to the many historical surveys that have overlooked women who contributed to this fertile, influential period in European photography. The variety of intentions (from advertising to art) and the heterogeneity of styles make for a wide-ranging tour of the era's dynamics, from the work of well-known photographers like Florence Henri and Lucia Moholy to pages from Irene Bayer's personal photo albums. Through June 1. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"Rolywholyover A Circus." John Cage (1912-92) took his title from Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" and used, among other things, a computerized version of the "I Ching" to create a circus. Cage said, "The basic idea is that the exhibition would change so much that if you came back a second time, you wouldn't recognize it." It includes a rotating exhibit of work by fifty artists, including Rauschenberg and Joseph Cornell; *enso* scrolls; an interactive computer installation; an object each from the permanent collections of several New York museums; and a media room with a program that is always changing. For schedule information, call 423-3836. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of more than two hundred paintings and works on paper by Joseph Stella (1877-1946), the American Futurist. . . . ¶ "Richard Avedon: Evidence 1944-94." A retrospective that includes the photographer's early unpublished work for *Life*, fashion shots for *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*, several signature formal portraits, and a series of pictures done in the East Louisiana State Hospital, in February, 1963. Though the show has a decidedly informal air (there's no glass over the pictures, and several are just tacked to the wall or inside aluminum frames), its momentousness is underscored by the large scale of the photographs. Through June 26. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Lila Acheson Wallace Wing of Mammals and Their Extinct Relatives has opened. The museum's extensive collection of mammalian fossils has been organized according to evolutionary history, beginning three hundred million years ago. Seven murals by Charles R. Knight, three of which have been recently restored, flesh out the bones, providing full-color pictures of how some prehistoric creatures might have looked. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.) . . . ¶ At the Hayden Planetarium, "Man on the Moon: The Apollo Adventure" marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Apollo 11 moon landing. It includes moon rocks, memorabilia from space flights, and photographs of lunar landings. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 12:30-4:45, Saturdays, 10 to 5:45, and Sundays, noon to 5:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Louise Bourgeois: The Locus of Memory, Works 1982-1993." An expanded version of the sculptor's 1993 Venice Biennale exhibit, with some twenty-five works made from Carrara marble, rubber, wood, bronze, steel, and glass. There are also thirty works on paper. Bourgeois has long been a subterranean force in contemporary art, but in the last decade her haunted and often intensely theatrical sculptural investigations of memory, dread, and desire have become key works in the current artistic climate, with its subjective, body-oriented versions of Surrealism and Expressionism. Sculptures like "Blind Man's Buff" (1984), with its mound of breastlike marble protuberances, or the fingerlike phalli of "Untitled (with Growth)" (1989) are among the most effective exploitations of Surrealist biomorphic forms in recent art. Bourgeois remains faithful to a few implacable themes, all of which ultimately lead back to the child's primordial response to sexuality. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Uncommon Beauty in Common Objects: The Legacy of African-American Craft Art" reveals African-American craft artists not only as keepers of their culture (sometimes not without political asides) but as prime movers in the field. One of the most commanding, and pointed, pieces is Angela Franklin's "I Never Learned to Tap Dance, My Shoes Go Unworn" (1990). There are also objects of sheer beauty, such as James Watkins' "Painted Desert" stoneware bowl (1986) and Robert Stull's ceramic "Queen Mother" (1978). Through June 12. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A thirty-eight-inch bronze Buddha from Thailand is the centerpiece of an exhibit of some fifty related sculptures—of Maitreyas, Buddhas, and bodhisattvas—which share certain postures and stylistic conventions. Closer inspection reveals the differences between the Khmer, Mon, and Shrivijayan types. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Bard Graduate Center, 18 W. 86th St.—"Cast Iron from Central Europe, 1800-50." Decorative cast-iron objects, such as jewelry, incense burners, and sewing implements. Opens May 26. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Beyond the Borders: Art by Recent Immigrants" features thirty artists from more than twenty countries. Through June 12. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"Capturing a World: China and Its People—Photographs by John Thomson." Black-and-white photographs of temples, street gamblers, missionaries, and the Great Wall, taken some hundred and twenty years ago by the Scottish explorer. Despite their age and the primitive collodion process used to develop them, the photographs capture the landscape and asceticism of post-dynasty China. Thomson's portraits of ornately dressed Manchu brides and prim, world-weary children are particularly striking. Through June 11. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The gates from New York's Art Deco Chanin Building (1929) are on display. . . . ¶ "Packaging the New: Design and the American Consumer 1925-75." A trip down short-term-memory lane, documenting the rise of industrial designers, who became indispensable to the quenching of America's thirst for new products. The pink Formica kitchen display looks like a perky old magazine advertisement come to life. The docents should look like Stepford wives. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Empire-Fulton Ferry State Park, New Dock St. at the East River, Brooklyn—The Brooklyn Waterfront Artists Coalition's annual outdoor sculpture show takes place at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge. Opens May 28. (Open daily, from 10 to 8.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"The Currency of Fame: Portrait Medals of the Renaissance." Gold, silver, bronze, and lead depictions of Lorenzo de' Medici and Dürer, among others. . . . ¶ Sèvres porcelain, Limoges enamel, and paintings by Vermeer, Rembrandt, Whistler, and El Greco are all on view in this former residence of Henry Clay Frick (1849-1919). (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"A Worthy Use of Summer: Jewish Summer Camping in America." A historical and ethnographic study of the recreational camps that emerged at the beginning of this century. Opens May 29. . . . ¶ A companion ex-

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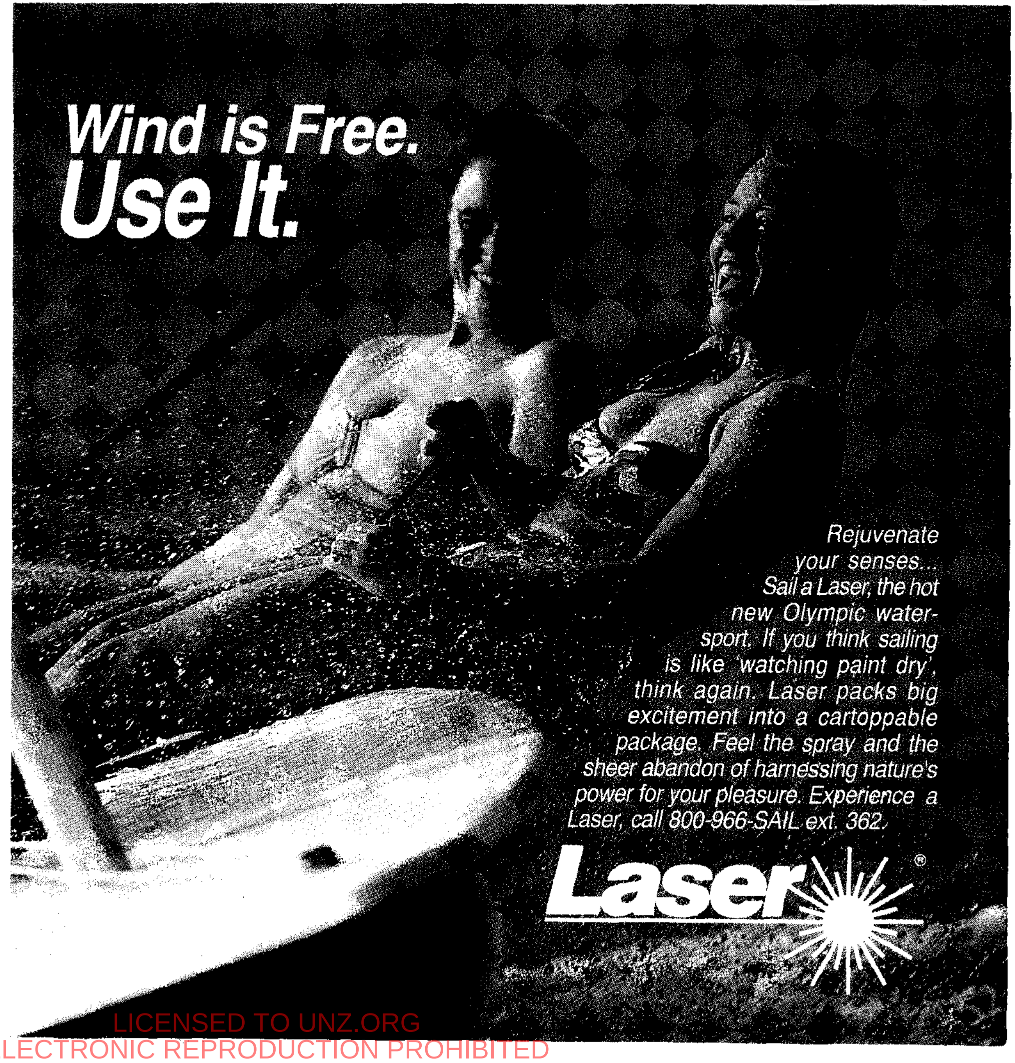
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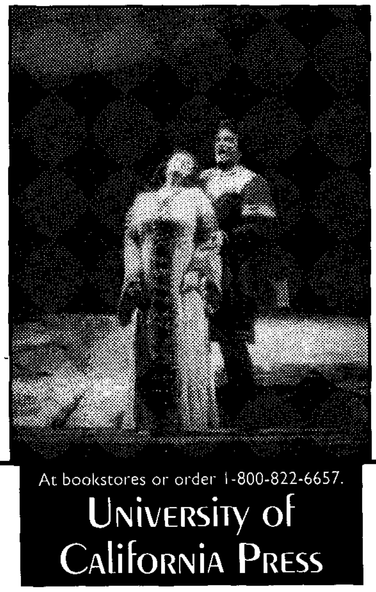

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University of California Press

ART—Cont'd

hibit to the above, "Camp Pinecliff, 1981: Photographs by Gay Block." Opens May 29. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Treasures in Heaven: Armenian Illuminated Manuscripts." Selections include a tenth-century Gospel and items dating from the Armenian diaspora of the eighteenth century. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—To celebrate its recent reopening and its twentieth anniversary, the museum has mounted the first of a three-part show, "Artists Talk Back: Visual Conversations with El Museo." The first exhibit, "Reclaiming History," focusses on Latin-American history.... ¶ "Revelaciónes: The Art of Manuel Alvarez Bravo" includes more than a hundred black-and-white photographs by this Mexican artist. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, noon to 7.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"New York Beauties: Quilts from the Empire State." For the museum's New York Quilt Project, Quilt Days were held in various counties to locate, document, and preserve quilts. Of the approximately six thousand examples obtained, twenty-two are on view, the most flamboyant of which is Elizabeth Hamilton's one-of-a-kind Teaching Quilt (1934). Animals, tools, fruits and vegetables, and the like, all in bright red, are stitched topsy-turvy on a white ground, with a boy and girl on a seesaw in the center and a border of letters and words. Elementary but pleasing. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The museum's renowned toy collection has recently acquired more than a hundred dolls made by Mary Green, featuring a series of Presidential figures.... ¶ "Modern Metropolis" includes more than two dozen vintage prints of New York, from the early part of this century. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Thirty-two Old Master drawings, by, among others, Claude Lorrain and Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo. Opens May 26. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"New in the Berg Collection, 1991-1993." Manuscripts that were given to the library during this period include Nabokov's papers and several poems by Anne Sexton.... ¶ "German Literary Landmarks: From the Enlightenment to the Romantic Era" documents the rise of modern German literature (from the mid-eighteenth to the mid-nineteenth century), with first editions of works by Goethe, Schiller, and Kleist. Children's books from the same period will also be on display.... ¶ "Richard Long: Books, Prints, Printed Matter" is a display of the printed work of this British artist, who is known primarily for his sculpture. Through June 25. (Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Out in Public: Post-Stonewall Performance and Protest." Plays, cabarets, operas, songs, and other printed material with gay themes, chronicling the crossover between protest and theatre.... ¶ "The House I Live In: American Performance in the Era of Blacklisting" reveals the effect of blacklisting on the entertainment industry. The exhibit includes such publications as "Red Channels: The Report of Communist Influence in Radio and Television." (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Works from every period of the Japanese-American sculptor's life (1904-88) are installed in a garden and open-air galleries carved from, and added to, an old photo-engraving factory. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"South Africa: The Cordoned Heart." Photo-essays on the working and living conditions of black South Africans.... ¶ Photographs of Nelson Mandela's June, 1990, visit to New York City.... ¶ Photographs of New York City high-school students and their pen pals from Cape Town, South Africa. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Socrates Sculpture Park, Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City—A sculpture by Rob Ressler, fashioned from a cedar tree that was given to the United States by the Emperor of Japan for the 1964 World's Fair and was accidentally killed during the expansion of the Flushing Meadow tennis center. Opens May 25. (Daily, 10 to sunset.)

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St.—"Ship, Sea, and Sky: The Marine Art of James Edward Buttersworth" (1817-94). Sixty paintings by an English artist who moved to America. (Open daily, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"The 25th Anniversary Exhibition: Selected Works from the Permanent Collection, Part II." Works on paper. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Michael Tetherow—A series of eight numbered works whose vertical lines and pale washes of color evoke the long, anonymous sweep of highways. Toward the top of each canvas, the artist has cut out eyelike circles, giving the paintings a slightly anthropomorphic quality. The result is a show that approximates a portrait gallery for a spectral family. In "Totem #1" a brown stain becomes the open mouth of a droll, masklike face. Through June 17. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Eric Avery and David Schorr—A duo exhibition. Avery's installation addresses the experience of being H.I.V.-positive; Schorr's cycle of paintings, works on paper, and a book deals with those who have died of AIDS and those who mourn. Through June 11. (Ryan, 24 W. 57th St.)

András Böröcz—Figurative sculptures carved from pencils—yes, pencils—by a Hungarian-born artist in his New York début. Through June 11. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Leonora Carrington—Works in various mediums by a seventy-seven-year-old Surrealist. Through June 18. (Brewster, 41 W. 57th St.)

John Cage (1912-92)—"The First Meeting of the Satie Society," an installation and collaborative project devoted to Erik Satie and Marcel Duchamp. Cage wrote a mesostich (a poetic composition that can be read from side to side and from top to bottom), which was subsequently illustrated by Jasper Johns, Robert Ryman, Sol LeWitt, and others. A concurrent Cage show is at the Guggenheim SoHo.) Through July 3. (Sheehan, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Martha Diamond—Semi-abstract urban scenes. Through June 25. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alberto Giacometti (1901-66)—Sculptures and drawings from the artist's formative years in Paris (1922-30). Through June 11. (Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St.)

Childe Hassam (1859-1935)—Twenty-eight paintings by the Impressionist, drawn from public and private collections. Through July 1. (Jordan-Volpe, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Donald Lipski—Works of found objects, entirely covering the gallery walls, are exhibited in combination with individual sculptures. Through June 26. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud—A mini-survey, including paintings of the artist's familiar edible subjects, such as ice cream and lollipops, as well as more recent San Francisco cityscapes. Through June 30. (Stone, 113 E. 90th St.)

Latin-American Artists—Presented by five New York galleries. At Adler, 41 E. 57th St.: Argentine artist Luis Benedit. Through June 30. At Davidson, 41 E. 57th St.: Chilean-born artist Roberto Matta. Through May 28. At Haime, 41 E. 57th St.: Luis Caballero, a Colombian who works in Paris, and Susana Jaime-Mena, an Argentine artist living in New York. Through May 28. At Martin, 23 E. 73rd St.: a show devoted to Surrealism in Latin America from the thirties to the present, including Frida Kahlo, Diego Rivera, and others. Through June 4. At Frumkin/Adams, 50 W. 57th St.: a site-specific installation by José Bedia. Through June 4.

Through June 18. (American Fine Arts, 22 Wooster St.)

April Gornik—Charcoal and black-pastel landscape drawings. Through June 18. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Michael Heizer—The inaugural show at a new gallery, featuring granite megaliths embedded in the walls and floor. Through June 30. (Ace, 275 Hudson, at Spring St.)

John Hultberg—Expressionistic paintings. Through May 28. (Bibro, 584 Broadway.)

Roxie Munro—"Manhattan Paintings." Through June 30. (Ingbar, 568 Broadway.)

Beverly Semmes—Sculptures of clothing. Through June 30. (Klein, 594 Broadway.)

Keith Sonnier—Two viewer-interactive wall reliefs, plus screen prints. Through June 30. (Senior, 375 West Broadway.)

Mathew Weaver—Small, bright-colored paintings. Through July 2. (Engelhorn, 470 Broome St.)

Rémy Zaugg—Paintings of English text, by a Swiss artist. Through June 18. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

"Animated"—An exhibition exploring post-Pop uses of cartoon imagery. Through June 25. (Art in General, 79 Walker St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

AUCTIONS

Discovery—Early in his career, after a sojourn in Spain, John Singer Sargent painted a seven-foot-tall "Spanish Dancer," which subsequently disappeared from his studio. He later found out that it was in the hands of an art collector outside of Paris, and that the man was his maid's former employer. Smell a rat? The work remained in the collector's family until 1988, when it was rediscovered in France and entered the Wendell Cherry collection. "Spanish Dancer" stars in the sale of American paintings, drawings, and sculptures from several collections, including the Cherry estate, on May 25 at 10:15 and 2. (Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. For further information, call 606-7176.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

"The British Watercolor Tradition, 1805-1990: From Trafalgar to Thatcher"—A show focussing on landscapes and humorous illustrations, by Cruikshank, Beerbohm, and others. Opens May 25. Through July 9. (Heineman, 594 Broadway.)

George Condo—New paintings based on works of the Old Masters, with Surrealist flourishes, by one of the stars of the eighties art firmament. Unfortunately, Condo's work, like Julian Schnabel's, does not seem to be aging well, and this show is interesting mostly as an essay on the decline of superficial reputations. Through June 11. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

Sylvie Fleury—Several mixed-medium assemblages by a Swiss artist. Flesh and fashion are the subjects: pages torn from *Women's Wear Daily* and *Playgirl*, an array of spike-heeled shoes spray-painted silver, a hot-pink shag carpet, and a sculpture titled "First Spaceship on Venus." Barbarella lives. Through June 4. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

Jenny Holzer—An installation that the artist has made in response to recent events in Bosnia. Embossed-leather walls and holographic LED signs feature texts by Holzer on the rape and murder of women. Holzer's flair for techno-dystopian melodrama is undeniable, but her prose style has not improved. Through June 30. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Grace Bakst Wapner—Small clay sculptures of featureless figures paired—sometimes nearly merging—in passionate or playful embrace. Wapner has long had an interest in choreography, which is apparent in her portrayal of bodies in motion. You could also say that this work is about relationships—about giving each other space while remaining connected. Through June 11. (Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St.)

Dennis Adams—A body of sculptures titled "Trans/Actions." Through July 1. (Kent, 67 Prince St. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.)

Ross Bleckner—Paintings concerned with the effects of light; some are abstract and others contain such imagery as urns, birds, and clouds. Through June 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

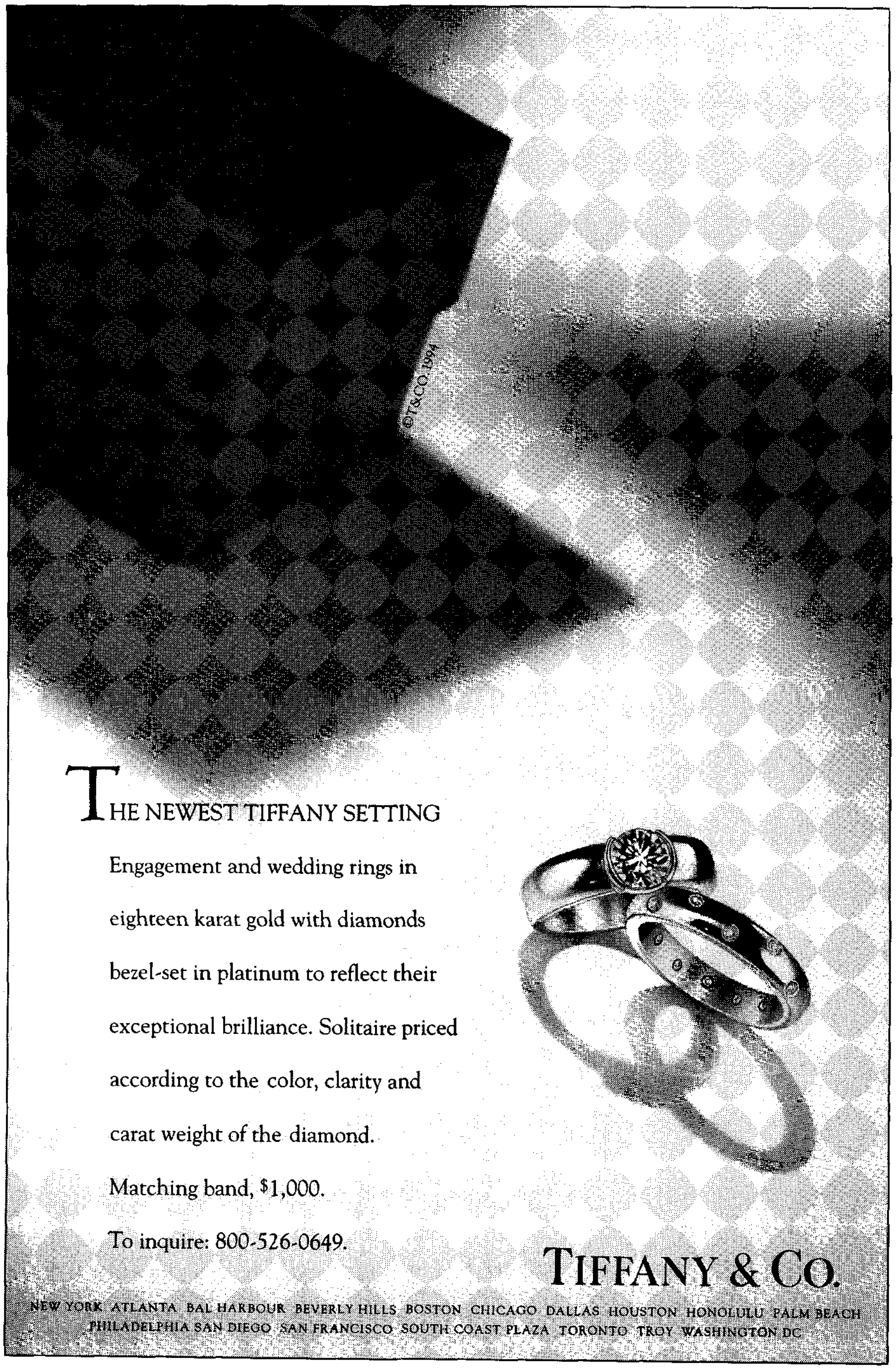
Sandro Chia—Paintings of large figures. Through June 18. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

Elisa D'Arrigo—Abstract floor and wall pieces made of fabric, paper, clay, rubber, and so on. Through June 25. (Harris, 524 Broadway.)

Eileen Doman—Figurative paintings based on family photographs. Through June 25. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

Marlene Dumas—Portraits and figurative paintings by a South African artist living in Amsterdam. Through June 18. (Tilton, 49 Greene St.)

Gil Garfield—The artist, who was a rock singer in the fifties, describes his show as "a Hollywood noir autobiographical mixed-media tour with original music and recordings."



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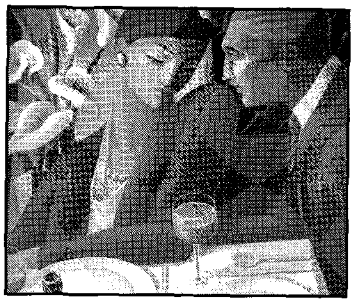

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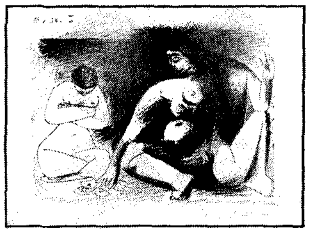

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Wooden Ideas

THIS week is your last chance to catch what Laurie Simmons, that doggedly consistent photographer of tableaux featuring figurines and dolls, has been up to lately, at Metro Pictures (150 Greene Street; through May 28). Since the late seventies, Simmons has been constructing scenes that draw upon our collective repository of ideas about male and female roles. Her work seems both cerebral and extremely personal, and often presents haunting twists on the old gender themes. In the current show, she returns to an earlier interest in ventriloquist's dummies. Whereas previous photographs depicted vintage dummies, these new scenarios incorporate custom-made male and female dummies, and are more polished and more sharply pitched.

Simmons has a knack for evoking a kind of generic past: elements of her tableaux, such as the men's clothing, seem nostalgically familiar in a way that's hard to pin down. Several black-and-white pictures are like love scenes from silent movies, but wackier. In general, there is nothing particularly remarkable about the insights Simmons' pictures generate—and titles like "The Music of Regret I" are a bit inflated—but the best are gripping. One of the color pieces, "Men's Room," is a cross between a cartoon and an illustration of certain mechanical sexual fantasies. Three male dummies are standing at a row of urinals, each with a thought balloon of erotic imagery floating above its head. Their turn-ons are clichés of titillation—the kinds of body-centric images featured in both above- and below-the-counter magazines. Each dummy's daydream seems to be distinct, but their visions all share the emptiness of a world without intimacy. They may be mannequins' fantasies, but they are all too human.

Mariana Cook—Photographs of fathers and their daughters, by a student of Ansel Adams. Through June 25. (Sander, 19 E. 76th St.)

Lee Friedlander—Photographs of parks designed by Frederick Law Olmsted. Through June 25. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Tria Giovan—Recent photographs of Cuba. Through June 18. (Condeso/Lawler, 524 Broadway.)

Edward Matalon—Photographs made from layered works of art. Through June 11. (Perspective Fine Arts, 19 E. 71st St.)

W. Eugene Smith—Images by a photographer best known for his essays in *Life*. Through July 2. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

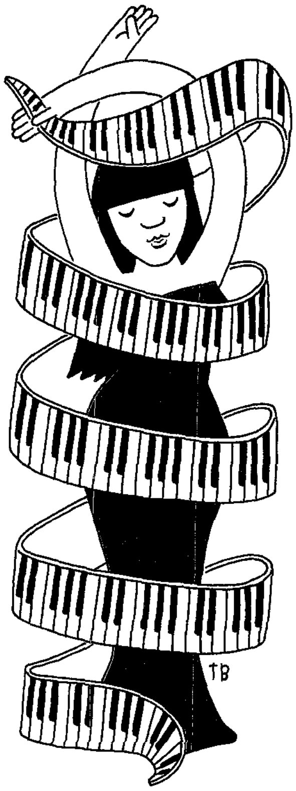
International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Henri Cartier-Bresson: Hommage." Forty photographs by the French master. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Different Drummers

THE New York Philharmonic is completing a celebration of what it calls "American Eccentrics," under which rubric it is presenting music by a handful of nonconformist twentieth-century composers. The four who are featured in this week's concerts—Charles Ives, Carl Ruggles, Wallingford Riegger, and Henry Brant—certainly share a bent for experimentation. But is eccentricity their most distinguishing feature?

The wise and wicked Ambrose Bierce defined eccentricity as "a method of distinction so cheap that fools employ it to accentuate their incapacity." That's the sort of language many a music critic used when passing early judgment on these composers' works. The Philharmonic's "eccentrics" may have displayed certain idiosyncrasies. Ives' eclectic music was nothing if not original, and Riegger's indication that "Study in Sonority" should be performed by "ten violins or any multiple thereof" was novel. Brant's predilection for distributing musicians throughout a performing space (as in "Desert Forests") is striking, but hardly unprecedented; composers have been using spaces creatively for centuries. Even an account of Ruggles incessantly pounding the same dissonant chord on the piano for an hour seems reasonable in light of his explanation: "I'm trying over this damned chord to see whether it still sounds superb after so many hearings." Maybe Ruggles was more meticulous than most composers: in his ninety-five years he published only eight pieces (of which his seventeen-minute-long "Sun-treader" is by far the longest). Eccentric? Maybe a little. Maybe, as Aristotle claimed, there is no great genius without a touch of madness.



Pianist Wu Han at Bargemusic.

IN TOWN—OPERA

"The Tender Land"—A concert version of Copland's gentle contribution to operatic Americana, with Stephen Rogers Radcliffe directing vocal soloists and the New York Chamber Ensemble. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. May 29 at 3. Rain date: May 30 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

IN TOWN—ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducting. May 26-28 and May 31, all at 8: Ives' "Three Places in New England," Ruggles' "Sun-treader," Wallingford

Riegger's "Study in Sonority," and Henry Brant's "Desert Forests." (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. . . . NOTE: Pre-concert readings, beginning at 7 on May 27-28 and open to ticket holders, will feature prose by the program's composers and their contemporaries. The orchestra's artistic administrator, Elizabeth Ostrow, will deliver a pre-concert lecture on May 31 at 7.) . . . ¶ As part of the orchestra's "eccentrics" festival, an interactive sound sculpture by the artist Trimpin (incorporating music by Conlon Nancarrow, Alvin Lucier, and Robert Ashley) is open to the public through May 31, off the lobby of the Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. . . . ¶ May 30 at 8: Mahler's Symphony No. 9. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New Amsterdam Singers—Clara Longstreth directs twentieth-century American works by William Schuman, Louise Talma, Paul Allan Levi (a première), and Ronald Perera; featuring soprano Nancy Armstrong and, as narrator, Paul Hecht. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. May 25 at 8.)

Russian Chamber Chorus—Nikolai Kachanov directs Russian sacred music, including early Znameny chants, Dmitri Bortnyansky's "Sacred Concerto No. 32," and recent works by Yuri Yukechev and Vladimir Ryabov. (Church of the Good Shepherd, 240 E. 31st St. May 26 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Coro Sinfonico Comunitario—John Rutter directs the three-hundred-member chorus from Brazil's Universidade de Brasilia and the New England Symphonic Ensemble (plus soloists) in his own Requiem; David Junker leads Rutter's Gloria and the Missa de Requiem of José Maurício Nunes Garcia, a Brazilian contemporary of Beethoven. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. May 28 at 8.) . . . ¶ A similar program. (Brazilian Parish of St. Michael's Church, 424 W. 34th St. May 29 at 5:30. Admission by contribution.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble Orchestra—Michael J. Buglio conducts an all-American program for Memorial Day weekend, including music by Irving Berlin, Duke Ellington, Victor Herbert, and W. C. Handy. (Woodlawn Cemetery, Jerome Ave. Gate at Bainbridge Ave., the Bronx. May 29 at 2, rain or shine.)

IN TOWN—RECITALS

Cardinal Brass Quintet—Performing a pair of outdoor concerts, weather permitting. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. May 25 and May 27 at 12:30. No tickets necessary.)

Scott St. John—Playing violin sonatas by Poulenc and Ysaÿe, Brahms' F-Minor Viola Sonata, and works by Sarasate and Richard Mascall; with pianist Thomas Bagwell. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. May 25 at 8.)

Los Angeles Guitar Quartet—Performing original works and arrangements by Andrew York (one of the group's members), Ian Krouse, Sergio Assad, Boccherini, and others. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. May 25 at 8.)

Karol Bennett and Christopher Oldfather—The soprano and the pianist collaborate in a recital that comprises piano sonatas by Elliott Carter and Michel Philippot (his Second), songs by Schumann and Bartók, and premières of works by Arlene Zallman and Meir Serrouya. Presented by the Guild of Composers. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. May 25 at 8.)

Four Nations Ensemble—The period-instrument group performs a violin sonata by Mozart, Clementi's C-Major Piano Trio, a duo for violin and cello by Anton Kraft (on a theme from Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte"), and three works by Haydn: his F-Minor Variations, an English canzonet, and an arrangement (by Clementi) of "In Verdure Clad" (from "The Creation"). (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. May 25 at 8. No tickets required, but call 870-1649 to reserve a seat. . . . NOTE: Manuscripts and first editions of the works on the program, drawn from the library's collection, will be displayed.) . . . ¶ Performing fortepiano trios by Clementi (in C Major) and Beethoven (in E-Flat Major, Op. 1, No. 1). (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. May 26 at noon. Admission by contribution.)

Bargemusic—Violinists Christiaan Bor and Carmit Zori, violist Paul Neubauer, and cellist Ronald Thomas play Stravinsky's "Concertino" and Bruce Adolphe's "I'm Inclined to New Music" (a parodistic paraphrase of Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik"). Pianist Wu Han, whose contributions to the field of ensemble playing were recognized when she was named to receive the most recent Andrew Wolf Chamber Music Award, assists the foursome in piano quintets by Dohnányi (in C Minor, Op. 1) and Dvořák (in A Major). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. May 26 at 7:30 and May 29 at 4.)

Quintet of the Americas—The woodwind quintet performs pieces by Ernesto Nazareth, Copland, Villa-Lobos, and others. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. May 26 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

String Quartet Sampler—Eight student string quartets from around the world are spending the week at the Juilliard School, where they're receiving intensive coaching from the Juilliard String Quartet. The thirty-two up-and-comers will put their talents on display in a pair of public concerts. (Paul Recital Hall, Juilliard School, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza. May 27 at 4 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

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Bangkok, Thailand
Singapore
Penang, Malaysia
Colombo, Sri Lanka
Bombay, India
Mahe, Seychelles
Mombasa, Kenya
Aden, Yemen
Port Suez
Suez Canal
Cairo, Egypt
Haifa, Israel
Kusadasi, Turkey
Istanbul, Turkey
Athens, Greece
Naples, Italy
Cannes, France
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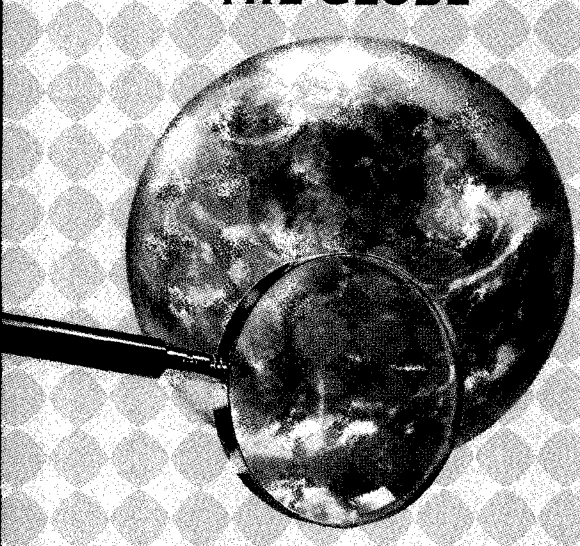

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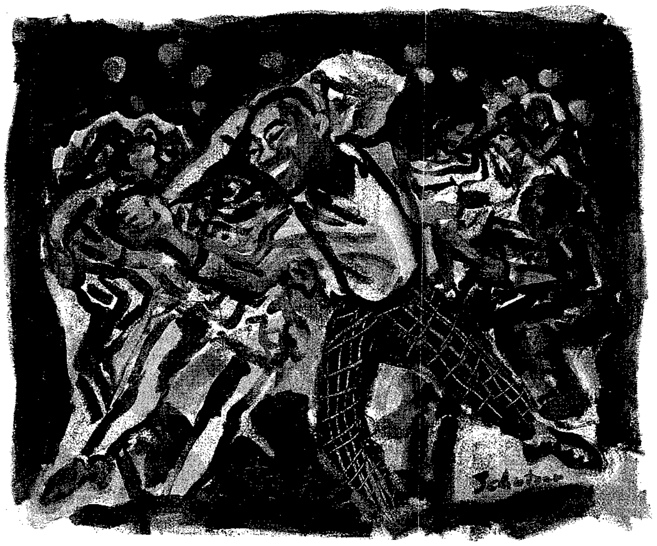

Frankie Manning does the Lindy Hop at the Roosevelt Hotel.

DENA SCHUTZER

Mozart String Trio—Performing Mozart's Divertimento in E-Flat Major (K. 563). (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. May 29 at 11:30 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

Thomas Richner—Dividing his time between two instruments, he'll perform piano works by Bach (his "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue"), Mozart (his A-Minor Rondo, K. 511), Chopin, Debussy, and Paderewski, and organ music by Buxtehude, Mozart (his Andante, K. 616), and Joseph Jongen. (First Church of Christ Scientist, 1 W. 96th St. May 29 at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Schumann Trios—Violinist Scott St. John, cellist Zvi Plesser, and pianist Ilan Rechtman perform Schumann's D-Minor Piano Trio and three of Mr. Rechtman's "Jazzicals." (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. May 29 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

OUT OF TOWN

Cape May Music Festival—Now in its fifth season, this festival is already under way at the southern tip of New Jersey. May 25 at 8:30: Stephen Rogers Radcliffe conducts the Cape May Festival Orchestra in Dvořák's Romance for Violin and Orchestra (featuring Julie Rosenfeld), Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante (K. 364, with Ms. Rosenfeld and violist Francesca Martin-Silos), and Beethoven's Symphony No. 1. . . . ¶ May 26 at 8:30: The New Jersey Symphony Chamber Players perform Mozart's D-Major Divertimento (K. 125a), as well as quartets by Dvořák (in F Major, the "American") and Ravel. . . . ¶ May 27 at 8:30: Mr. Radcliffe leads soloists and the New York Chamber Ensemble in a concert performance of Copland's opera "The Tender Land." . . . ¶ May 28 at 8 and May 29 at 8:30: The Gary Burton quartet, with Rebecca Parris. (Most concerts are held at the Congress Hall Hotel; several take place in other locations in Cape May County. For information about tickets to all festival events, call 1-609 884-5404.)

Long Island Mozart Festival—The Sea Cliff Chamber Players perform two weekends of music by Mozart, his contemporaries, and later admirers. May 28 at 2: French-horn duos by Mozart (K. 487), Beethoven's C-Minor Violin Sonata (Op. 30, No. 2), and Brahms' Horn Trio. . . . ¶ May 28 at 7: Mozart's Serenade in E-Flat Major (K. 375) and arrangements for winds from his operas, as well as Beethoven's Wind Sextet (Op. 71) and "Variations on Mozart's 'Là Ci Darem'" (WoO 28, in an arrangement for two clarinets and bassoon). . . . ¶ May 29 at 2: Flutist Carol Wincenc anchors a program of music by Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Hoffmeister, and Haydn. . . . ¶ May 29 at 7: Works by J. S. Bach (including his French Suite No. 5, arranged and performed by harpist Nancy Allen), C. P. E. Bach, and Mozart (including several arias sung by baritone Douglas Webster). . . . ¶ May 30 at 1:30: Beethoven's D-Major String Trio (Op. 9, No. 2), Schubert's A-Major Duo for Violin and Piano, and Mozart's F-Major String Quartet (K. 590). . . . ¶ May 30 at 5:30: Mozart's Horn Quintet (featuring French hornist David Jolley) and string quintets by Beethoven (in C Major, Op. 29) and Mozart (in G Minor, K. 516). (Planting Fields Arboretum, Oyster Bay, Long Island. For information about tickets, call 1-516 671-6263. Through June 5.)

SPORTS

(The Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; the Yankees at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000; and the Mets at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the Toronto Blue Jays, May 25 at 7:05. . . . ¶ Vs. the Chicago White Sox, May 30 at 4:05 (Athletic Sock Day) and May 31 at 7:05.

Mets—Vs. the Cincinnati Reds, May 27 at 7:40 and May 28-29 at 1:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Colorado Rockies, May 30 at 1:40 and May 31 at 7:40.

CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY

Eastern Hockey—As of press time, the Rangers had evened the score, 1-1, against the Devils in the finals of the N.H.L. Eastern Conference playoffs.

CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL

Fourth Quarter Fever—At press time, the Knicks were locked in a desperate struggle with the Chicago Bulls for the third postseason in a row. If all has gone according to Coach Riley's plan, the 'Bockers are now hosting the winner of the Atlanta Hawks–Indiana Pacers series in the early stages of the Eastern Conference finals.

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

"Where's Tilly?"—Puppeteer Rod Young presents a musical marionette and hand-puppet show. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. May 28 at noon. No tickets necessary.)

Little People's Theatre Company—Take your choice: "Humpty Dumpty" (at 1:30) or "Little Red Riding Hood" (at 3), on Saturdays and Sundays, through June 12. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 765-9540.)

Don't Forget—The carrousel in Central Park (mid-Park at 64th St.) is open daily, weather permitting, from 10:30 to 4:30. . . . ¶ Hit the beach! Long Island Railroad's Jones Beach special starts up on May 28. Two trains an hour leave Penn Station for Freeport, where they are met by buses to the beach. The whole trip takes a little more than an hour. Round-trip fare for adults is $10.50, for children five to eleven, $4. The Jones Beach package is weekends-only until June 27, when it becomes a daily affair. For information about schedules, call 1-718 217-5477.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Just Can't Top the Lindy Hop—The New York Swing Dance Society is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a three-day weekend devoted to the Lindy Hop. Highlights include rare film footage, demonstrations and instruction, seminars on jitterbug history, and, on May 29 at 8:30, a special eightieth-birthday bash for Frankie Manning, one of the original Lindy Hoppers. (Roosevelt Hotel, Madison Ave. at 45th St. May 27-30. For information, call 696-9737.)

Rosy Scenario—Gazebos, mulch beds, and thirty-five hundred roses will transform Rockefeller Plaza into a midtown garden. The fragrance begins May 27. (Daily, from 8 A.M. to 9 P.M. Through June 12.)

Czech It Out—The Czechoslovak Festival will offer homemade sausage, brass-band polkas, gymnastics, and folk-dancing. (Bohemian Hall and Park, 29-19 24th Ave., Astoria. May 29-30, from noon to 6. For more information, call 1-718 274-4925.)

Tapped—National Tap Dance Day (May 25), which would have been Bill (Bojangles) Robinson's hundred and sixteenth birthday, will be marked by a number of festivities. May 25 at noon: Hervé Le Goff, among others, demonstrating tap to a Latin beat. (World Trade Center, outdoor plaza, between Buildings 1 and 2. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ May 27, from 6 to 10: A program featuring, among others, Harold Cromer of the tap team Stump and Stumpy. (Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.) . . . ¶ May 29 at 7:30: A tribute, with Jimmy Slyde and Brenda Bufalino, among other performers. (Haft Auditorium, Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

Artists to the Streets—At the Annual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, more than three hundred and fifty artists and craftspeople will be displaying their work on sidewalks around the square, on May 28-30 and June 4-5, from noon to sundown.

Rite—The Rites of Spring: Procession to Save Our Gardens, a twelve-hour marathon of dance, music, art, and poetry, will take place on May 29, from 8 to 8, in thirty gardens on the Lower East Side. A progressive play will be performed in various community gardens. Witness Gaia's birth and subsequent marriage to the Green Man, at 1, at La Plaza Cultural. (Southwest corner of 9th St. and Ave. C. For more information, or to volunteer, call 727-8283.)

Booking Brooks—Gwendolyn Brooks, whose second volume of poems won the Pulitzer Prize in 1950, will read and discuss poetry. May 25 at 8: The Illinois poet laureate will read from her own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.) . . . ¶ May 26 at 7: Brooks will talk about the poetry of Etheridge Knight (1931-91), whose "Poems from Prison" was published in 1968. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. No tickets necessary.)

Readings—May 25 at 8: Kenneth Koch and Ron Padgett will read from their own work. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the talk.) . . . ¶ May 25 at 8:30: Paul Monette will read from his new collection of personal essays, "Last Watch of the Night." [illegible] Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ May 31 at 7: Charles Bernstein and Susan Howe will read from their own poetry. (French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Walks & Tours—May 29 at 10:30: "In a Day's Work," a look at Chinatown as a workplace, presented by the Chinatown History Museum. For more information, call 619-4785. . . . ¶ May 30 at 1: In "New York at War and Peace" visitors will learn about lower Manhattan's battlefields, war monuments, and Confederate spies, courtesy of Big Onion Walking Tours. For more information, call 439-1090.

Memorandum—Memorial Day is May 30.

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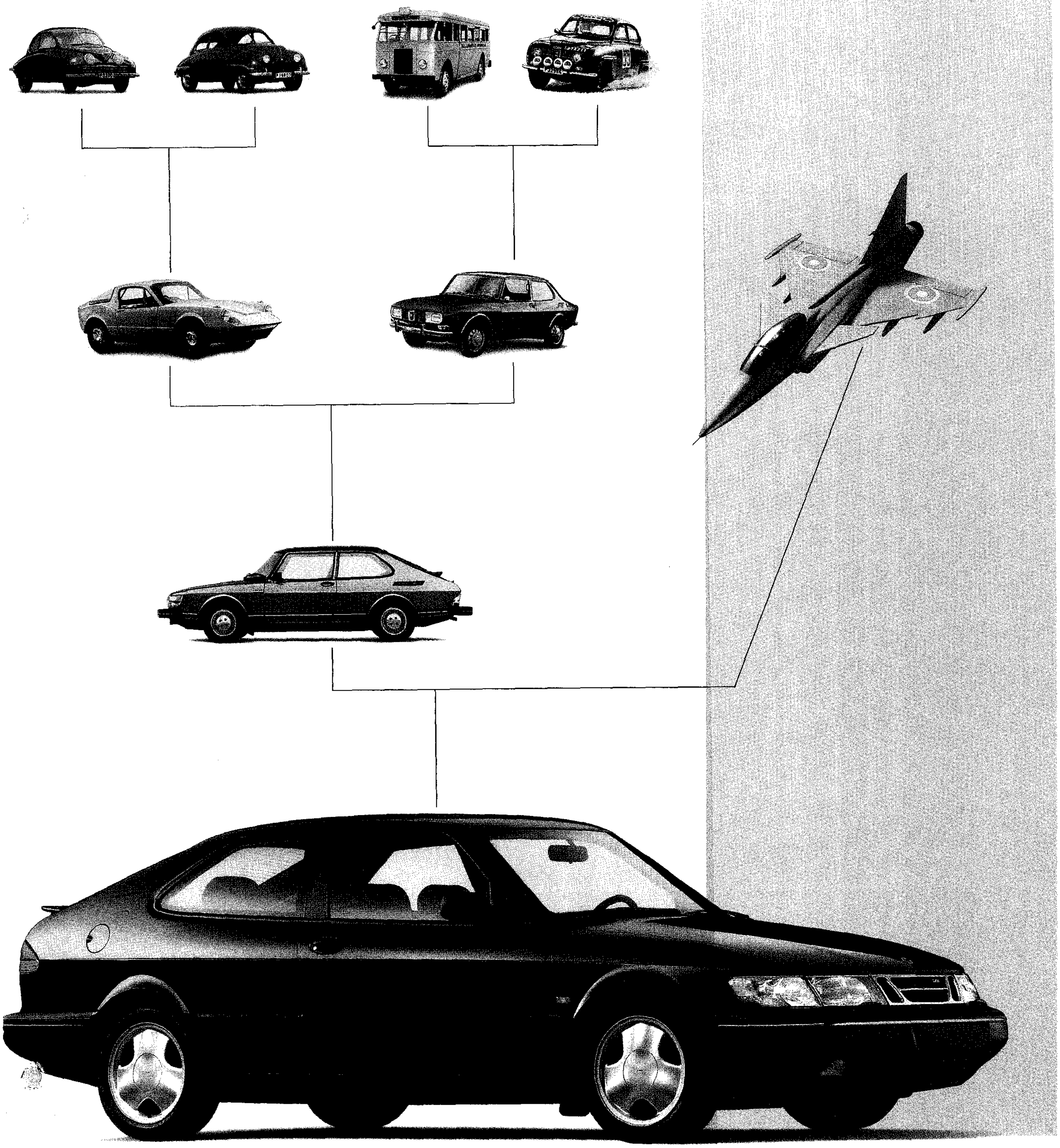

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THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 32.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Backbeat" (†).
Theatre 2: "Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould" (†).
Theatre 3: "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (†).
Theatre 4: "Kika" (†).
Theatre 5: "Sirens" (†).
Theatre 6: "Little Buddha" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"The Conviction" (1990, directed by Marco Bellocchio; in Italian).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "With Honors" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dream Lover" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Piano" (Jane Campion), with Holly Hunter, Harvey Keitel, and Sam Neill.

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 2: "Naked in New York" (Dan Algrant), with Eric Stoltz.
Theatre 3: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell), with Hugh Grant and Andie MacDowell.
Theatre 4: "Maverick" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson, Jodie Foster, and James Garner.
Theatre 5: "Maverick."
Theatre 6: "Maverick."
Theatre 7: "The Crow" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Babyfever" (Henry Jaglom), with Victoria Foyt.

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Serial Mom" (†).
Theatre 3: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (†).
Theatre 4: "No Escape" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Secret Rapture" (Howard Davies), with Juliet Stevenson; and "Savage Nights" (Cyril Collard, in French).
Theatre 6: "The Inkwell" (†).
Theatre 7: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell), with Hugh Grant and Andie MacDowell.
Theatre 2: "Serial Mom" (†).
Theatre 3: "No Escape" (†).
Theatre 4: "Being Human" (†).
Theatre 5: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (†).
Theatre 6: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (John Landis).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sirens" (†).
Theatre 3: "Serial Mom" (†).
Theatre 4: "The House of the Spirits" (Bille August).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Maverick" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson, Jodie Foster, and James Garner.
Theatre 2: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (John Landis).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 26: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg).
From May 27: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 26: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba, in Spanish).
From May 27: "Kika" (†).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Inkwell" (†).
Theatre 2: "Serial Mom" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Bad Girls" (Jonathan Kaplan).

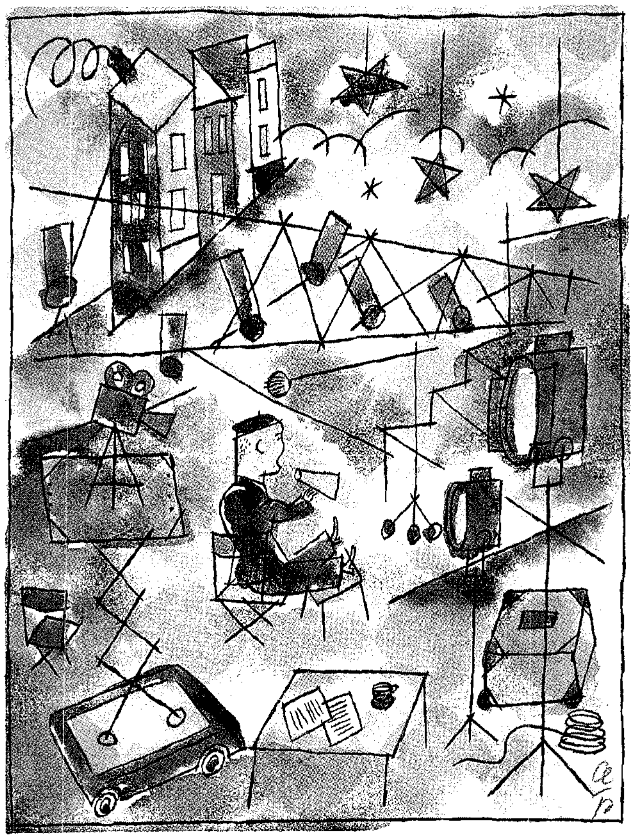
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Favor" (Donald Petrie).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "No Escape" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clean Slate" (Mick Jackson).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The House of the Spirits" (Bille August).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 2: "Crooklyn" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Little Buddha" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sirens" (†).
Theatre 3: "Germinal" (Claude Berri, in French); and "In Custody" (Ismail Merchant, in Urdu).



ALAIN DIJON

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "In the Name of the Father" (Jim Sheridan), with Daniel Day-Lewis.
Theatre 2: Through May 26: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg). From May 27: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).
Theatre 3: "The Paper" (Ron Howard).
Theatre 4: "Reality Bites" (Ben Stiller), with Winona Ryder, Ethan Hawke, and Stiller.
Theatre 5: "Being Human" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Piano" (Jane Campion).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Maverick" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson, Jodie Foster, and James Garner.
Theatre 2: "Maverick."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Naked in New York" (Dan Algrant).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (John Landis).
Theatre 2: "With Honors" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Backbeat" (†).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Crooklyn" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 26: "The Paper" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton. From May 27: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Maverick" (Richard Donner).
Theatre 2: "No Escape" (†).
Theatre 3: "3 Ninjas Kick Back" (Charles T. Kanganis).
Theatre 4: "The House of the Spirits" (Bille August).
Theatre 5: "Serial Mom" (†).
Theatre 6: "With Honors" (†).
Theatre 7: "Maverick."

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Crow" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Bhaji on the Beach" (directed by Gurinder Chadha).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl" (Ray Müller; in German); and "Sunday's Children" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (John Landis).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop III."

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through May 26: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg). From May 27: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).
Theatre 2: "Crooklyn" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Blue Kite" (†).
Theatre 2: "Desperate Remedies" (Stewart Main and Peter Wells).
Theatre 3: "Bitter Moon" (Roman Polanski).
Theatre 4: "The House of the Spirits" (Bille August).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Crooklyn" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 26: "Crooklyn" (†). From May 27: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).
Theatre 3: "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Inkwell" (†).
Theatre 5: "Maverick" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson, Jodie Foster, and James Garner.
Theatre 6: "With Honors" (†).
Theatre 7: "Maverick."
Theatre 8: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 9: "Naked in New York" (Dan Algrant), with Eric Stoltz.

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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The House of the Spirits" (Bille August).
Theatre 2: "Clean Slate" (Mick Jackson).
Theatre 3: "Sankofa" (Haile Gerima).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"When a Man Loves a Woman" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Six Degrees of Separation" (Fred Schepisi).
Theatre 2: "Philadelphia" (Jonathan Demme).
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 4: "Guarding Tess" (Hugh Wilson).
Theatre 5: "The Snapper" (Stephen Frears).
Theatre 6: "Romeo Is Bleeding" (Peter Medak).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment! III" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Dream Lover" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sirens" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "The House of the Spirits" (Bille August).
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"High Lonesome: The Story of Bluegrass Music" (Rachel Liebling), a documentary.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Widows' Peak" (John Irvin), with Mia Farrow, Joan Plowright, and Natasha Richardson.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Bitter Moon" (Roman Polanski).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell), with Hugh Grant and Andie MacDowell.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Crooklyn" (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "A Tale of Winter" (†).
Theatre 2: "Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould" (†).
Theatre 3: "Kika" (†).
Theatre 4: "Kika" (†).
Theatre 5: "Red Rock West" (John Dahl).
Theatre 6: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba, in Spanish).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 26: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg), with Liam Neeson.
From May 27: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (John Landis).
Theatre 2: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "With Honors" (†).
Theatre 4: "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 6: "Maverick" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson, Jodie Foster, and James Garner.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Babyfever" (Henry Jaglom), with Victoria Foyt.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "The Paper" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 2: "Being Human" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "No Escape" (†).
Theatre 2: "You So Crazy" (Thomas Schlamme).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Serial Mom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (directed by Peter Segal), with Leslie Nielsen.
Theatre 3: "Maverick" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson, Jodie Foster, and James Garner.
Theatre 4: "No Escape" (†).
Theatre 5: "3 Ninjas Kick Back" (Charles T. Kanganis); and "Maverick."
Theatre 6: "With Honors" (†).
Theatre 7: "Surviving the Game" (Ernest Dickerson).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"The Crow" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "You So Crazy" (Thomas Schlamme).
Theatre 2: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Inkwell" (†).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Beverly Hills Cop III" (John Landis).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Crooklyn" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 26: "Clean Slate" (Mick Jackson). From May 27: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).

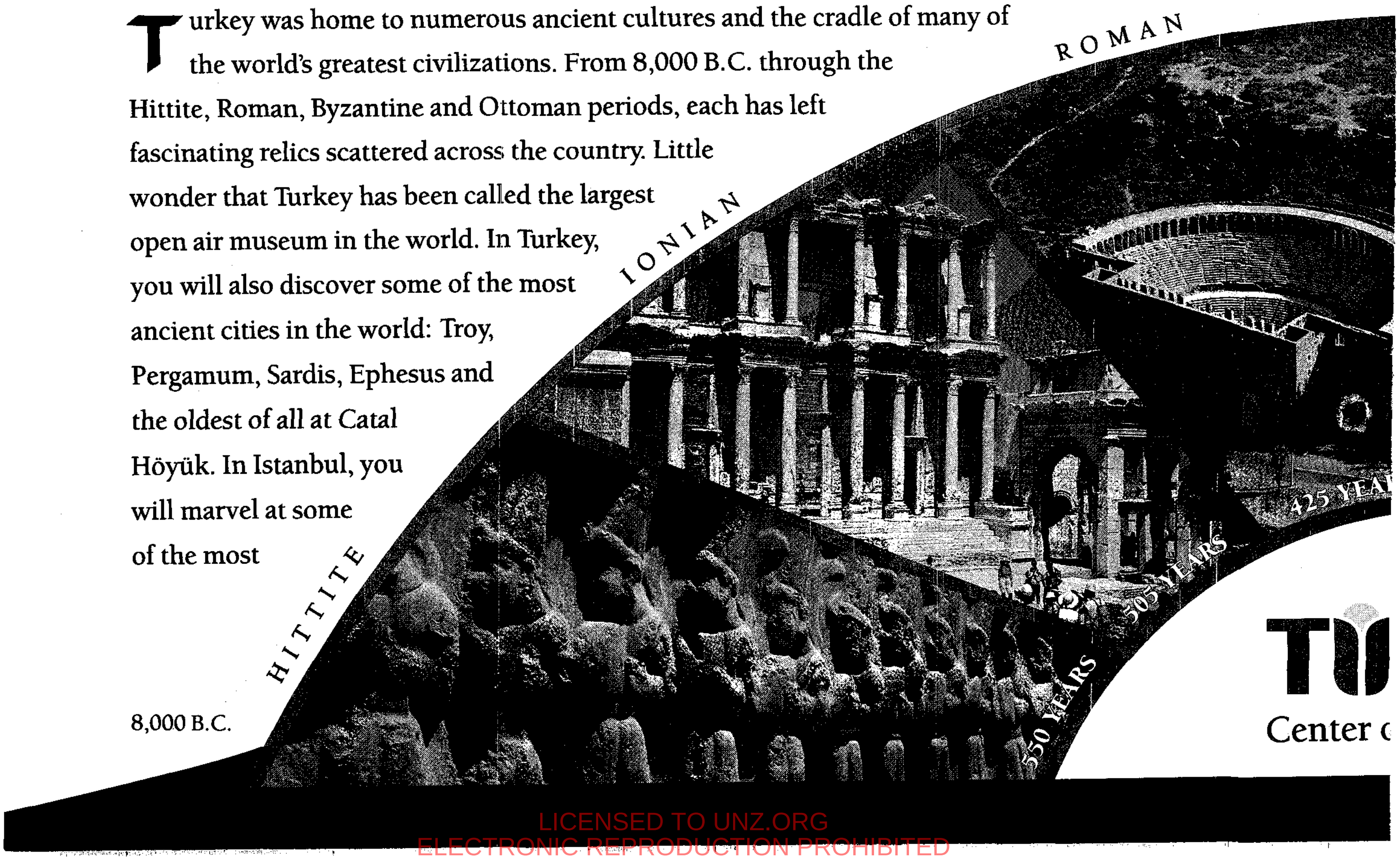
REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through May 26: "Give a Girl a Break" (†); and "The Affairs of Dobie Gillis" (1953, directed by Don Weis).
May 27-29: "Damn Yankees" (1958, Stanley Donen), with Gwen Verdon.
May 30-31: "My Sister Eileen" (1955, Richard Quine), with Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon, and Betty Garrett.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
May 25: "The Blue Gardenia" (1953, Fritz Lang), with Anne Baxter; and "The Woman in the Window" (1944, Lang), with Edward G. Robinson and Joan Bennett.
May 26: "Stage Fright" (1950, Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951, Hitchcock), with Farley Granger and Robert Walker.
May 27-28: "The Maltese Falcon" (†); and "Casablanca" (1942, Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman.
May 29: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931, G. W. Pabst; in German) and "The Blue Angel" (1929, Josef von Sternberg; in German).
May 30: "Illusion Travels by Streetcar" (1953, Luis Buñuel; in Spanish); and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (1955, Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

THE WORLD'S LARGE

Turkey was home to numerous ancient cultures and the cradle of many of the world's greatest civilizations. From 8,000 B.C. through the Hittite, Roman, Byzantine and Ottoman periods, each has left fascinating relics scattered across the country. Little wonder that Turkey has been called the largest open air museum in the world. In Turkey, you will also discover some of the most ancient cities in the world: Troy, Pergamum, Sardis, Ephesus and the oldest of all at Catal Höyük. In Istanbul, you will marvel at some of the most



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May 31: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1949, Robert Hamer) and "The Ladykillers" (1956, Alexander Mackendrick), both with Alec Guinness.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—May 26 at 2:30 and May 27 at 6: "Weirded Out and Blown Away" (1985, directed by Sharon Greytak) and "Short Fuse" (1991, Warren Sonbert). . . . ¶ May 26 at 3 and 6: "Simple Courage" (1991). . . . ¶ May 26 at 6 and May 29 at 1: "JFK" (1991, Oliver Stone). . . . ¶ May 27 at 2:30: Two documentaries by Norman Seider and short animated films by Richard Protovin, among others. . . . ¶ May 27 at 2:30: "The Phillips Collection" (1986, Edgar B. Howard and Seth Schneidman). . . . ¶May 27 at 6:30: "Large Scale Projects: Claes Oldenberg/Coosje van Bruggen" (1991, Lana Jokel and Nicholas Doob). . . . ¶ May 27 at 8: "Dark Eyes" (1987, Nikita Mikhalkov; in Italian). . . .¶ May 28 at 1: "Video Art to Virtual Reality" (1992, Anne Barclay Morgan and Gregory Randal Miller) and "Pine Barrens" (1975, Nancy Holt). . . . ¶ May 28 at 2 and May 30 at 5: "Black Cat" (1968, Koneto Shindo; in Japanese). . . . ¶ May 28 at 2:30: "Anna Sokolow, Choreographer" (1978, Lucille Rhodes), "Bart Cook Choreographer" (1987, Kit Fitzgerald), and "Changing Steps" (1989, Elliot Caplan and Merce Cunningham). . . . ¶ May 28 at 5 and May 30 at 2: "Dersu Uzala" (1978, Akira Kurosawa; in Russian). . . . ¶ May 28 at 5 and May 29 at 2:30: "Sainte Geneviève, The Pantheon of Domes" (1989, Nadine Descendre), "Art in the Public Eye: The Making of Dark Star Park" (1988, Holt), and "Looking for Renaissance Rome" (1975, John Terry). . . . ¶ May 29 at 5: "Not for Publication" (1984, Paul Bartel). . . . ¶ May 29 at 5: "Snowscreen: The Art of Michael Snow" (1984, Robert Shoub). . . . ¶ May 30 at 2:30: "Franklin White" (1993, Kelley Ellsworth) and three other short films. . . . ¶ May 30 at 5: "Roy Lichtenstein—Reflections" (1990, Edgar Howard) and "James Rosenquist: Welcome to the Water Planet" (1990, Seth Schneidman and Maryte Kavaliauskas). . . . ¶ May 31 at 2:30: "Harlan County, U.S.A." (1977, Barbara Kopple). . . . ¶ May 31 at 6: "Miami Blues" (1990, George Armitage), with Alec Baldwin.

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—May 25 at 2, 5:30, and 9: "Whistling in the Dark" (1941, S. Sylvan Simon). . . . ¶ May 25 at 3:40 and 7:10: "It's a Wonderful World" (†). . . . ¶ May 26 at 2 and 8:30: "Dangerous Female" (1931, Roy Del Ruth). . . . ¶ May 26 at 3:40 and 10: "The Walls Came Tumbling Down" (1947, Lothar Mendes). . . . ¶ May 26 at 6: "River of Grass" (1993, Kelly Reichardt). . . . ¶ May 27 at 2, 6, and 10: "Dead Reckoning" (1947, John Cromwell). . . . ¶ May 27 at 4 and 8: "Cornered" (1945, Edward Dmytryk). . . . ¶ May 28 at 4 and 7:15: "Bulldog Drumond" (1929, Richard Jones). . . . ¶ May 28 at 5:50 and 9:10: "Grand Central Murder" (1942, Simon). . . . ¶ May 29 at 4 and 7:45: "The Big Sleep" (1946, Howard Hawks). . . . ¶ May 29 at 6:15 and 10: "The Phantom of Crestwood" (1932, J. Walter Ruben). . . . ¶ May 30 at 2, 5:45, and 9:30 and May 31 at 3:45: "Out of the Past" (1947, Jacques Tourneur). . . . ¶ May 30 at 4 and 7:45 and May 31 at 2: "Lady on a Train" (1945, Charles David).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A program of films by Sergei Paradjanov. May 28 at 2: "The Legend of Suram Fortress" (†). . . . ¶ May 28 at 4: "The First Lad" (1958). . . . ¶ May 29 at 2: "Ashik Kerib" (1988). . . . ¶ May 29 at 4: "Little Flower on a Stone" (1962).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—May 25 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Pépé le Moko" (1937, Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through May 29, a retrospective of films and videos by Willie Varela. Call for schedule and screening times.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—A retrospective of Shiro Toyoda films. May 27 at 6:30: "The Diplomat's Mansion" (1961).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—May 27 at 6:30 and May 28-29 at 2:30: "La Rose et la Reseda" (1945, André Michel), "Night and Fog" (1955, Alain Resnais), and "World War II and Me" (1976, Francis Lee). . . . ¶ May 27-29 at 8: "Losers in Love" (1993, Mike Bencivenga). . . . ¶ May 27 at 10: "Dandy" (1988, Peter Sempel). . . . ¶ May 29 at 4: "Hapax Legomena I" (1971, Hollis Frampton) and four short films. . . . ¶ May 29 at 6: "Just Visiting This Planet" (1991, Sempel).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—A series of films produced by ZDF German Television Network since the fall of the Berlin Wall. May 26 at 6: "Aborted" (1992, Norbert Kückelmann). . . . May 27 at 6: "The Big Party" (1992, Frank Beyer). . . . May 28 at 2: "Marleneken, Part I" (1990, Karin Brandauer). . . . May 29 at 2: "Marleneken, Part 2" (1990, Brandauer). . . . ¶ A Tribute to Dennis Potter. "Without Walls" (1994), a television interview of Potter by Melvyn Bragg. Showings Tuesdays through Thursdays at 4, Fridays at 4 and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . . "Lipstick on Your Collar" (1993), a six-hour program, shown in two parts. Part I is showing Saturdays at 3, and Part II is showing Sundays at 3.

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MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Beverly Hills Cop III—Eddie Murphy and Judge Reinhold reprise their roles in another Southern California shoot-'em-up. Written by Steven E. de Souza and directed by John Landis. Opening May 25.

The Flintstones—The modern Stone Age family comes to the movie house. With John Goodman as Fred, Rick Moranis as Barney, Elizabeth Perkins as Wilma, and Rosie O'Donnell as Betty. Also with Kyle MacLachlan, Halle Berry, and Elizabeth Taylor. Directed by Brian Levant. Opening May 27.

Little Buddha—Directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, and written by Mark Peploe and Rudy Wurlitzer. With Keanu Reeves, Bridget Fonda, Chris Isaak, Alex Wiesendanger, and Ying Ruocheng. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) Opening May 25.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Backbeat—Iain Softley's movie tells the story of Stuart Sutcliffe (Stephen Dorff), who was John Lennon's best friend at the Liverpool College of Art and, for a short time, the bass player of the Beatles. The picture doesn't quite succeed in turning this obscure sideman into a pop-culture myth in his own right. In the period that the screenplay covers—roughly, from August, 1960, when the group played its first night-club gig in Hamburg, to April, 1962, when Sutcliffe died of a brain hemorrhage—the Beatles were unambiguously John Lennon's band. And, despite all Softley's efforts to deflect our attention to the tragic ironies of Softley's brief career, Lennon (Ian Hart) dominates the movie, too. When the picture concentrates on Lennon's edgy wit and on the fierce, joyful music that his band is making, it's terrific. But when it focusses on its nominal hero and his love affair with a worldly German bohemian (played by Sheryl Lee) it seems very ordinary.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/94.) (Angelika Film Center, and Tower East.)

Being Human—Robin Williams is Bill Forsyth's vacillating Everyman in five vignettes depicting humanity's jumble of pusillanimity, selfishness, and love through the ages. The movie starts slowly in prehistory, pratfalls into the Roman Empire, meanders around the Middle Ages, gets shipwrecked (literally and figuratively) in the sixteenth century, and turns lachrymose in the twentieth. The episodes rarely come to a head or a punch line or a satisfying point. There are gorgeous storybook images, but the action is a stupefying combination of existential tomfoolery and squishy, pathetic humanism. The high spot comes early: as a wily Roman slave and a foolish master, Williams and John Turturro pay homage to "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum." Theresa Russell delivers the narration, a failed deconstructionist whimsy about this being "the story of a story."—M.S. (19th Street East 6, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.)

The Blue Kite—A refined, strong-minded political drama, all the more telling for being so quiet. The director, Tian Zhuangzhuang, is just the kind of casual satirist that the Chinese authorities could do without; the movie met fierce official resistance during postproduction, and Tian has now been banned from further filming. The story begins, in 1953, with the death of Stalin, and lasts until 1967; in that time, a young boy named Tietou grows up and goes through three fathers, each of them laid low by persecution. Tietou may be a pain to his long-suffering mother, but his misbehavior is just the first stirring of a rebellious spirit. The movie seems clean and steady, a corrective to the lushness and extravagance that, for better or worse, has come to be seen as the house style of Chinese cinema. In Mandarin.—A.L. (5/2/94) (Quad Cinema.)

Crooklyn—Spike Lee's new movie, a nostalgia piece about growing up in Brooklyn in the early seventies, is slight in every respect but length. The picture runs well over two hours, and you feel every minute of it, because Lee can't seem to find a theme or a style to shape this amorphous memory-stuff into something more compelling than a home movie. Without an explosive, talk-show-worthy subject, his filmmaking tends to go limp. This movie lurches forward in spurts, but keeps stalling, because all that's driving it is a sort of trivial, reflexive New York chauvinism. Instead of telling a story, Lee settles for delivering casual, off-the-cuff commentary on urban life: he's just a guy sitting on the stoop checking out what's happening on the block—not much, as it turns out. With Alfre Woodard, Delroy Lindo, Zelda Harris, and Frances Foster. The screenplay is by the director and two of his siblings, Joie Susannah Lee and Cinqué Lee.—T.R. (5/23/94) (Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

The Crow—Alex Proyas' pulp revenge fantasy, based on a comic-book saga by James O'Barr, is dark, moody, and seductively overwrought; it's an amazingly pure expression of morbid adolescent romanticism. The movie tells the story of a young rock musician named Eric Draven (Brandon Lee), who, guided by an otherwordly crow, returns from the grave to hunt down the thugs who killed him and his fiancée. Proyas, whose previous experience is in commercials and music videos, has a flamboyantly artificial style that's peculiarly well suited to this pop-mythic universe. The picture's darkness is so complete that it becomes a kind of light. What gives the movie its greatest allure is the performance of Brandon Lee (who died, near the end of filming, in a freakish accident on the set). He incarnates this character so unself-consciously that glum Eric seems like teen-age despair apotheosized—Everykid as the most beautiful of losers. Also with Ernie Hudson, Michael Wincott, and David Patrick Kelly. Screenplay by David J. Schow and John Shirley.—T.R. (5/23/94) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Baronet, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

Dream Lover—Like many other fledgling writer-directors, Nicholas Kazan chooses a chichi conceit, spinning a plot fit for "Alfred Hitchcock Presents" into an essay on the mystery of the Other and an attack on the notion of "the dream girl." James Spader plays a wealthy divorced architect who falls for Mädchen Amick, an elusive and admittedly "screwed-up" woman who gives new meaning to the words drop-dead gorgeous. (Larry Miller, Fredric Lehne, and Bess Armstrong are their small circle of friends.) In the more mundane scenes, Kazan creates a hollow stylized environment for hollow stylish yuppies. But Kazan really comes a cropper in Spader's recurring nightmares, set at a carnival with a jeering clown—every time that harlequin appears you can sense Fellini flipping.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Festival.)

Even Cowgirls Get the Blues—With Uma Thurman, directed by Gus Van Sant. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Angelika Film Center, 68th St. Playhouse, Chelsea Cinemas, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Inkwell—Young Matty Rich (the director of "Straight Out of Brooklyn") tries for gentleness but achieves feebleness in this seventies period piece about a misfit African-American teen-ager (Larenz Tate) who gains confidence and loses his virginity during a Martha's Vineyard vacation. It's a dilution of "Tea and Sympathy" and "Summer of '42," seasoned with a gratingly farcical treatment of the friction between Tate's ex-Black Panther dad (Joe Morton) and capitalist uncle (Glynn Turman).—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Sutton, Chelsea Cinemas, and Embassy.)

Kika—A new farrago from Pedro Almodóvar—as outrageous as his previous efforts, but without the suavity. Verónica Forqué plays Kika, a makeup artist whose life is complicated by a lesbian maid, a brooding lover, the lesbian maid's delinquent brother (who used to be a porn star), and the brooding lover's American stepfather (who may or may not be a murderer). Almodóvar shuffles them around in various combinations, but his career as a shock merchant is running out of steam; the movie feels hammy and strained, and the details are chucked in your face. Almodóvar has devised a subplot, starring Victoria Abril, which is meant to attack the emotional greed of television, but he succeeds only in drawing attention to his own failings; sensitive souls may not want to hang around to see out the prolonged rape scene. Almodóvar's palette of colors is as bright and warming as ever, but what he paints with it leaves you cold. In Spanish.—A.L. (5/16/94) (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . ¶ Eastside Playhouse; starting May 27.)

Little Buddha—With Keanu Reeves, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Angelika Film Center, and Cinema I.)

No Escape—Martin Campbell's futuristic adventure story, set in a penal colony on a remote jungle island, is a movie about, and for, desperate men. On its own terms, it's an exciting picture, with plenty of brawny action scenes, and teen-age boys will probably have a great time. Grownups, distracted by the erratic acting and the simple-minded script (by Michael Gaylin and Joel Gross), may not be able to give themselves over completely to the movie's chases and battles and eyeball-to-eyeball macho confrontations. By the end of this savage, hairy-chested spectacle, you're dead tired from trying not to think. With Ray Liotta, Lance Henriksen, and Stuart Wilson.—T.R. (5/9/94) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

Serial Mom—John Waters takes a risk and goes mainstream for his latest stab at zero-taste comedy. Kathleen Turner plays Beverly, a Baltimore housewife with a dentist husband (Sam Waterston), two nice kids, and a sideline in multiple murder. Waters rigs the look of it, and makes things easy for himself; when life has the silly shine of a fifties commercial, you don't have to dig very deep to find dirt. The film is neither as funny nor as shocking as Waters might like to think, but Turner rescues it; she enjoys herself hugely, and hauls us along for the ride. Her sex-bomb charge may be defused, but her career as a queen bitch is just beginning.—A.L. (5/2/94) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, Orpheum VII, and Criterion Center.)

Sirens—John Duigan's smug period comedy was inspired by the life of painter Norman Lindsay (Sam Neill). Set in Australia's Blue Mountains in the thirties, it lavishes attention on Lindsay's nude models, who are amazons with attitude (bohemian, feminist, and Marxist); when an Anglican priest (Hugh Grant) tries to get Lindsay to withdraw a blasphemous art work from a touring exhibition, they twit the priest and sexually liberate his wife (Tara Fitzgerald). Duigan's view of pagan sensuality is so uncomplicated that it's lulling. Duigan ultimately reduces Elle Macpherson and Kate Fischer (as Lindsay's top models), Pamela Rabe (as his model-wife), and Portia de Rossi (as a servant turned model who sheds her inhibitions) to human topography; his design is realized when he poses them and Fitzgerald naked on a ridge.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Sunday's Children—Daniel Bergman's film—which is based on an autobiographical novel by his famous father, Ingmar—is mostly set in and around a summerhouse in the late twenties, and the picture has a lazy, daydreamy rhythm. There's no narrative momentum to speak of: all that holds the story together is the muddled consciousness of its protagonist, eight-year-old Ingmar (Henrik Linnros), nicknamed Pu, who's trying—and largely failing—to understand the sensations that seem to come at him from everywhere. Daniel Bergman gives this rambling memoir a shimmering, lyrical clarity, and his direction of the actors is extraordinary; he gets a superb performance from Thommy Berggren, who plays Pu's minister father, Erik. In Swedish.—T.R. (4/25/94) (Film Forum.)

A Tale of Winter—The second film in Eric Rohmer's current cycle, "Tales of the Four Seasons" (the first, "A Tale of Springtime," was released here in 1992), is, as usual, a slow, closely observed story of romantic indecisiveness. The heroine, Félicie (Charlotte Véry), is an irritating woman, of the sort that Rohmer often treats with great tenderness: she keeps two ardent suitors at arm's length while she clings to the faint possibility of a reunion with a long-lost love. She's so stubbornly idealistic that she can't accept the imperfect joys available to her. It's Rohmer's pleasure to reward her for her fanaticism and her irrational patience. His aesthetic philosophy is to stake out, and hold, a position from which he can ambush the rare life-altering event, the moment of grace, the miracle. He captures one of those at the end of this picture, and you smile at its aptness and its beauty. In French.—T.R. (4/11/94) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

That's Entertainment! III—A third compilation of clips from the golden, or at least brassy, age of the Hollywood musical—memorable moments, supposedly, although most of the classic stuff was pinched by the two earlier installments, and the tactic here is to remind you of moments you may have forgotten. There's a rather daring shower sequence from the thirties, a lot of Esther Williams and her amazing waterproof smile, and a trio of sisters doing the crab in a farmyard. Kitsch fans will have a ball; they can choose between Judy Garland in war paint, just before she cracked up and had to be pulled from "Annie Get Your Gun," and a closeup of Joan Crawford in blackface. Connoisseurs can get off on previously unseen outtakes of Fred Astaire, but the whole enterprise is starting to look as creaky as the stars who introduce the clips.—A.L. (5/16/94) (Ziegfeld.)

Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould—Glenn Gould, as scorned and revered as any figure in modern music, died in 1982. François Girard's new movie honors his strong-willed, idiosyncratic genius with a suitably offbeat approach: a bunch of little films, none lasting more than a few minutes, all of them angling for a new take on the pianist's life and work—thirty-two ways of looking at Glenn Gould. Scenes from his boyhood and professional career are neatly dramatized; the Canadian actor Colm Feore plays the adult Gould, though he never, thank goodness, tries to reproduce his manner at the keyboard. In between come interviews, dashes of animation, and even a sequence shot in X-ray. The finale—a Gould recording of Bach is carried into deep space by a Voyager spacecraft—leaves you gawking.—A.L. (4/18/94) (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

CRARY PULLEN

When a Man Loves a Woman—This upscale tale of an alcoholic wife and mom (Meg Ryan) and her supportive, frustrated husband (Andy Garcia) aims to be therapeutic or nothing. It makes triply sure the audience doesn't miss any points, but are the points even well-taken? After her stay in a substance-abuse clinic, Ryan is meant to be a scrappy realist and Garcia an enabling denier. Although Garcia is instructed to "listen" more closely to what Ryan is telling him, she does a rotten job of articulating; he's supposed to listen to what she doesn't say. The real message is that spouses must be pushed into their own breakdowns before they can help addictive mates. The Ron Bass–Al Franken script has a few clever, well-observed moments before monotony sets in; Luis Mandoki, the director, fails to exploit the funny bits—he accentuates the negative.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Private-eye movies at the Walter Reade Theatre.

With Honors—Without shame. Joe Pesci plays a feisty homeless man who thwarts Harvard senior Brendan Fraser's pursuit of a summa. He becomes the father Fraser never got to know; Fraser becomes the son Pesci never got to know. Pesci is a quick thinker, able to silence a blowhard professor (Gore Vidal) in a single spiel. The director, Alek Keshishian ("Truth or Dare"), and the screenwriter, William Mastrosimone, ply cheap, fraudulent emotions. One minute the students fear Vidal, the next they diss him by cheering Pesci's put-downs.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

Give a Girl a Break (1953)—An unusual M-G-M musical in that it is modest, but it is so modest that it has no particular flavor or distinction, despite the efforts of some talented people. Stanley Donen directed, and the cast includes Marge and Gower Champion, Bob Fosse, Debbie Reynolds, Kurt Kasznar, Helen Wood, Larry Keating, and Richard Anderson. The songs, by Ira Gershwin and Burton Lane, are remarkably uninspired; the choreography, by Donen and Gower Champion, is pleasant but not memorable. Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett wrote the negligible script—a backstage story. It all reeks of niceness.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; through May 26.)

It's a Wonderful World (1939)—The title presses the point, and so does the lunatic comedy-mystery. In the role of a tough-minded, devil-may-care poet, Claudette Colbert is forced to strain for laughs; the gag-filled script, by Ben Hecht and Herman J. Mankiewicz, involves her with crooks, cops, amateur actors, and Boy Scouts, and requires her to knock a man out. James Stewart plays opposite her as a detective. With Guy Kibbee, who gets whacked a lot; Ernest Truex, who is almost electrocuted; and Nat Pendleton and Edgar Kennedy. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. It's fast-paced but far from memorable.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; May 25.)

The Legend of Suram Fortress (1985)—Willfully obscure, loony, and beautiful. In this medieval Russian folktale, the walls of the title fortification keep falling down, leaving the region of Georgia open to attack. At the climax, a young warrior, Zurab, behaves like the little Dutch boy who put his finger in the dike: he risks his life so the wall will stand. The director, Sergei Paradjanov, doesn't so much tell this story as illustrate it, crazily. The result is a vast, multisectioned mural with panels like sliding doors—one of the cryptic, interlocking tableaux is labelled "The Road to Surami," and the Hope-Crosby reference may be intentional. This film is full of deadpan outlandishness and medieval vaudeville turns—dancers and acrobats wiggle and bound onto the scene. At times it's like "Intolerance" staged by a travelling tent show. Dodo Abashidze gets a co-director credit; Vazha Ghigashvili adapted Daniel Tchonghadze's book. In Georgian.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; May 28.)

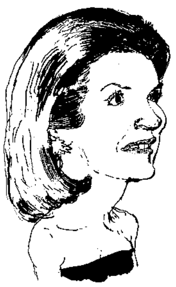
The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart's most exciting role was Sam Spade, that ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear, who gave new dimension to the detective genre. This film, the first directed by John Huston, is an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Huston used Hammett's plot design and economic dialogue in a hard, precise directorial style that brings out the full viciousness of characters so ruthless and greedy that they become comic. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Mary Astor as Brigid O'Shaughnessy, Sydney Greenstreet as Casper Gutman, Peter Lorre as Joel Cairo, Gladys George as Iva, Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer the gunsel, Jerome Cowan as Miles Archer, Lee Patrick as Effie, Ward Bond and Barton MacLane as the cops, and the director's father, Walter Huston (uncredited), as Captain Jacoby. Bogart's Spade is a man who's constantly testing himself, who doesn't want to be touched, who's obsessively anti-homosexual—he enjoys hitting Joel Cairo and humiliating Wilmer. Huston, by shooting the material from Spade's point of view, makes it possible for the audience to enjoy Spade's petty, sadistic victories and his sense of triumph as he proves he's tougher than anybody. Spade was left a romantic figure, though he's only a few steps away from the psychopathic "Nobody ever put anything over on Fred C. Dobbs" of "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" (1948).—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 27-28.)

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

REMEMBERING JACKIE

One day late in 1974, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis telephoned William Shawn at his office and told him that she was eager to do some writing for *The New Yorker.* Not long afterward, he took her to lunch at one of his favorite restaurants, La Caravelle, on West Fifty-fifth Street. The lunch went well, and a few weeks later she visited the magazine's offices bearing the manuscript of a Talk piece she'd written. She was ushered into Mr. Shawn's office, stayed a short while, and then Mr. Shawn himself walked her out—precisely at a moment when an extraordinary number of writers and editors just happened to be milling around the water cooler and pacing the halls to stretch the legs a bit, so her appearance did not go unnoticed. Mrs. Onassis's article was about the International Center of Photography, which was getting ready to open in the old Audubon House, on Fifth Avenue at Ninety-fourth Street, not very far north of the building where Mrs. Onassis lived. It was published in the issue of January 13, 1975.



Mr. Shawn and Mrs. Onassis discussed the idea of her writing regularly for the magazine, perhaps as a Talk reporter. That afternoon at lunch, Mr. Shawn later recalled, she had told him that she knew about a lot of things but she especially knew people—had met lots of them, from all walks of life. Mrs. Onassis never did write again for the magazine, but last Thursday night, when word came of her death, we called some of the people she'd met and asked them about her.

George Plimpton: I suspect it's the last thing most people would think of, but I've always identified Jackie with pirates. When I first knew her, she seemed fixed on them. She once told me that as a child she had a pirate flag hanging on the wall of her room at Hammersmith Farm, in Newport. Her father looked like a pirate. She married a pirate, Ari Onassis.

But what comes to mind most vividly is a pirate party she gave at Hammersmith Farm one autumn afternoon in 1965 for her two children and their Newport friends—a collection of youthful Pells, Grosvenors, Drexels, Warrens, and Gardners, some young enough to be attending their first party. Jackie asked me to help organize it, though in fact she had already planned it very carefully in her own mind. The feature was a paper chase that would lead the children down sloping lawns to a treasure chest buried a few yards from the waters of Narragansett Bay. And her inspired notion was this: as soon as the children, having followed various clues, had reached the spot and begun digging for the chest, a boatload of adults dressed up as pirates would appear around the bend and come bustling ashore to reclaim their treasure. She had a list of pirates—six of us, as I recall, including Senator Claiborne Pell. There would be a fight, and the children would drive us back into the sea. "That's the scenario?" she said, phrasing her sentence in the form of a question, as she often did. She then said, "I have a longboat for you."

"A *longboat?*"

She laughed, and said that she'd called the Coast Guard station, and that they had agreed to lend her one for the occasion.

We went shopping together for the contents of the treasure chest. She nearly cleared out one gift shop we visited: strings of fake pearls; brass ashtrays; key chains. She got a treasure chest—a quite substantial one, with brass studs and a leather strap. I don't recall the exact circumstance of burying it, but I do remember that we put a rubber snake on top. She said, "As soon as the children see it, it will be time for you pirates to come around the rocks in your longboat. I'll signal you from shore."

Her enthusiasm, her childlike delight in all this, was irresistible. She wanted me to write a little story that she could read to the children the next day—a story of how the treasure came to be buried, and with hints of where the treasure might be found. Would I do this? Of course. I stayed up most of the night working on a kind of "diary" kept by one of the pirates.

On the day of the party, Jackie came with her paintbox and various items of clothing to sharpen us up as pirates. Once in the longboat, we stood on our oars as we waited for the signal from Jackie. I could see her, encircled by children, on the lawn up by the house. Then the children broke the cluster around her and, following the paper clues, eventually streamed toward the shoreline. At some point, shovels were produced. Soon enough the treasure chest was unearthed. Jackie waved us on.

The timing was perfect. I have often thought how terrifying the sight of us must have been to the children—we were waving our swords and shouting "Yo-ho-ho!" Some of the children turned and scampered off toward their mothers. Others sat and sobbed. Some were not so startled, though. I stepped off the bow of the longboat onto a shoreline boulder. There I was addressed by Caroline Kennedy, who was then about eight. "Well, I know who you are," she said, and stamped her foot.

The older children attacked us with shrill cries. We pirates succumbed gracefully and, I think, quite quickly. What sobbing

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARRY BLITT

there was subsided. But for Jackie the spirit of the afternoon was not quite done. She persuaded her Secret Service agent to walk the plank off Hammersmith Farm Dock. He went in with a tremendous splash.

At the end, close to sunset, I remember her in a circle of children. They had asked her to read the diary to them again—as if to retain a bit more of that enchanted afternoon. The bell of her hair obscured her features as she bent over that absurd text. I could barely hear her voice as she whispered to them how something was going to come for them from the sea.

◆

William Manchester: Once when I flew up to visit the Kennedys in Hyannis, she met me at the airport and handed me the car keys. She was the kind of woman who would never drive if there was a man in the car. Her values were not even of the fifties but of a generation before. I live in Middletown, Connecticut, and we would talk about her coming for a visit. She'd say, "How do you get there? Do you have to fly to Boston first?" She didn't have any idea of the geography of Connecticut. When she went to Texas in November, 1963, it was the first time she had been west of the Adirondacks.

◆

Clark Clifford: In the first dream months of the Kennedy Presidency, Mrs. Kennedy suggested that I come over for lunch. She said that she had been thinking about what her goals should be as First Lady. And she had decided what she wanted to do. She said, "I wish to make the White House into the First House in the land"—from the standpoint of its furnishings, its paintings, the rugs on the floor. And nobody had ever approached it that way before. At that time it was really pretty drab.

I remember there was a Daniel Webster desk that she had to have. The furniture she wanted was, in the main, Early American. We had a committee, and she would call up one of the members—they were wealthy members—when she found something she wanted, as she did when she found the desk. And she would say to the member, I wonder if you would be the donor. The member usually said yes.

There's a story—I don't know if it's true or not. At one point, maybe at the end of their first year, she said there should be a portrait of Benjamin Franklin in the White House. And then she found out there were only two portraits available. One was not for sale, the other was. So she called Walter Annenberg, who owned the painting, and she said, "Mr. Annenberg, you are the leading citizen of Philadelphia and that's why I'm turning to you—because we need in the White House a portrait of the man who in his day was the leading citizen of Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin. Don't you think that a great Philadelphia citizen should give the White House the portrait of another great Philadelphia citizen?" Annenberg said he would think it over, but who could resist such an appeal. He called back quickly to say the White House could have the painting. He never mentioned that it had cost him two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

◆

Oleg Cassini: She went to the White House with no wardrobe to speak of. She wanted a look, not attractive dresses. I was called by her secretary and given three days to present a wardrobe. She was in the hospital at the time, having just given birth to John. I created her look. She asked me, "How do you see me in my role?" I presented her with a philosophy of quiet, sober elegance. Everyone copied her.

I always considered her to be an Egyptian princess. She had an architectural look—wonderful shoulders, a long waist, the kind of figure that would carry a dress.

◆

Susan Mary Alsop: Shortly before the Kennedys went to Dallas, my husband and I dined alone with them at the White House. The President wasn't happy about taking Jackie to Dallas, because she wasn't feeling strong enough—that was the year she lost the baby, Patrick. But she was determined to go. She didn't enjoy political trips, but felt she had to do it for Jack. She put the best face on it by saying things like "I love the idea of going to Dallas" and "It will be such fun, won't it!"

The President told her, "You must show them"—he meant us—"the pretty pink Schiaparelli suit you're going to wear. You look ravishing in it."

"Oh, Jack, it's nothing much," she said. She had the suit brought down to show us.

We spent most of the night talking about the new house they were going to build in the Virginia hunt country—they were so excited about the house and showed us the architectural drawings. I made the President laugh when I told him "Oh, come on, it isn't nearly big enough for you!" It was a lovely evening—a cozy dinner in the residence. We said good night and wished them well in Dallas.

◆

I. M. Pei: She had more to do than anyone else with selecting me to design the Kennedy Library, in 1964. There was a list of architects that included the greatest names in the world—Louis Kahn, Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe. I had done very little work at the time, and it was a surprise to everyone, myself included, that she chose me. When she came to my office, I offered to show her some of the work that I had done. She said, "That's not important. I'm more interested in what you will do in the future."

We went to China together in 1982. She visited my family home and garden in Xuzhou. Old Chinese houses have carvings on the walls—calligraphy, sayings. She was particularly taken with two panels. One said "See Fragrance." The other said "Read Paintings." Of course, she thought this was fascinating, and she wrote the sayings down. After we returned, she painted a picture for me in Chinese style, with black ink. It said "See Fragrance" and "Read Paintings." She was a lady of great sensitivity.

◆

Roger Angell: I had a single conversation with her, and, of course, I haven't forgotten it. It was at a Literary Lions benefit at the Public Library, where, to my surprise, I found myself sitting to her left at dinner. We essayed the usual polite openers, and then—in no time, it seemed—she was telling me about her struggles, some years before, to raise her young children, here in New York, with some semblance of privacy and common sense. She said that her main effort, once Caroline and John were established in school, was to get the Secret Service to back off from their customary full security—posting agents next to her kids whenever they stepped out the door. John, she said, ended up travelling to Collegiate almost every day on the crosstown bus, from Fifth Avenue to West End, and doing it on his own. A security agent would make the trip, too, but not in immediate company with him. "John wasn't alone," Mrs. Kennedy said, "but he *felt* as if he were alone. That was what mattered."

She went on to say that one particular security man who had the assignment—I've forgotten his name—became a special member of the family, and she was at pains to tell me about the humor and strength he had provided for a boy without a father. She said that she and the security man had often talked about the children together. "That meant a lot," she said, "because I didn't have a husband to have that kind of a conversation with."

All this came out in quiet, special everyday tones, without a trace of self-consciousness or social effort. There, over the medallions of beef, she had trusted a stranger enough to allow him to glimpse her, just for a moment, as a private person, a woman who'd had some hard times to deal with. The word for this is class.

•

Brendan Gill: It was in 1975 that Jackie joined the board of directors of the Municipal Art Society, and after that whenever she was called upon to help the Society in one or another of our civic causes, she gave that help. In the mid-seventies, the owners of Grand Central Terminal were threatening to construct a skyscraper office building over the roof of its starry concourse. The Landmarks Preservation Commission had designated the building a historic landmark, whose exterior was not to be altered without the Commission's approval. A lawsuit followed, and, on behalf of the Commission, the city undertook to defend the right of the Commission to enforce such a designation. The Municipal Art Society organized a protest against Grand Central's owners, and Jackie was on the barricades along with Philip Johnson and other protesters. When the lawsuit reached the Supreme Court, a rail trip to Washington was organized for a rally to be held at the Union Station there, hoping to attract the attention of the media. Jackie was among us; indeed, she walked the entire length of the train speaking to everyone aboard. The city won the lawsuit, and Grand Central remains intact.

On another occasion, a group of us journeyed to Albany seeking an audience with Governor Cuomo. We might well have cooled our heels in the office of some underling, but with Jackie as our leader we got right in. Oddly, I remember of that occasion only that Jackie and the Governor carried on for a short while in French, though for the life of me I can't imagine why.

•

Calvin Tomkins: I took her to lunch once, to my own amazement. We had talked on the telephone about a book project, and I had said there was something else I'd like to discuss, and a week later there she was, to the minute, sliding discreetly into the corner banquette at Les Pleiades, very low key in black pants and a white blouse. I can distinctly recall the glances of sudden interest on the faces of two people I knew at nearby tables, and the intense aplomb of Pierre Amestoy, the owner, as he pulled the table out for her. The conversation never faltered.

She was perfect, and that was the problem. She had the kind of poise, tact, grace, and natural confidence that should put you at ease, but do not, because of a tension that ruled out flaws. Now and then her voice would shift from its breathy whisper to a momentary, guttural rasp—an indication, perhaps, of earthy easements that the public never suspected. But there was no break in the perfection of that fine-boned, beautifully aging face. Her beauty was an iron mask, and much of the tension of being with her had to do with wondering what the mask concealed. What I had wanted to discuss seemed unimportant now; that marvellous lunch suddenly seemed quite enough. We sailed out of the restaurant together, all smiles, though I was very much aware of the ripples and eddies set off in our wake, and parted on the street with a firm handshake, like old friends.

•

Ruth Prawer Jhabvala: She published my most recent book, "Poet and Dancer." She made the book her own—she lived with it; she would do anything for it. She made the most beautiful cover from one of my husband's drawings.

She seemed to know exactly the right thing to do and to say. And yet you did get this feeling of shyness with her—all the social graces you could ever have, but with this shyness. I have the same thing, and I think we understood each other very well. In one of the last notes I had from her, she wrote, "Isn't it wonderful the way our friendship is growing and growing?"

I just finished my most recent manuscript, and she knew that I was going on a trip, and she called me to say, "Can I have it before you go?" I'd like to think that she had it with her—the most precious part of me—by her at the end.

•

Adam Gopnik: By chance and good luck, I happened to sit next to Mrs. Onassis at a dinner party last December—just before Christmas, a few days before she was to go off, as she put it, to the sun. It might have been one of her last public outings in New York. We talked a lot about books, and a lot about Paris, and then we talked about the differences between the *Paris Review* crowd of the fifties, and their attitude toward Paris, and the Hemingway crowd of the twenties, and *their* attitude toward it. "We were no longer *cowed* by anything," she said.

I have noticed that famous people, in conversation with strangers, will often struggle to point out the space between what we expect of them and who they really are—and that, of course, is another way of drawing attention to our expectation, and so to their celebrity. Mrs. Onassis paid new people the infinitely more difficult compliment of assuming that the baggage you both brought to the table was of infinitely less importance than the new gifts you might take away from it. Those gifts, for her, included making her own past available and undramatic. We were talking, I recall, about a curator we both admired, and she said, "You know, he has originality. Jack always said that originality is the hardest thing in the world to find. I'm not sure that he was *right* about that." It was an enormously generous remark—letting a younger person into her charmed circle by the brilliant magic of not letting it remain *too* charmed.

Everything that we Americans did to her tried to turn her into an object—on the night of her death, ABC thought it seemly to run not once but twice the film of her husband's murder—and everything she did was to try to make herself back into a *subject*. That she pulled it off was, in the circumstances, improbably virtuous. ◆

Mrs. Onassis paid people she had just met the compliment of assuming that the baggage you both brought to the table was of infinitely less importance than the new gifts you might take away from it. (Photograph by Slim Aarons)

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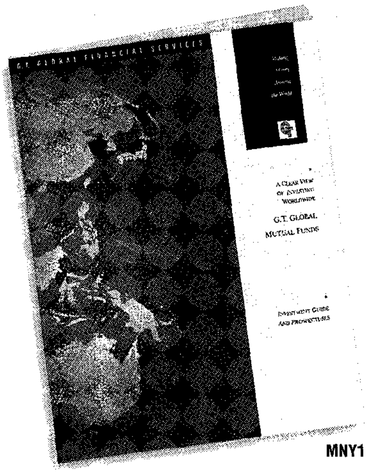

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LIFE AND LETTERS

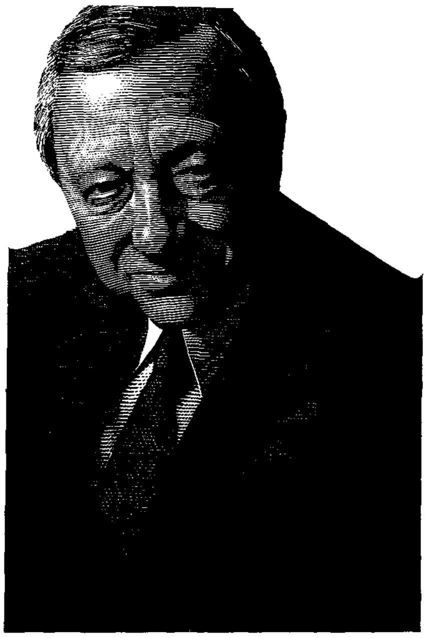
THE LIVES OF LOUIS BEGLEY

In his new novel, attorney Louis Begley steps out of the shadows of his Holocaust childhood to explore survival and guilt in the time of AIDS.

BY HAL ESPEN

LOUIS BEGLEY'S singular ascent through late middle age continued this spring with another startling feat. The writer—who is also a corporate lawyer and is unequivocally heterosexual—has, in his just published third novel, "As Max Saw It," created one of the most vivid and fully realized homosexual characters in recent memory. Still, if pulling off an elegant and powerful novel about AIDS is no small thing, it is nevertheless only one of many important things that Louis Begley will tell you he is "fiendishly busy" doing.

At the New York law firm of Debevoise & Plimpton, where he is chairman of the international practice, Begley has been working for months on negotiations involving something he describes, with unassailable discretion, as "a very large multinational joint venture." Meanwhile, in late March he celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his marriage to the historian Anka Muhlstein with a black-tie party at the Century Association. A week or so later, in his capacity as president of the PEN American Center—he was elected to that office last June—he presided at its annual literary gala, a benefit dinner for seven hundred that raised a substantial percentage of the organization's annual budget. The next evening, he and his family, friends, and colleagues attended the publication party for "As Max Saw It." This event took place in the Park Avenue duplex apartment of Robert von Mehren, a recently retired senior partner at Debevoise (the Begleys live in an apartment just like it, three floors above the von Mehrens), and the guests included Betty Comden, Robert Silvers, George Plimpton, Breyten Breytenbach, Morley Safer, Paul Goldberger, Mitchel Levitas, Bill Buford, and Sonny Mehta, who is Begley's editor. The following night, Begley read from "Max" at Endicott Booksellers, on Columbus Avenue, and the next morning he began a publicity tour that took him to Boston and Washington and then—after a short weekend at a house he has in Sagaponack—to Chicago and San Francisco. He skipped the last two stops—Seattle and Minneapolis—and returned to New York early, because the negotiations surrounding the proposed joint venture had entered a crucial stage and he was needed back at Debevoise.



Begley writes about "experiences that have been etched on me with acid."

MARK SUMMERS

Begley was fifty-seven years old when his first novel, "Wartime Lies," was published, in 1991. Remarkably, his nascent literary career has had no effect whatever on the scale and intensity of his legal work. It is equally remarkable that the demands of his international-law practice have had no effect on his productivity as a writer. (He is already at work on a fourth novel.) "I can't think of another example, in the history of this country, of an artist who has been this successful creatively while operating at such a high business level," says James Goodale, a former general counsel of the *Times* who now represents media and communications clients at Debevoise. Begley's combination of professional and artistic accomplishment does seem unmatched in our day. Louis Auchincloss, the novelist-attorney whose name is often invoked as a precedent, labored in a relatively languid trusts-and-estates practice; and neither the legal nor the literary stature of the Turows and the Grishams can be compared with Begley's. It may sometimes amuse Begley to describe writing as a kind of pleasant diversion, but there isn't the faintest hint of the dilettante in his books.

Despite his late start, Begley has lost no time in establishing his range. "Wartime Lies" is a historical novel, in the form of a memoir, about a Jewish boy's struggle to survive during the Second World War. His second book, "The Man Who Was Late," is a modernist tale that draws upon a wide repertoire of narrative forms and shifting perspectives to explore a life of worldly success and emotional failure. "As Max Saw It" is set among a circle of well-travelled, moneyed professionals who meet and pass their days in Italian villas, hotels in foreign capitals, and grand houses in the Berkshires. But its course is charted by those times and places in which the lives of Max, a law professor and loner by temperament, and Charlie, an old classmate of Max's who has become a famous architect, intersect. Max is straight, and Charlie is gay. Charlie's companion is a beautiful young man named Toby: he is "Eros himself, long-haired and dimpled, his skin the color of pale amber." The tale begins, like "The Portrait of a Lady," with an Arcadian vista of ceremonious leisure, and the prose, as in all of Begley's books, is lucid and perfectly modulated—almost old-fashioned. Yet Begley has deeper, more urgent concerns than the slightly formal surface of his writing seems at first to indicate.

The enigmas of Begley's life—the source of his drive; the sudden, late emergence of his fictional voice—are surrounded by the darker enigmas of his childhood. He was born Ludwik Begleiter, a Polish Jew, in 1933, and he spent the Second World War trapped in Poland, with the Holocaust raging around him. He was saved by his mother, who kept him close to her through four years at the edge of the abyss. In June of 1941, Ludwik's father, a doctor in the town of Stryj, was impressed into the Russian Army as it retreated to the east. Three months later, the Germans and their Ukrainian collaborators in Stryj took a thousand Jews, including the boy's paternal grandparents, into a nearby forest and shot them. Ludwik's mother helped arrange for her own parents to go into hiding, and then obtained false papers and embarked on the harrowing ruse of passing herself and her son off as Catholic Poles. In "Wartime Lies," a boy named Maciek and his Aunt Tania adopt just such a ruse, manage to avoid the firing squads and the death camps, and survive the war, at great cost. Ludwik Begleiter and his mother were reunited with his father after the war, and in 1947 the Begleiter family came to New York to start over. Ludwik was thirteen.

The narrator of "Wartime Lies" writes that he "has no childhood that he can bear to remember." Louis Begley says much the same thing when he is asked about his life in the immediate aftermath of the war: "Whether I had bad dreams then about the war—I'm sure I did, I have them now. But I don't really remember." His rebirth in Brooklyn, he says, entailed "a rejection of Poland, a rejection of Europe, a rejection of the Old World." He wanted an American self and "some imagined life that was all right, that didn't have to be forever explained, that you didn't have to drag around like a sack of potatoes." The Begleys—they Anglicized their names shortly after arriving in America—settled in Flatbush, and Louis became a Brooklyn teen-ager. He was a fast learner and a brilliant student. At sixteen, he graduated from Erasmus Hall High School, then renowned for its academic excellence, and was awarded a scholarship to Harvard. Begley wrote a few stories at Erasmus Hall, and he published some fiction in the Harvard *Advocate* during his first two years of college, but gave it up. Louis Begley was one of just two summa-cum-laude English majors in the Class of 1954; the other was John Updike. After graduation, Begley served two years in the Army, got married, and entered Harvard Law School. He graduated from there magna cum laude, and joined Debevoise & Plimpton as an associate in 1959. He became a partner in 1968. He had three children, divorced, and got married again in 1974. He rose to the top of his profession. And he rarely spoke about his Polish past.

It was a successful existence, but it was one dogged with exquisitely difficult questions about identity and about survival. And then, four decades after rejecting his past, Begley was compelled to begin one of the most dramatic self-excavations in contemporary literature.

BEGLEY works on the twenty-fifth floor of a building on Third Avenue in the East Fifties. When I went there to meet him one afternoon, he came out to the reception area to escort me to his office. People who know Begley invariably describe his manner as courtly; he is formal and correct without being stiff. It is impossible not to precede him through a doorway. His office is a large, triangular room with floor-to-ceiling windows and a northwestern view. Neat stacks of memoranda and reports covered most of his desk. He asked me to choose either a small couch or a chair, offered me coffee or water, and asked permission to smoke. When I took the offered chair, he sat across from me on the couch, lit a Schimmelpenninck (a Dutch cigarillo), and settled back as if he had all the time in the world.

Begley is a trim, meticulously well-dressed man with gray hair and pale-blue eyes. He once wrote about "the unwelcome, startling gray face of a sour-looking, grim stranger" that greets him in the mirror; in fact, it is a handsome, avuncular face, with an expression that is alternately wry and intent. As we got to know each other, I felt I was the object of a comprehensive study. He is very watchful, and he remembers everything you say to him.

I had to strain a little to hear what Begley said to me. "Louis has a quiet, persuasive mode of discourse," Robert von Mehren told me, "but he has one disadvantage in negotiation, and that is that he speaks too softly." Others see it as a habit he is capable of using as a weapon. After a while, I adjusted to Begley's sotto-voce manner of speaking. He still bears a mild trace of a Polish accent.

Begley's rendition of his vita began

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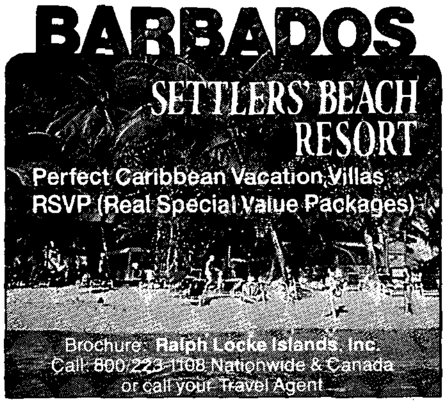

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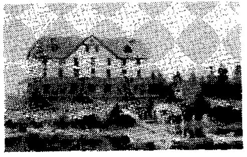

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with an affectionate inventory of his family: for a few moments, his cosmopolitanism seemed overtaken by an immigrant father's pride in a well-placed set of adult children. Begley's first wife, whom he had met when she was at Radcliffe, was Sally Higginson, the daughter of a founding partner of the investment advisory firm Scudder, Stevens & Clark. They had three children. Peter, thirty-six, is a painter and sculptor who lives in Rome. Adam, thirty-five, is a writer and book critic who is married to a French industrial engineer and lives in Wisconsin. Amey Larmore, thirty, is an art historian and teacher in Manhattan, and her husband is a philosophy professor at Columbia; they are the parents of Begley's two grandchildren, Nicholas and Julia. Anka Muhlstein's two children from her first marriage moved with her from Paris to New York when she married Begley, and they grew up in the Begley-Muhlstein household. Robert Dujarric is now a research fellow at the Hudson Institute, in Washington, D.C., and Stephane Dujarric works in the London bureau of ABC News. The one other member of the family circle is Begley's mother, Frances, who lives a dozen blocks away from her son. Begley's father died in 1964.

Now that all the children are grown, Anka and Louis are the sovereigns of their household. They entertain his clients, and they have dinner parties for their New York friends, who include a number of writers, academics, journalists, and artists. But most of the time their home life is very quiet. Begley's friends use extravagant terms to describe Anka's contributions to his well-being, and their affinity is obvious. She has written seven books, all of them in French, and her latest book, a biography of the French explorer La Salle, won the history prize of the Académie Française and has just been published in English. Her father, Anatol Muhlstein, was a Polish diplomat stationed in Paris during the thirties; her mother was Diane de Rothschild, a great-granddaughter of James Rothschild, the founder of the Paris branch of his family's banking business. The Muhlsteins escaped from France to the United States in 1940, when Anka was five, and she and her sister spent the war years in Port Washington and New York. After the war, the Muhlsteins returned to Paris; Louis met Anka when he was a guest at her sister's house in Provence in 1971. They were married three years later.

LOUIS BEGLEY loves being an international lawyer. He shudders when he is asked if he might give up the law for writing. Some of his partners think that his practice is still much more important to him than his recent literary adventures, and he himself rejects any suggestion that the law has been a lesser vocation for him—a lucrative compromise that occupied his energies until he found his true calling. His two careers have something in common: as a lawyer, he has always been a graceful writer. He has published only a few articles in law journals, but clients and colleagues extoll his legal correspondence and other documents he writes as models of clarity and wit. A former associate told me that Begley has the ability to dictate a long, complex memo that is accurate, grammatically perfect, and logically sound, and requires no revision.

In addition to representing Americans, Begley has worked for clients who are based in France, England, Belgium, Germany, the Netherlands, Brazil, Australia, Japan, Korea, and China. When James Goodale joined Debevoise, in the early eighties, he was stunned to discover an American lawyer putting together so many projects and deals in which no American parties were involved. Begley, given the loftiness of his contacts, sometimes seems more like a diplomat than like a lawyer. The historian James Chace, a fellow-student at Harvard and a longtime friend, says, "Louis works at the very highest levels of industry and government. He could easily have been an Under-Secretary of State under Acheson."

Begley says there is nothing bloodless about his legal milieu. "On the contrary there's usually blood on the floor every day: people struggling against each other; enormous personality clashes as well as clashes of material interest; great ambitions that are born and thwarted or fulfilled; moments of extraordinary anxiety, excitement, and triumph. I can't think of anything more amusing, in a way, than the kind of law that I practice."

And, by all accounts, he practices it

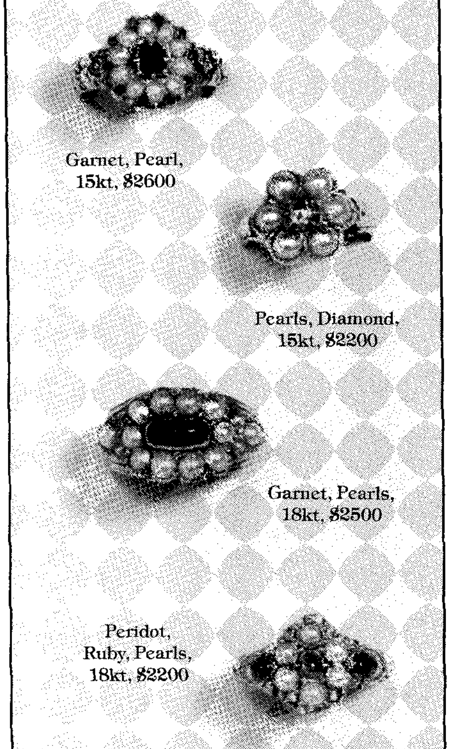
superbly. When he worked in Debevoise's Paris office, in the late sixties, he helped the advertising titan David Ogilvy buy the fourteenth-century Château Touffou, in Bonnes, overcoming a tangle of legal impediments. Afterward, Ogilvy told Francis Plimpton, one of the name partners at Debevoise & Plimpton (and George Plimpton's father), that he thought he'd never done anything smarter than hiring Louis Begley. Another fan is Marie-Monique Steckel, the president of France Telecom North America, who has been a client of Begley's since the late sixties. She has seen him negotiating up close. "You have the impression that he jumps at the jugular, but he doesn't jump aggressively," she says. "He kills quietly, as cats do—they, too, don't make much noise. Louis takes the Oriental approach, which is to use the other person's force to beat them down." It is said that Begley once represented a Japanese company in a negotiation involving a hundred matters in dispute, and prevailed in his client's favor on every one of the hundred points. Begley seems to enjoy his reputation for velvet-gloved aggressiveness: about a year after his first book appeared, he wrote an essay in which he warned, "Those who think that writing fiction turns one into a pussycat esthete at the negotiating table are welcome to come and try me."

Still, the adversarial role is not one that Begley prefers. With a few conspicuous exceptions, he has not been involved in litigation; he is a conciliator and facilitator. Begley describes his career over the past twenty-five years as an overlapping series of negotiations in which seemingly intractable problems and mutual suspicions are methodically overcome, and in which polyglot players and far-flung sources of capital are slowly brought together in contractual amity. Much of what he does falls under the rubric "project financing": two American companies want to develop a liquefied-natural-gas operation in Algeria; the Japanese want to mine iron ore in Australia or Brazil; Korean clients want to build a huge cement plant in China's Shandong Province. He also represents clients in acquisitions, as when a consortium of Southwestern Bell and France Telecom wanted to buy a strategic stake in Teléfonos de México, the recently privatized national phone system. Sometimes these multinational deals end up in arbitration in a place like Geneva; Begley has been at the center of several such events. But not everything he does is part of his international practice. In 1987, he was outside counsel to the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation in its nine-hundred-and-seventy-million-dollar bailout of First City Bancorporation of Texas.

Practicing the kind of law he does seems to answer some deep need in Begley. I was once talking with Peter Sourian, the writer and chairman of the division of languages and literature at Bard College, who is one of Begley's oldest friends, about Begley's apparent delight in overcoming vast thickets of difficulty. "If you read the first book, you know why," Sourian said. "Coming out of that background, you've *got* to make it work, or you're *dead*. If that's the psychic demon that's inside you while you're doing this stuff that is not dangerous or deadly—except that it is dangerous in the corporate world—you've found your niche."

In 1991, "Wartime Lies" made Begley famous. It was nominated for a National Book Award, and was awarded several major American and European literary prizes. Stanley Kubrick bought the film rights to the novel and is planning to make a movie based on it. Although the book is a work of fiction, it is also an unmistakably authentic testament, and Begley has had to contend with a succession of journalists wanting to interrogate him about his actual experience. He responds with several kinds of demurrals, but they all amount to an insistence that his memories are personal rather than historical, and that fiction gives him more freedom to tell the truth than the facts do. After "The Man Who Was Late" was published, last year, there were more questions, for Ben, the protagonist, seems, at least superficially, to be a lot like his creator. An international businessman, he is a Central European Jew who survived the war, graduated from Harvard, and achieved success as a dealmaker and negotiator. But Ben is a tragic cipher, paralyzed with self-loathing, and disloyal in love and friendship; he eventually commits suicide.

"You fall victim to the popular fallacy



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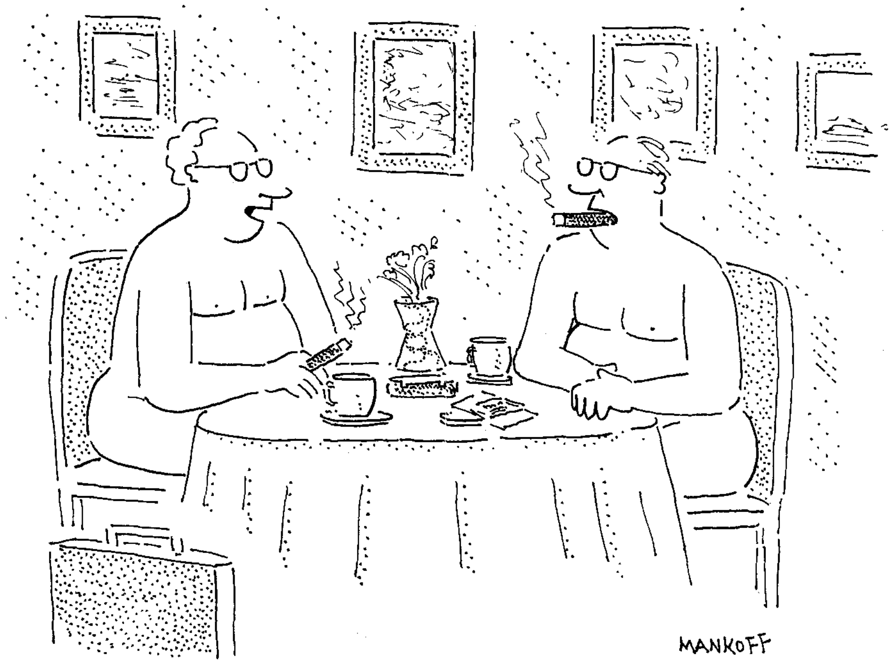


"Great spot, Al. I didn't know there was anyplace left that permitted cigar smoking naked."

• •

if you try to find the writer all over the place," Begley warned me after I followed in the footsteps of those interlocutors who had asked him to collate his life with his books. "He *is* all over the place, but not in any simple way." Begley can provide countless examples of the differences between his own experience and those of the "toys" who populate his fiction. It was in the midst of such a disquisition, for example, that he informed me he had never had homosexual intercourse. "I have not committed suicide," he added dryly, and went on, "Nabokov said that when you put something into a book it's no longer yours. You lose it, it's gone. Since I've written a book about the Second World War, what it could or could not mean to someone who lived more or less the way that I did, that book has been substituted for my recollection of those events. So it's very hard for me to give any reliable answer."

Begley, of course, is entitled to his equivocation. His first loyalty is to fiction and its capacity to embody moral and emotional truth. "There are some doors one cannot open just by turning the doorknob; their opening must be conjured" is how he once put it. Outside of his fiction, the closest Begley has come to addressing the question of memory and identity is an essay titled "Who the Novelist Really Is," which was published in the *Times Book Review* in 1992. "It is no secret that I am a Jew, that I was born in Poland in the same year as Maciek, that I lived in Poland during the war and that the name I bear is not the one that was written in my first birth certificate," he wrote. "I am unwilling to separate incidents in my book that may be said to have happened to me or that I have witnessed from those I have imagined." He described the novel's Aunt Tania, Maciek's savior, as "a woman of great beauty, courage and cunning," but the acknowledgment of who his own savior was comes in a passage that could hardly be more indirect: "My recollection is vague except with regard to very important events—and even with regard to those, I am not sure that what I remember is right. For instance, my memory of certain events differs from my mother's." It was the only time he mentioned the model for his greatest character.

LOUIS BEGLEY is a brilliant man, but his mother is a genius. The story of how Frances Hauser Begley saved her son is a chastening tale of ingenuity in the face of black and endless evil. Her son has his own good reasons for insisting on the autonomy of his fiction, but most of the fearful events and the stratagems for escape and survival that are related in "Wartime Lies" had a nearly exact counterpart in actuality.

She is in her eighties now. Her apartment on Lexington Avenue is large, and is filled with paintings—some of them by her grandson Peter—and books. When I visited her, a copy of John Updike's "Brazil" lay on the table next to her chair in the living room. Her hair is pure white, and she has a pale, narrow face that is still beautiful. Her eyes, which are blue and deep-set, seemed not quite to meet mine; they had a faraway look. She apologized for her Polish accent, explaining that it has become more pronounced in recent years because she spends so much time talking with a Polish neighbor in her building. She added that she is sorry the family Anglicized their names—she thinks of herself as Franciszka Begleiter, even today. No matter what last name she used during the war, she was always Franciszka. Louis was always Ludwik. The names helped them to keep their stories straight.

She and her husband were members of prosperous Jewish families in Galicia, in eastern Poland. Franciszka was born in Rzeszow, and Dawid Begleiter in Rawa. Her parents were landowners, and her husband's family owned real estate and supplied hay and other provisions to the cavalry. Dawid Begleiter studied medicine in Vienna after the First World War, and he had been practicing for ten years when he met Franciszka, at a wedding. They were married on November 1, 1932. The couple settled in Stryj, near Dawid's parents, and Ludwik was born the following year. Dr. Begleiter had a family practice and operated a municipal health clinic.

After Mrs. Begley and I had talked for a while, she brought out five framed photographs: a portrait of her maternal grandparents (he wearing a yarmulke and a dark wool coat, she in a high-buttoned dress), a snapshot of her father (a handsome young man with a black mustache and bristly hair), and three portraits of her mother. The pictures had all belonged to an aunt who moved to America before the war, Mrs. Begley said, spreading the pictures across a corner of the coffee table. No other relics of the elder Hausers exist. The war and the Holocaust took everything.

As far as I know, Mrs. Begley had not been interviewed before. Her son had seemed disconcerted when I told him I hoped to speak with her, but he consulted his mother and cleared the way for me. As it turned out, I didn't have to ask about the war. Her story came unbidden, and it was the kind of tale that needed to be told from start to finish. The telling was interrupted a few times because Mrs. Begley was overcome with emotion. I also occasionally caught a glimpse of the hauteur and steeliness that she had summoned time and again as a desperate young mother. When she was telling me about "a clever little lie" she had to tell a peasant woman in order to elude the Gestapo, she practically spat out the words, and I felt some inkling of what a life of never-ending duplicity had cost her and her son.

After her husband was impressed into the Russian Army, Franciszka took young Ludwik and fled to Lvov and, later, Warsaw, where they tried to lie low and avoid the Gestapo. Maciek's grotesque predicament in "Wartime Lies" is not only that he shares the constant fear and privation of the Nazi occupation but that, through circumcision, he is marked as a Jew and therefore marked for death; an inspection of the boy's penis was to be avoided at all costs. Ludwik Begleiter faced the same constant threat.

On August 1, 1944, Franciszka and Ludwik were caught in the street at the moment the Warsaw uprising of Polish nationals against the Germans erupted. They ducked into the doorway of an apartment complex and were trapped inside for eleven days. The Germans, once they had crushed the rebellion, began shipping the civilian population of the city to concentration camps.

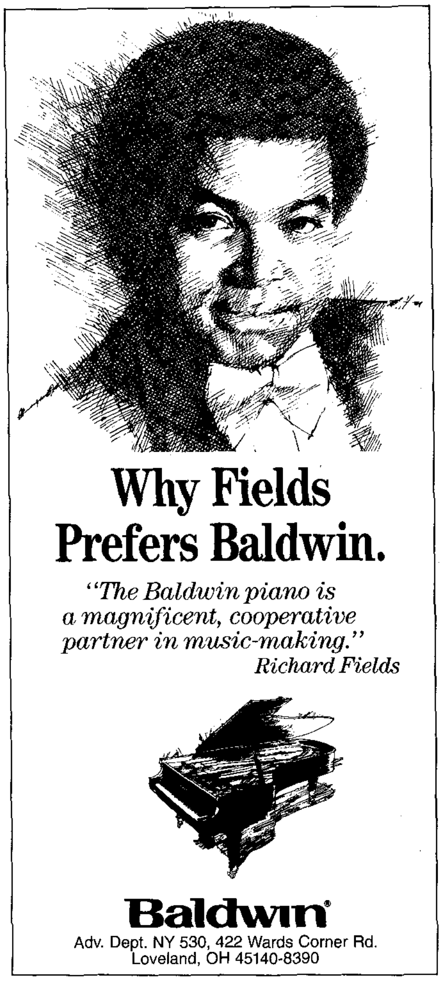
"We walked and walked and walked," Mrs. Begley told me. "That's where I cried. They took us to a big place where normally they kept livestock, and there we were kept overnight. No one had water. After dark, the Ukrainian and Latvian soldiers were picking out girls. Louis saw what was happening, and he covered me with a shawl and a blanket, like I was a bundle, and sat on top. He spent all night watching."

The events of the next day inspired what is perhaps the most memorable scene in "Wartime Lies." In the novel, Tania and Maciek witness horrifying scenes of cruelty and suffering as they are marched to the Warsaw train station. At the station, the crowds are being pushed into boxcars bound for Auschwitz. With a little water and lipstick, Tania manages to effect a bravura transformation, turning herself into a haughty Polish matron—a doctor's wife from a town outside Warsaw, and a German speaker to boot. She confronts a Wehrmacht captain and, with a combination of charm and hectoring, convinces him that she and her boy should be separated from the crowd and escorted to the proper train. The performance works.

Mrs. Begley told me that she, too, went to confront a German officer. He didn't tell her they were going to Auschwitz; he simply said they were going to "a very fine place," adding that the children would be separated from the adults. This was unthinkable. "I wasn't going to be separated from Louis," Mrs. Begley told me. In the crowd she saw a Polish man she knew, and she recruited him to pose as her husband and Ludwik's father. They conned another German officer in much the same way that Tania does in the book, and the three of them made it onto a safe train. Before the train left, they were able to convince the Germans that another couple—a man and his pregnant wife—were relatives. They all got away.

The war dragged on nine months longer. Franciszka and Ludwik continued their "Aryan" masquerade in a succession of villages and towns, living in terror and surviving further close calls. After the Germans surrendered, the mother and her son limped into Kraków, and Franciszka found work as a cook for the militia. One day, the doorbell rang in their tiny apartment, and Franciszka heard Ludwik cry "Daddy!" Dawid, they learned, had spent most of the war in Samarkand.

The three came to New York in early March, 1947, after a four-month stay in Paris, where Dr. Begleiter and his son studied English at the Berlitz school. In New York, a proverbial rich uncle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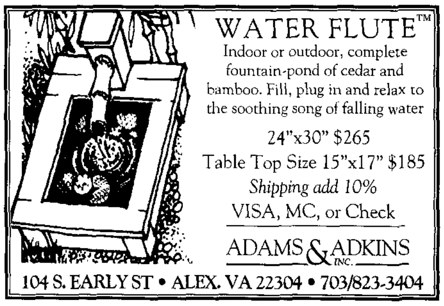
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named Jacob Hauser put them up for two weeks in the Empire Hotel, and then said, "Now swim!"

Dr. Begley quickly earned his American medical credentials and established a practice, eventually specializing in cardiology, with his wife working with him as a nurse throughout his career. Meanwhile, Louis began to create what he later called "a sort of idealized self-portrait." The normal adolescent struggle for independence was powerfully intensified by the fact that Louis and his mother had been so close and so dependent on each other. Their relationship would always have a kind of epic quality, and it has created a family dynamic in which a loving but very fierce standard of loyalty and duty prevails. "When those two clash, the universe shakes, the sun stops in the sky," a friend of the family told me. "When they have a little squabble, it's extremely intense."

The only evidence that Begley was haunted to some degree by the war appears in the stories that he wrote at Erasmus and at Harvard. Essentially, they are early drafts of "Wartime Lies." He won a high-school fiction prize for "Polonaise 1943-1944," in which a boy named Peter is hiding from the Nazis in Warsaw. In "Krzysztof," one of the stories he published in the Harvard *Advocate*, a motherless boy who was taken in by a Polish farmer and baptized when he was eight—the implication being that he is Jewish—plays an eerie game of identifying with a Nazi squad terrorizing the village. ("He, at the head of others, faced a hostile crowd. It converged on his group of soldiers and his fingers ached excruciatingly for the trigger. He tried to assign faces to the gray figures and in hopeless fear prayed to erase from the picture the face of his mother.") Finally, he runs away and hides in a haystack. There a bayonet pierces his breast and kills him.

Reading these youthful writings, one is amazed by the precocity of the writer—particularly since he had only recently learned to speak English—but one also realizes why he turned away from writing for so many years. The experiences they dramatize are so overwhelming and so freighted with moral anxiety that it is impossible to imagine that a young writer could really master them. Yet the material stood in the way of any other subject: on the one hand, this was his necessary confession, his bildungsroman; on the other hand, the merest trace of callowness, anything less than the highest pitch of solemn irony, would have rendered the project worthless. Begley will not address these speculations. "Why I wrote my first book when I wrote it, that's a question to which I don't know the answer," he told me. But, by waiting, he wrote a book that will last.

Through the years, Begley told very few people about his childhood of wartime lies. At Harvard, he presented himself as someone who had come from Erasmus Hall—a bright and interesting young man from Brooklyn. Charles Platt, the architect, went to Harvard with Begley, but the two didn't become close until they were in the Army together after college. They were stationed at the 9th Division Headquarters, in Göppingen, Germany, southeast of Stuttgart, from 1955 to 1956. Platt remembers that he first heard a few details about Begley's childhood one night when Begley told him that during the day he had encountered a Polish man living in a displaced-persons camp who had once worked for his family in Stryj, and that the man had somehow recognized him and had come over and kissed his hand.

One day, Platt told me, they went to Munich and struck up a conversation with an elderly German couple, and somebody mentioned Dachau. Did they know? Of course they knew, the couple said. Everybody knew—Dachau was near Munich, and they could smell it. "Louis was questioning them like us—like an American—rather than as someone separate," Platt said. "But on the way back from Munich we went to Dachau. We couldn't get in. It was late, and it was closed. We parked our car and got out and looked at the walls. And then Louis told me some stories that come up in 'Wartime Lies.' It was the first time I had any real idea of what had gone on in his life. He spoke with a degree of detachment, but also with intensity—he wanted to have the description be real, and not casual."

Begley's son Peter says, "He never talked about it, in general. He once told us he'd never been to school, and we thought that was fascinating. My grandmother would every once in a while tell an episode, but it was clear these were not the sort of things that were talked about. We were hesitant to ask, and they were not supplying information on their own, so it was kind of doubly surprising that all of a sudden he made public what had never been discussed in private."

Without telling anyone except his wife, Begley decided to write "Wartime Lies" during a four-month sabbatical in the summer of 1989. "Louis calls me quite often," his mother told me. "But during that time it was different. He asked me such strange things about Poland—what that means, what this was. He asked me about songs. It didn't occur to me he was writing a book. I thought he was on vacation." During my visit to her apartment, she showed me an elegant white scrapbook containing all the reviews of "Wartime Lies" and all the articles about her son and the prizes he had won. Someone at Debevoise had put it together. "It's the most beautiful gift I have ever gotten," she said.

"He has pulled off the hat trick," his old friend Peter Sourian says. "He has a family life—my impression is that Anka is a terrific woman for him—and he has his children. His success as a professional person is off the charts. But the one thing he didn't have was something much closer to his nature, which is intellectual, scholarly, and artistic. He should have been elsewhere than a law firm, in one sense; in another sense, it fits him perfectly. But he always had a genuine, deep love of literature. I don't envy Louis. You read that book, and you think this is a man who has been murdered inside. I don't envy him—I admire him, but I can't envy him. This is a book about a man who was killed when he was eight or nine years old. His mother was not killed; his mother was old enough so that her sense of what is right and wrong, her sense of what should be, as distinct from what is, was already intact. She was down-to-earth, because she was born *on* earth. She lived the first twenty-five years of her life on earth, in a situation that was relatively normal. Louis did not—his first view of the world told him that lies are survival."

Sourian's estimation of his friend's wounded soul certainly rings true to a reader of "Wartime Lies," but I remembered Begley's warning against an overidentification of author and fictional character. Although Begley continued to invite such interpretations with "The Man Who Was Late," the second novel is much less straightforward than "Wartime Lies." On one level, it seems like an autobiographical sequel to the autobiographical first novel, with Ben / Louis as the adult product of Maciek / Ludwik's wartime childhood. As Begley wrote in "Who the Novelist Really Is," his *Times Book Review* essay, "the game of false identities will continue even after the war has ended." But the self-portrait becomes inverted. It's as though Begley had decided to explore every negative possibility of his grownup existence, to see where the wrong turns would have led.

Ben is slightly ashamed of his parents, who are "irretrievably diminished by America." His Harvard classmates are disappointed when he turns his back on a writing career; he becomes the "house Jew" for a Wall Street investment bank instead. When Ben describes to someone his "paltry wartime miseries," he is alienated from himself: "As always, it was like hearing another man speak." Most significant, however, is Ben's failure in love: his compulsive and almost mechanical sexual exertions are interrupted when he falls in love with Véronique, the unhappily married wife of a French business associate, but he falters, and repays her love with a heartless betrayal.

"The Man Who Was Late" is intricately crafted and technically inventive, but it often registers as something of a mannered performance: there is too much serenely ironic cataloguing of tokens of status, and the despair it chronicles seems brittle and minor. And yet, in its second half, there are passages where the novel escalates in strength and intensity, thanks in large part to a quality that few reviewers have recognized in Begley's writing—its eroticism. The emotional crux of the tale is a wrenching sexual confrontation between Ben and Véronique in a Paris hotel room: the gradient from confused arousal through confessions of degradation worthy of Bataille to demoniacal breakdown is traversed in a few searing pages. A wan, chilly novel burns red hot, and the beast leaps out from the tapestry. It's a shocking dramatic twist, and another surprise from Begley: he is interested in propriety but also in its subversion, and is prepared to be shockingly frank about the way our libidos search out death as well as love.

With his new novel, "As Max Saw It," Begley has moved past his autobiographical shadows. As the title implies, he is enjoying his prerogatives as an observer. The energy in "Max" comes first of all from a terrific character. Charlie Swan, a gay architect whose beautiful young lover dies of AIDS, is a grand invention—a big, booming American who bears evidence of Begley's admiration for F. Scott Fitzgerald. Begley does a superb job of gradually involving Max, his narrator and Charlie's friend, as a loving witness and an inseparable participant in Charlie's defiant expression of grief. And once again Begley springs a trap. The last chapter is a stunning conflation of literary effects and a brave plunge into the mess of blood, sex, and mortality.

Begley told me that he writes about "experiences that have been etched on me with acid, things that have hit me very hard." According to him, "Max" grew out of such experiences. "I have been friends with a large number of homosexuals, and, of course, during the eighties they began to die. They were friends in the most genuine sense—old friends—and not simply acquaintances," he stressed. "I was also struck by the predicament of the survivor, and what one feels while watching as the person one loves is being destroyed, and almost degraded by the disease. How does one feel about the struggle to prolong life, and how does one feel, if by a miracle or accident, one does not fall sick oneself?"

It is difficult to think of another example of a major homosexual character in recent fiction by a straight writer. But Begley did not hesitate about creating Charlie Swan. "I did not think that there was anything unseemly or out of the way for a heterosexual to write about homosexuals and homosexual love," he

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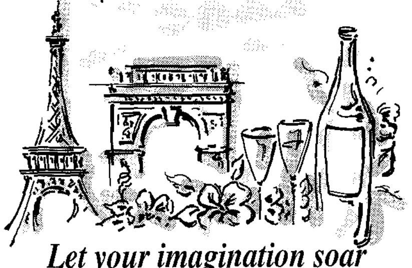

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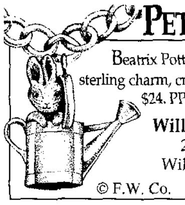

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said to me. "After all, probably the greatest novel about heterosexual love"—he meant Proust—"was written by a homosexual. So I can't see why, through the power of empathy and imagination, someone like me could not write about homosexuals. And I was extremely eager to find out how homosexuals whose literary and moral judgment I respect most would react. Obviously I was interested, because the subject matter is so very highly charged. I was overwhelmed by the generosity and quality of approval of these readers."

Begley's books have several elements in common: they all employ a slightly detached narrator to observe painful events from a certain remove; they dramatize the relation between questions of identity and those of survival; and they attend equally to the predicament of those who escape danger as to that of those who succumb to it. Begley's early experiences seem to have made him a meditative writer; suspense and simple heroism have no place in his vision of the world. Anka Muhlstein says, "What holds him is what I would call the real things: evil; what it is to have no childhood; how do you reinvent yourself. These are the things that obsess him, rather than day-to-day anxieties." Begley told me that his characters have "a dryness of the heart," and that they struggle to sustain themselves against an encroaching numbness. It's in this sense that Louis Begley isn't a Louis Begley character; for he has evidently found an anodyne to his own numbness—and the relentless interiority documented in his fiction—in his complete immersion in the rapid currents of international law and commerce.

By accepting the presidency of PEN, Begley has turned outward in another way. "Over the years, I haven't been very good at volunteering for worthy causes, or doing charitable work," he told me. "It was partly because I'm shy—you probably don't believe I'm shy—and not very gregarious. But I felt I had a moral obligation to do it." Even with his time at a premium, Begley has devoted himself energetically to PEN's campaigns on behalf of imprisoned and otherwise beleaguered writers, to its growing roster of symposiums and educational programs, and to the enhancement of its literary prizes. Halfway through a president's customary two-year term, he seems both dedicated to the job and slightly bemused by it, but he bridles at questions that imply that he is some kind of political figure. "PEN is an apolitical organization," he says. "In its charter it disavows any politics." There has been grumbling both inside PEN and by some outside observers that it is unseemly to have a man who has business dealings in China at the head of a human-rights organization, but Begley dismisses such criticism with a lengthy and impassioned defense of his business ethics and his concern for the fate of Chinese dissidents. Some members of the PEN board will privately express a certain dismay about what they describe as the high-handed way Begley conducts meetings, but most such comments sound like culture shock: the shock felt by writers who have come face to face with a world-class negotiator in a hurry. In any case, it's difficult to imagine Begley remaining deeply involved with the organization after his term is up.

The main character of his novel in progress, Begley says, is a man who has retired and is having trouble facing the fact that his life has come to an end. It sounds like Begley's biggest stretch to date. What does he know about retirement? He plans to practice law as hard as he can for six or seven years longer, and at his current pace he'll be able to publish three or four novels between now and the turn of the century. He has had to put the next novel aside for the moment, though. In addition to the multinational joint venture he's nudging to fruition, he's been dealing with "all the beastly afterbirth of publishing": the German translation of "Wartime Lies" needed to be looked after, for instance, and he had to approve the French version of "The Man Who Was Late." In addition, he has agreed to write an introduction to a new edition of Nabokov's "Speak, Memory," and the introduction is due June 1st. If he has the time, he may be able to reflect with satisfaction on one of the Russian Master's perfect sentences: "It is certainly not then—not in dreams—but when one is wide awake, at moments of robust joy and achievement, on the highest terrace of consciousness, that mortality has a chance to peer beyond its own limits, from the mast, from the past and its castle tower." ♦

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

BLOWN AWAY

Americans are demanding relief from the violence that has come to define our society. But are the movies a part of the problem or the solution?

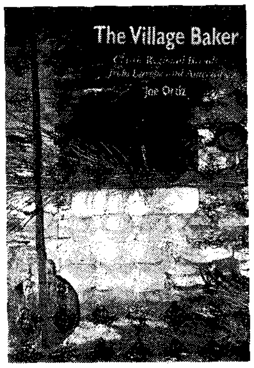
BY MARTIN AMIS

DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

IN the cinema, if not elsewhere, violence started getting violent in 1966. The films that marked the escalation, in my memory, were Arthur Penn's "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967) and Sam Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch" (1969). And I was delighted to see it, all this violence. I found it voluptuous, intense, and (even then) disquietingly humorous; it felt subversive and countercultural. Violence had arrived. There was also, I noticed, a sudden flowering of sex and swearing. The future looked bright.

Before then, violence wasn't violent. People often talk, usually disapprovingly, about the way violence has become "stylized" on film. But the old violence was stylized, too: it simply wore the soft gloves of much gentler conventions. Writing in the fifties, Nabokov noted the ineffectuality of the "ox-stunning fisticuffs" of an average cinematic rumble, and remarked on the speed with which the hero invariably recovered from "a plethora of pain that would have hospitalized a Hercules." Few of us are in a position to say which style is the more lifelike: the cartoonish invulnerability of the old violence or the cartoonish besplatterings of the new. We imagine that reality lies somewhere in between—that it is less dramatic, less balletic, and, above all, quicker. In life, the average fistfight, for instance, lasts about a second and consists of one blow. The loser gets a broken nose, the winner gets a broken hand, and they both trudge off to the outpatient clinic. Thus the great Stallone joins the queue at the trauma unit, while Chuck Norris fumbles with his first-aid kit. It just wouldn't play.

What happens, now, if you drag out the old movies and look again at even their most violent violence? I gained my first solid apprehension of earthly mortality not from the death of a relative or a pet but from the death of Jim Bowie in "The Alamo" (1960). Richard Widmark's skirling death cry haunts me still. I also remember my audible "Jesus," when I saw Paul Newman smash his rifle butt into the raised glass of the saloon Okie, in "Hombre" (1967). And who can forget the various torments meted out to Marlon Brando in "On the Waterfront" (1954), "One Eyed Jacks" (1961), and "The Chase" (1966)? (Brando, always well known for having his artistic "say," definitely has a thing about getting beaten up.) Look again at such scenes and you marvel at your earlier susceptibility. They seem tame partly because they *are* tame (not dramatically but technically tame), and also because, in the interim, you have yawned and blinked your way through a thirty-year Passchendaele of slaughter. You have become, in other words, irreversibly desensitized. Macbeth—and let's



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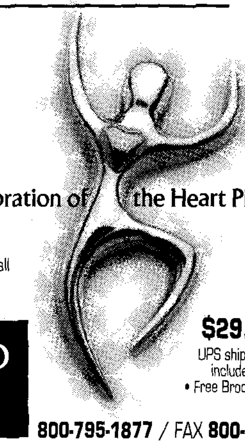

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make that Polanski's Macbeth—speaks for you when he says:

> I am in blood
> Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

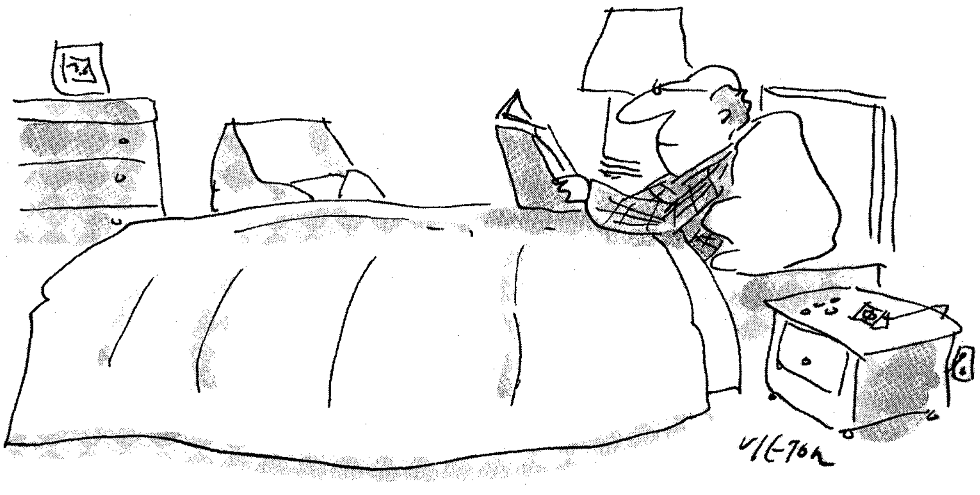
In real life, interestingly, desensitization is precisely the quality that empowers the violent: empowers them to bear it away. In the moments leading up to violence, the nonviolent enter a world drenched with unfamiliar revulsions. The violent know this. Essentially, they are taking you to where they feel at home. You are leaving your place and going over to their place.

Screen violence, we might notice, has close affinities with the weapons business, and, to borrow an aging phrase from the nuclear-arms community, is often technology-led. "Bullitt" (1968) is justly remembered for its car chase, which, astonishingly, remains unsurpassed, despite bigger budgets, bigger engines, and the existence of furiously literal-minded actors willing to spend years of their lives bonding with racing drivers and crash dummies. But there was another standard-setting scene in "Bullitt": the shotgun slaying of the underground witness, which entrains the incomprehensible plot. Suddenly, the door of the murky hotel room is kicked open; the police guard is shot in the thigh; the camera glances at this wound and then turns on the swarthy stoolie, who retreats with his hands raised, clambering up onto the foot of the low bed. As the gun is fired he is lifted off his feet and jerked through the air, smashing back-first into the wall in a nebula of blood. Soon after the film appeared, I happened to meet its director, Peter Yates, and when I asked him about this scene he took me through the mechanics of it—the blood pouch, the steel wires: in the old days, an actor who stopped a bullet would merely crush a ketchup sachet to the supposed entry wound and look indignant. If he was a bad guy, he would roll to the floor and decorously close his eyes. If he was a good guy, he would get really mad, then later assure the gasping blonde at his side that the bullet hole was just a "scratch" or, better, a "flesh wound." Well, after 1968 there were no more scratches, no more flesh wounds. With the electronically ignited plasma-brimmed sandwich Baggie, the lurch cables and jolt harnesses, and so on, death by shotgun ceased to look like something you could quickly recover from.

In this context, the recent "Schindler's List" marks a progression, or maybe a retrogression. Here the point-blank pistol shot to the head results in a tubular spout of blood followed by a tragic curtsy to the ground almost as girlish and theatrical as Uma Thurman's swoon in "Dangerous Liaisons." One feels sure that this rendition was the result of close research, part of the carapace of verisimilitude that Spielberg needed to allow him artistic passage to the Holocaust. (Nearing the Holocaust, a trespasser finds that his imagination is decently absenting itself, and reaches for documentation and technique. The last thing he wants to do, once there, is make anything up.) In general, the escalation of violence in war films is not much questioned. Even the squeamish accept that a mechanized heartlessness forms the natural background—a civilian obedience, perhaps, to the hawkish axiom "What did you expect? This is *war.*" We know more and more about the horror and pity of war, but we still seem to need persuading about the horror and pity of, for example, bank robbing, drug trafficking, serial murders, and chainsaw massacres.

To the extent that screen violence is technology-led, a specialized value system will tend to assert itself. As in the weapons industry, you will get no moral guidance from the specialist, the salaried expert. What you will get is the explanation "Everyone *else* does it," because, when up against can-do, don't-do will always finish second. Still, the prop-shop eggheads at places like Praxis and Visual Concept Engineering, the morphers and animators at Industrial Light & Magic or Dream Quest Images are mere hirelings: somebody has to *want* that particular splat or spatter, that cute decapitation, that ginchy evisceration. There is this half-formed view of Hollywood as an acropolis of conglomerates, of marketers and targeters, unsmilingly supplying the public with what it has come to want and need: more violence. But it doesn't work like that. "Projects" swim around the movie community until someone with power gets connected to them. Then they get "developed" by writers, producers, and directors, and then get sent upstairs to the "suits"—these supposedly pitiless bottom-liners. But what happens up there remains a mystery to everyone, the suits included. Some projects go ahead, and some don't. "The only films they make," a director once told me, "are the films they can't get out of making." The final decision, then, is the result of fatalism, embarrassment, or inertia—office politics, maybe, but not policy. So violence is director-led, or auteur-led. Films are violent because the talent wants it that way.

Who else does, apart from me? One of the few points that survives the battering of Michael Medved's beleaguered monograph "Hollywood vs. America" is that the moviegoing public *doesn't* like violence. In his introduction to the paperback edition Medved writes in heroic cadences about "the passionate intensity of the public response to my work"; yes, he has taken his share of "intemperate anger" and "personal abuse," but on the whole, says Medved, "I am grateful for whatever contribution my arguments have made to facilitating this discussion." Certainly, "Hollywood vs. America" got Hollywood think-



"And they lived happily ever after—except for the age thing."

ing, at least for a weekend or two (late nights in the dens of the Moorish mansions). And it got America thinking, too, and the controversy that gathered around it managed to trickle up as high as Janet Reno and Bill Clinton. It was a book, and a mood, whose time had come: the feeling that Hollywood had gone too far in its divergence from the American mainstream; the feeling that Hollywood—that faceless monolith—loved everything that America hated (violence, sex, swearing, drugging, drinking, and smoking), and hated everything that Americans loved (religion, parents, marriage, and monogamy, plus the military, policemen, businessmen, and America). Now, I'm sure that Mr. Medved seldom, if ever, gets into fights, which is just as well. After three hundred pages of his pedantry and sarcasm, I imagine him tooled up like the loathed Schwarzenegger, and spray-firing from either hip. His argumentative style is so strident that even his own intelligence, you suspect, is cowed and deafened by it. Why, oh, why, he typically asks, is Hollywood so obsessed by Vietnam and so unmoved by the struggle in Kuwait, which, "amazingly enough," has yet to be celebrated on film? If Dan Quayle were a lot brighter, this is what he would sound like.

Despite its contemporary attire, Medved's theme, or plaint, is as old as time. It is *Ubi sunt*? all over again. Where are they now, the great simplicities of yesterday?

> In years past, in the heyday of Gary Cooper and Greta Garbo, Jimmy Stewart and Katharine Hepburn, the movie business drew considerable criticism for manufacturing personalities who were larger than life, impossibly noble and appealing individuals who could never exist in the real world. Today, the industry consistently comes up with characters who are *smaller* than life—less decent, less intelligent, and less likeable than our own friends and neighbors.

Medved's "beat is the entertainment industry." He knows about the entertainment industry, but does he know about art—about literature, for example, which has been following exactly the same graph line for two thousand years? If art has an arrow, then that is the way it points: straight downward, from demigod to demirep.

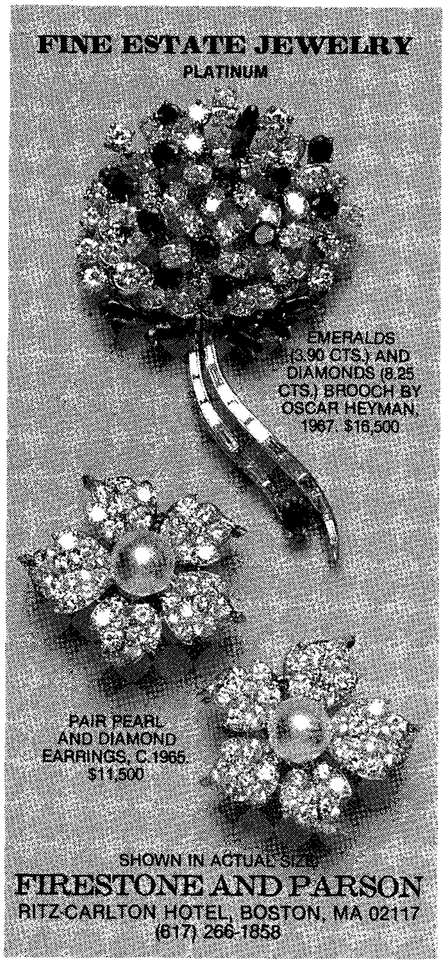
Cinema is a young form, and has been obliged to make this same journey in less than a century. I said earlier that violence got violent in 1966, because that was the year the Hays Production Code was revised, and film edged closer to being a director's medium, freer to go where the talent pushed it. As we now know, the talent pushed it away from the mainstream of America and toward the mainstream of contemporary art, while playing to its own strengths—action, immediacy, affect. So the great current debate is caught in a confusion of categories. If cinema is just mass entertainment, then Medved is an eloquent awakener. If cinema is art, then Medved is just a noisy philistine.

We now enter a world of closed circles. By 1966, movie audiences halved, and they have stayed that way. Proportionately, auteurism did more damage to the industry than the arrival of television. Medved, with his polls and his content analysis, gathers plenty of evidence to confirm what he wants to believe: that Americans don't like violence—and violent themes and violent language—and won't pay money to see it. (A final analogy with weaponry: Americans have always been avowedly pro-gun-control but somehow never pro enough to make any difference.) Americans don't want violence. They probably don't want art, either. What Americans want is escape—escape from American violence. American violence "travels," it's said, and enthralls audiences all over the planet, but Americans have to live in America, where all the violence is. Does screen violence provide a window or a mirror? Is it an effect or is it a cause, an encouragement, a facilitation? Fairly representatively, I think, I happen to like screen violence while steadily deploring its real-life counterpart. Moreover, I can tell the difference between the two. One is happening, one is not. One is earnest, one is play. But we inhabit the postmodern age, an age of mass suggestibility, in which image and reality strangely interact. This is now perhaps the most vulnerable area in the common mind. There is a hole in the credulity layer, and it is getting wider.

In Britain, in recent months, two of the most sensational murder trials of the century have involved discussion of the same rental video; namely, "Child's Play 3." The first case was that of James Bulger, a toddler who was beaten to death by two ten-year-olds; the second case was that of Suzanne Capper, a teen-ager who was kidnapped, strenuously tortured, and finally set alight by a clique of young acquaintances. "Child's Play 3" has therefore been much in the news, and therefore much in demand. It, too, has been set alight, semi-ritualistically, by public-spirited managers of video-rental stores. When my two children (aged seven and nine) noticed "Child's Play 3" in its package, up on a high shelf, they regarded it with reverent dread. In their schoolyard voodoo, "Child's Play 3" was considered potent, venomous, toxic. It was like angel dust—a ticket to frenzy.

So one afternoon I duly settled down to watch a routine little horror film about a children's doll called Chucky that comes to life and starts killing people. The modicum of horror it inspires can be traced back to Freud's definition of the uncanny: ambiguity about the extent to which something is, or is not, alive. Equally conventionally, such frights and shrieks as the film elicits have to do not with very scary things happening but with mildly scary things happening very suddenly. As the credits rolled on "Child's Play 3," I felt no urge or prompting to go out and kill somebody. And I knew why, too. It's nothing to boast about, but there is too much going on in my head for Chucky to gain sway in there. Probably the worst that Chucky could do to me is to create an appetite to see more Chucky, or more things like Chucky.

What we have to imagine is a mind that, on exposure to Chucky, is already brimful of Chucky and things like Chucky. Then, even if you mix in psychopathology, stupidity, moral deformation, dreams of omnipotence and sadism, and whatever else, Chucky is unlikely to affect anything but the *style* of your subsequent atrocities. Murderers have to have something to haunt them: they need their internal pandemonium. A century ago, it might have been the Devil. Now it's Chucky. When the killers tortured Suzanne Capper, they chanted the catchphrase "I'm Chucky. Wanna play?" When the ten-year-old boy began to throw bricks, James Bulger fell down and stood up again. "Just stand there," said the killer, "and we'll get you a plaster." And then he threw another brick. This is Chucky's way: the worthless joke, the worthless swagger. Here was a mind that had seen a lot of things like Chucky, and had nothing much in prospect but more things like Chucky. Perhaps, also, the child didn't understand the meaning of earnest. As a result, he was all too ready to play. ♦



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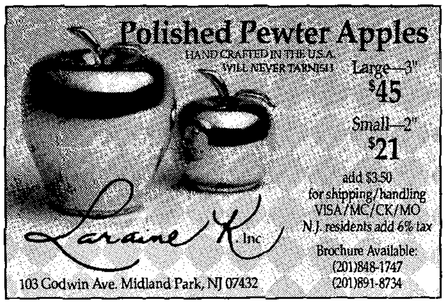

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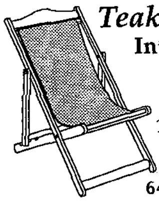

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LETTER FROM CANADA

O QUEBEC

Will Canada ever really split itself in two? With the Bloc Québécois as Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition, it's a question worth asking again.

BY MORDECAI RICHLER

I WAS brought up in a country with a view—Canada, Inc., where, if we suffered from anything beyond frostbite, it was issue envy. The world always seemed to be happening elsewhere. Now, however, it appears possible, but far from certain, that our center may not hold, if Quebec finally opts for independence of a sort. French-Canadian nationalism has been running hot and cold ever since 1759, when General Wolfe took Quebec City. In 1839, Lord Durham, High Commissioner and Governor-General of British North America, wrote in a famous report that Canada was actually made up of "two nations warring in the bosom of a single state," and declared that the only thing for it was to Anglicize the French. Instead, the British North America Act of 1867, which authorized the confederation of English and French Canada, enshrined Quebec's right to its own civil code and to the use of French in legislative bodies and the courts, while recognizing English as the province's other official language. This, however, did not satisfy nationalists then or now.

For most of this century, separatists were limited to the political fringe, but then, in 1967, the revered René Lévesque bolted the provincial Liberal Party and, a year later, founded the Parti Québécois, the separatists' provincial party, pledged to sovereignty. The P.Q. lost two elections on that platform, but the third time around, in 1976, it was swept into office on the promise of good government. Separatist sentiment feeds on legitimate complaints about past injustices. If Francophones today control most of the levers of economic power in Quebec, until 1960 they were, for the most part, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, and, as Canada's former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau noted in his "Memoirs," in those days in Montreal a Francophone could be told by a clerk, himself a Quebecer, in a department store, "Sorry, I don't speak French."

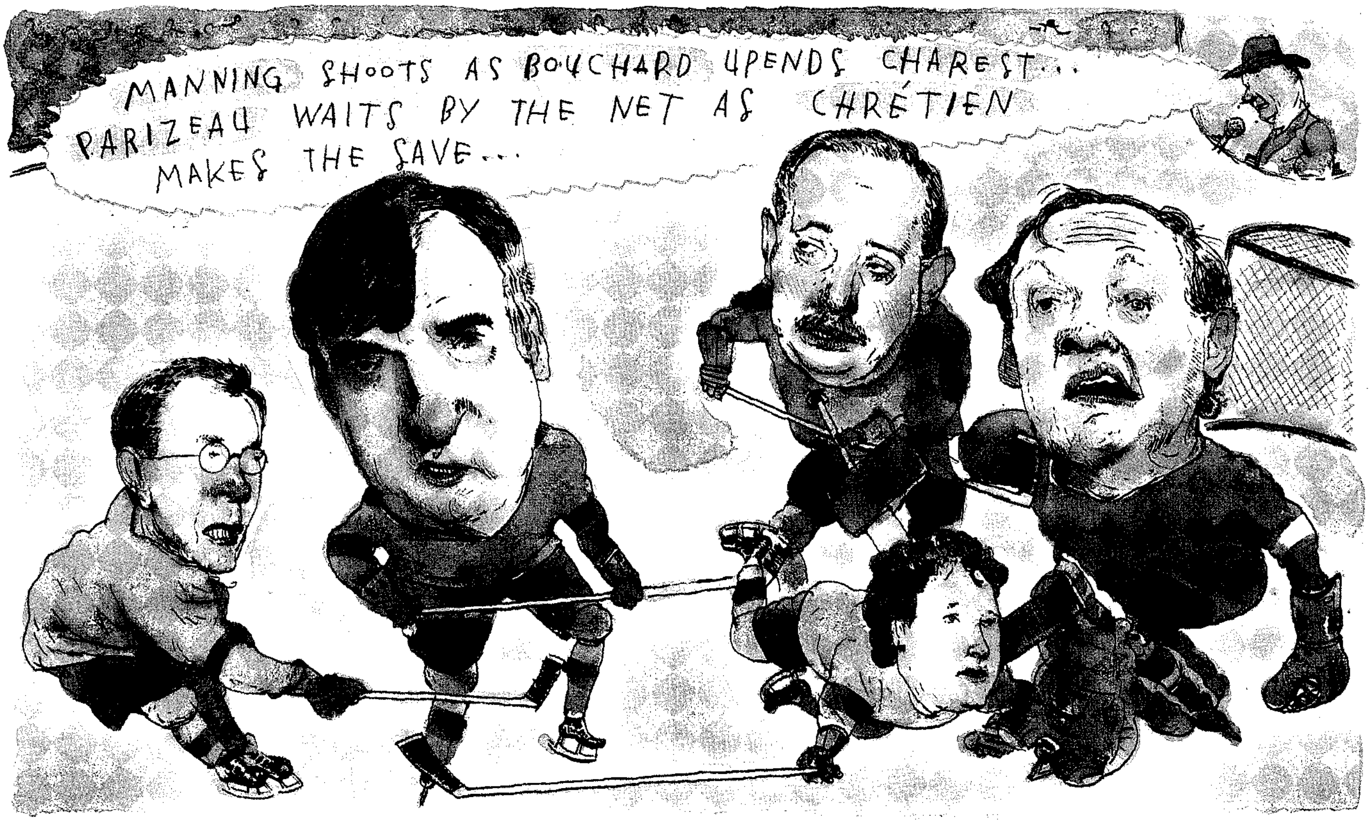
The P.Q., which was moribund when Trudeau retired, in 1984, enjoyed a revival after the failure of two attempts by his Tory successor, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, to work out a new constitutional deal. And now the country is coming to a boil. This year, Canadians are surely in for a playoff-style Parliament, complete with tripping, cross-checking, and spearing—a contest that was seen as inevitable last summer by the portly Jacques Parizeau, the leader of the Parti Québécois. On August 22nd, a triumphant Parizeau addressed two thousand of his party faithful in Quebec City, saying, "Lace on your skates, pull on your sweaters, buckle up your pads—there's going to be a lot of action. We've seen a little before, but that's nothing compared to what is going to happen. In the first period, we send as many Bloc M.P.s to Ottawa as possible."

At the time, the Bloc Québécois, the separatists' three-year-old federal party, had eight M.P.s seated in Parliament, seven of them defectors from either the Tory or the Liberal benches, and only one, Gilles Duceppe, who had been elected on the Bloc ticket, in a 1990 by-election. But in Coach Parizeau's projected first period—the general election that had been called for last October 25th—the Bloc would be sending candidates over the boards to contest all of Quebec's seventy-five seats. And Quebecers would then be obliged to vote again—in a provincial election to be held no later than this autumn. Meanwhile the P.Q. has been consistently running five to ten points ahead of the governing provincial Liberals in the opinion polls.

"Sometime between next spring and September 25th, second period," Parizeau went on to say, "and we take power"—in Quebec, that is. "And then, a few months later, a referendum. Our country. Quebec. *Vive le Québec libre!*" he concluded, echoing Charles de Gaulle's chant from the balcony of Montreal's

City Hall—a chant that had sent an unseasonable chill through the country in the summer of 1967.

Parizeau's first period ended in a blowout. In Quebec, the Bloc took fifty-four seats, and another new regional party, the Reform, with roots in discontented Alberta, won fifty-two seats. The Tories, booted out of office, dropped from a hundred and fifty-seven seats to a humiliating two—a defeat unparalleled in Canadian history. The Liberals, led by an underrated Jean Chrétien, won a healthy majority, taking a hundred and seventy-seven seats. Rattled Canadians discovered—hello, hello—that in their bizarre new Parliament the very party that was dedicated to dismembering the country, the Bloc Québécois, would also fill the office of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition, our government-in-waiting.


MANNING SHOOTS AS BOUCHARD UPENDS CHAREST...
PARIZEAU WAITS BY THE NET AS CHRÉTIEN MAKES THE SAVE...

BARRY BLITT

On Sunday, January 16th, I went to Ottawa to attend the formal opening, on Tuesday, of our thirty-fifth, and conceivably last, Parliament of Canada—at least, in the form known for a hundred and twenty-seven querulous years. The Liberals, who would be warming the government benches after almost a decade in the wilderness, were jubilant, but so were those Quebecers bent on independence. The evening of my arrival, it was thirty degrees below zero Celsius in Ottawa. The few pedestrians on the snowbound streets were bundled up, leaning into punishing Arctic winds. Passing cars were whitewashed window-high with road salt and slush. But the bars in the Château Laurier and the Hilton swirled with roistering Liberals—lawyers, advertising honchos, and bagmen, all of them warmed by the prospect of a return to the trough. A Party apparatchik assured me that lobbyists were no longer in favor. "But that doesn't mean that we're going to turn our backs on our friends," he added.

Nine years of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's glitzy style and unprecedented Tory patronage and sleaze had outraged the electorate. So the Liberals ordained that hair shirts would be the new parliamentary rule. No more free shoeshines or massages for M.P.s, and they would also lose their annual allowance for framing pictures—four hundred dollars Canadian. Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's new car would be a Chevy. Lucien Bouchard, the leader of the Bloc Québécois, not to be outmaneuvered, turned down the offer of new wheels, settling for a heap that had already done a hundred thousand kilometres. But Preston Manning, the leader of the Reform, snookered the other penitents: that virtuous—or, some suggested, sneaky-smart—prairie populist refused the offer of any vehicle provided by taxpayers.

On January 17th, the eve of the new session, more than two thousand Liberals gathered to whoop it up in Parliament's Hall of Honour. Revellers were quick to point out that Bouchard, looking to harvest his province's protest vote, had told Quebecers they didn't have to be separatists to support his party. He had campaigned on a slogan—"We're giving ourselves real power"—that didn't mention the word "sovereignty."

Liberals argued that the P.Q. had yet to win the forthcoming Quebec election, and that the pompous Parizeau himself, who had got a mere twenty-seven-percent personal support in the polls, constituted a serious drag on his party's popularity. Parizeau, it's true, was not a convincing people's tribune. A rich man's son and a sybarite, given to maladroit off-the-cuff pronouncements, he seemed more like the silent-movie banker who comes to foreclose the mortgage on Charlie Chaplin. Not even Quebecers had warmed to him. Furthermore, Quebecers were a notoriously mischievous lot, fond of giving Ottawa the finger, and, so, even if they did boost the P.Q. back into office later this year, it had to be remembered that a majority endorsed independence only when they could not be held accountable for their enthusiasm. After all, they had already elected a P.Q. government twice since 1976, yet their response to the mealymouthed, hundred-and-seven-word 1980 referendum question had been a sixty-forty vote against even considering something called sovereignty association. A wag at the Liberals' gala said, "Worst case, they do just barely win a second referendum, but, hell, that would only count as a tie." Then, picking up on Parizeau's hockey analogy, he suggested, "Maybe we're in for a best-of-seven referendum series, just like the Stanley Cup final."

Two hundred and five of the two hundred and ninety-five newly elected M.P.s were rookies, and the vast majority of the Bloc and the Reform members were unilingually French- or English-speaking. On the subzero afternoon of January 18th, the M.P.s and the distinguished guests, in their finery, trudged up Parliament Hill to listen to the Speech from the Throne. The speech, delivered by Governor-General Ramon Hnatyshyn, was refreshingly succinct—only seventeen minutes long—but was also anodyne. The new government, turning over old sod, was, it seemed, gung ho for economic growth, job creation, and a review of the social-security system, and opposed to racism and violence against women and children.

After the speech, I joined John Lynch-Staunton and Jean Charest for lunch in the subsidized Parliamentary Dining Room, which offers a sumptuous buffet for a mere nine dollars and fifty-five cents. Righteous Reformers had promised to take advantage of it only when they didn't have time to hitchhike back to their rooming houses for a can of soup.

The amicable Lynch-Staunton, a Montrealer born and bred, is the newly elected Tory leader in the Senate—a nonelected body, whose members, numbering a hundred and four, are appointed at the pleasure of the Prime Minister—and his debt-ridden party still held fifty-eight of the seats. But the Senate was, at best, a dubious foundation for Tory renewal. Only recently, the Toronto *Globe & Mail* had dismissed it as "an anachronistic and feeble collection of unelected party hacks and political donors."

Jean Charest, a thirty-five-year-old bilingual Quebecer, had stood for his party's leadership at the Tory convention in Ottawa the previous June and had lost a squeaker to Kim Campbell, the Vancouver M.P. backed by the Tory establishment, who went on to lead the Party to ignominy. Having failed to grasp what was once considered a glittering prize, Charest was now stuck with an unenviable burden: he had been appointed interim leader by the Party's shell-shocked national executive on December 14th, a day after Kim Campbell resigned, or was pushed by the men in suits. Charest told reporters, "I intend to win the support of the Canadian people the old-fashioned way, one person at a time."

For any parliamentary group to gain party status, which guarantees a sizable research budget and frequent recognition during the question period, it must elect a minimum of twelve members. Charest, his caucus reduced to a risible two members, would now be obliged to persevere in the House as an independent in all but name. He would have to whistle, stamp his feet, or turn cartwheels in order to be given the nod by the Speaker to put an occasional query to the government benches. Ahead of him spun years of traipsing through the snow from coast to coast to address meetings of disgruntled Party workers at service-club luncheons in legion halls and high-school gyms. He would also have to live with what might have been.

With hindsight, the received wisdom was that the Tories, if they had been led by Charest, an immediately engaging curly-haired moppet, could have won twenty to twenty-five seats in Quebec and possibly done well enough elsewhere for his party to form the official opposition. Obviously still brooding, Charest wouldn't acknowledge that he might have been his party's savior. Instead, he fed me what had become the considered Tory morning-after-the-debacle lament. The Tories had won sixteen per cent of the popular vote, as opposed to nineteen per cent for Reform and fourteen per cent for the Bloc Québécois, yet their seats totalled only two, because their votes had been spread throughout the country.

Setting out to rebuild his demolished party one brick at a time, Charest could be hobbled by the legacy of Brian Mulroney. In his last years in office, the mellifluous Mulroney was, according to polls, the most deeply detested Prime Minister in Canadian history. One of his friends, a lobbyist, who asked not to be identified by name, told me that in the weeks following Mulroney's announcement, on February 24, 1993, that he would not run again he was given to fishing his favorable reviews out of a jacket pocket and thrusting them at visitors, and that his standby was a *Foreign Affairs* article stating that obloquy was the price a real leader paid for having the courage to take unpopular but necessary decisions. "One evening, a guy gave Brian's passing limo the finger," his friend said. "Brian ordered his driver to stop, lowered his window, and asked the guy to step closer. He approached the limo tentatively. 'No, closer,' Brian said. So the guy stepped right up to the open window. 'Go fuck yourself, you horse's ass!' Brian hollered, and then drove on. I tell you, it was paranoia time around here, just like in Nixon's last days. What was really bugging Brian was his place in history, which he felt was being compromised by enemies in the media conspiring against him."

Many Canadians, including members of Mulroney's own party, blamed him for the revival of separatism. Out to win office in 1984, he enlisted the support of the P.Q. in exchange for a promise that he would reopen the constitutional can of worms, for Quebec's sake. His first attempt, the Meech Lake Accord, which required the approval of all ten provinces, was turned down in the Manitoba Legislature in 1990. His second, the Charlottetown Accord, a constitutional cocktail that might have been mixed by Rube Goldberg, was turned down in a national referendum on October 26, 1992.

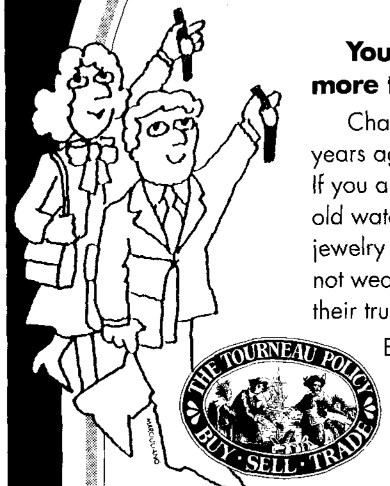
Mulroney invented Lucien Bouchard, plucking his old law-school chum, who was then still a Péquiste, out of small-town obscurity and anointing him Ambassador to France. "I am very proud to be a Canadian," Bouchard told the Montreal *Gazette* on April 1, 1988. "I showed the flag in Paris for Canada, for Quebec and all the provinces. I proved it is possible to be a committed Canadian and a Quebecer at the same time."

A few days earlier, Mulroney had reeled in Bouchard and appointed him to his Cabinet, even before Bouchard won a seat, in a Lac Saint-Jean by-election, his passage having been eased by a timely application of vigorish—Mulroney's pledge of millions of dollars for public works in the constituency. Then, following a dispute with Mulroney over the terms of the Meech Lake Accord, Bouchard resigned from the Cabinet and the Party, and went on to found the Bloc Québécois.

RESPONDING to the Throne Speech, a grim Lucien Bouchard spoke for almost an hour, shifting from rapid-fire French to English and back again. "Let there be no mistake," the leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition said. "Bloc members will not forget that their commitment to sovereignty constitutes the real reason for their presence in this House. One could say that, as far as we are concerned, the pre-referendum campaign has begun." He declared the Canadian family dysfunctional and the country ungovernable, and said that the time had come for a split, "a sovereign Quebec becoming a neighbor and friend of Canada."

Then the debate about Canada's future zeroed in on what really galvanizes Canadians in winter: hockey. Roger Pomerleau, a Bloc backbencher who was a stranger to irony, noted the absence of Quebecers on "Team Canada, this country's national hockey team, which will defend Canada's honor in Lillehammer—Quebecers are once again suffering discrimination as a result of racial prejudice and stereotyping." Pomerleau was troubled by a remark that was said to have been made earlier by the Team Canada coach, Daniel Dubé, who was a Quebecer himself but was alleged to have denigrated his province's players as one-dimensional goal scorers—clearly a calculated insult to the Montreal Canadiens' incomparable defensive stalwart, Guy Carbonneau, among others.

A perplexed Preston Manning was also heard from. "Yesterday [the Prime Minister] and other Liberal members were repeatedly drawn into heated exchanges with Bloc members on the constitutional future of Quebec," the Reform leader said. "There are millions of Canadians, including Quebecers, who want Parliament to focus on deficit reduction, jobs, and preserving social services. Is the Prime Minister abandoning his commit-



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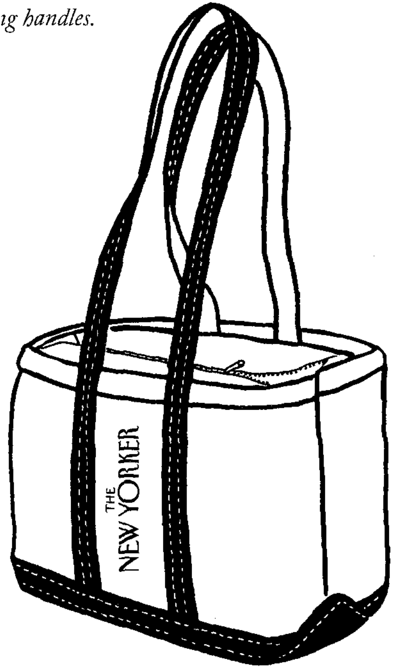

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ment to stay out of the constitutional swamp, or is it still his resolve to stick to economic, fiscal, and social priorities?"

From 1976 through 1990, the last year for which figures are available, 129,705 English-speaking Quebecers, reacting to restrictive language laws and growing tribalism, quit their native province. In a 1993 book entitled "Québec Inc. and the Temptation of State Capitalism," Pierre Arbour, a former senior investment adviser at the Caisse de Dépôt et Placement, which is Quebec's forty-six-billion-dollar pension-fund-management agency, identified the Anglophone flight as the primary cause of Quebec's decline relative to Ontario. "In the face of this growing exodus, however, the [P.Q.] government of Quebec took a passive stance, a stance bordering on outright hostility," he wrote. Yet in this climate of subtle, nonviolent ethnic cleansing, Québécois style, it is the Francophone nationalists who feel oppressed. For twenty-nine of the last thirty years, the Prime Minister of Canada has been a Quebecer, but in an interview published in the Paris weekly *L'Express* on January 13, 1994, Bernard Landry, the deputy leader of the P.Q., said that Francophone Quebecers were the last remaining colonial nation in the West. "Basically, we have for centuries been a bit like the firemen at the heart of Chernobyl," he said. "At the center of a cataclysm, but still standing."

Given the magnitude of the separatists' grievances, real or hyperbolic, it still hasn't always been clear whether they want a new marriage contract or a divorce. Speaking to college students in Montreal last September, Bouchard said that a sovereign Quebec might share the postal service, the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force of the rest of Canada. Earlier, Parizeau had declared that he wanted a new state of Quebec to continue to use the Canadian dollar and remain a member of the Commonwealth—a union of English-speaking peoples—and wanted Quebecers to be allowed to keep their Canadian passports.

When I caught up with Bouchard in his office, he said, "I want a divorce. A friendly divorce." On reflection, he added, "I suppose it will not be sweet. Some people will feel we are breaking up their country, but in the end, I hope, rationality will prevail. I hope hundreds of thousands more Anglophones will not leave if we become sovereign. That would be a bad thing. We need them. The English-speaking community in Montreal was instrumental in building Quebec."

But last May, when Quebec's Liberal government, responding to ridicule from abroad, introduced into the National Assembly Bill 86, which belatedly recognized the right of the descendants of all people educated in English in Canada to attend English schools in Quebec, and softened the French-only commercial-sign laws, Bouchard had said, "Now is not the time to reopen this old sore."

Depending on who was keeping the books, federalism was either ruinously expensive for Quebec or an economic bonanza. According to Bouchard, Ottawa raises twenty-three per cent of its revenue in the province but kicked back only nineteen per cent. Yet if the bean counters in Statistics Canada are to be credited, then from 1981 to 1991 Quebec's net-revenue gain from Ottawa totalled seventy-three billion one hundred million dollars. I reminded Bouchard that Parizeau, generally regarded as a distinguished economist, had once said that sovereignty would cost Quebecers no more than the price of a case of beer a year. Bouchard laughed. "The real cost is an unknown domain," he said. "I am not prepared to say there is no risk."

Bouchard, at fifty-five, is now the most popular politician in Quebec, even though in addressing large gatherings of the faithful he is something of a firebrand, ill-tempered, his impassioned sermons unredeemed by humor. In private, by contrast, he is soft-spoken, a charmer, capable of laughing at himself. Bouchard is a handsome man and a natty dresser, like his erstwhile pal Mulroney, whom some people now say he manipulated from the very outset of their friendship. "The Québécois in Mulroney's Cabinet were never real Tories," he said. "We were nationalists"—Québécois nationalists.

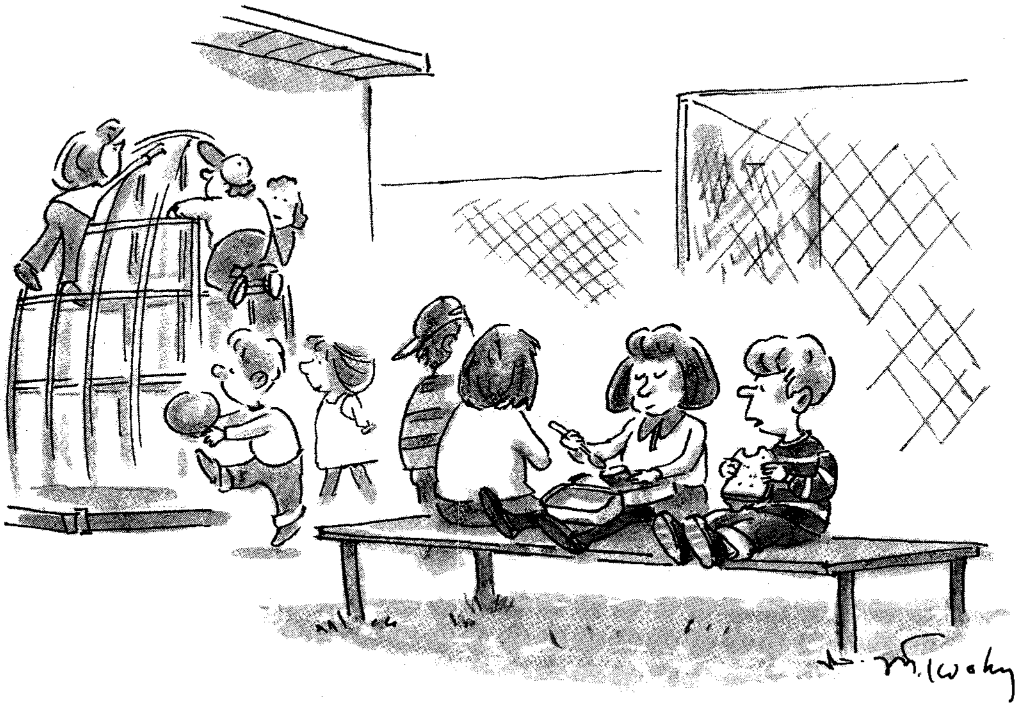
What, I asked, did he think of Landry's Québécois-as-Chernobyl-firemen statement in *L'Express*?

"Perhaps he was misquoted," Bouchard replied.

"I've got it right here."

"In that case, I must say it was somewhat extreme."

The political scientist Daniel Latouche, a former P.Q. functionary, is one of the authors of an analysis of support for independence between 1963 and 1992. The report concludes that, after all these wasting years, only a third of French-speaking Quebecers are committed separatists. Since, I asked Bouchard, he had won only forty-nine and a half per cent of the popular vote in the election, and a sizable



"My mom and dad are still very sharp."

proportion of that support had come from discontented federalists then at no risk, how could he expect to win a referendum when everything would be on the table?

"Ah, well, many Péquistes didn't vote for us, maybe as many as federalists who did," he said. "Some Péquistes feared that if we won considerable concessions for Quebec in Ottawa it would prove that federalism worked. As things stand, you have a nation and we don't. Quebec is only a minor part of Canada. Independence would enable us to assume responsibility for our own fate."

I asked if he also favored independence for every cultural group that was a minority in its own nation—the Welsh, the Basques, the Flemish, the Corsicans, the Catalans, and the Scots, among others.

"That is for them to decide. But in the coming referendum we will not be asking a question that seeks sovereignty only if the rest of Canada first agrees to economic association. Voters will be invited to answer a straightforward question: Are you for sovereignty or not?"

"What if you lose?"

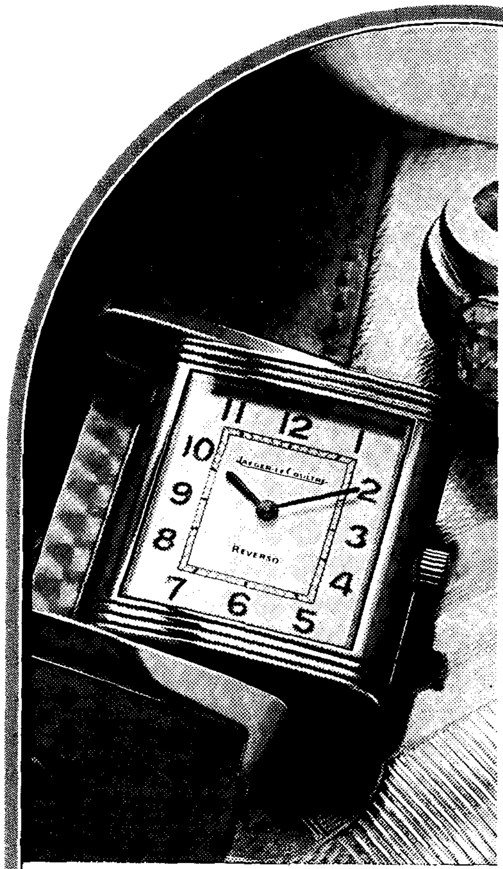
"That would be disaster for us."

"Have you a contingency plan in the event that you do lose?"

"We would then have to reconsider our role here. I can't exclude any option now. But, personally, I might return to private life."

Bouchard and his wife, Audrey, who is a Californian, have two children. When Audrey was about to give birth to their first child, in 1989, Bouchard had rushed her across the Ottawa River to a hospital in Ottawa's contiguous city of Hull, so that their child might be born in Quebec. Audrey's parents (her father is a former United States marine, who served in Vietnam) live in California. "They are real Orange County Republicans," Bouchard recently told an interviewer from *Maclean's*. "When Alexandre"—his four-year-old son—"comes back [from a visit to California] he's dressed like an American kid. He says to me, 'Daddy, I'm an American,' and he wants to speak English. 'You're Québécois and I'm American,' he says."

JEAN CHRÉTIEN, the new Prime Minister, is the son of a machinist; the eighteenth of nineteen children, he was born in Shawinigan, Quebec, and a



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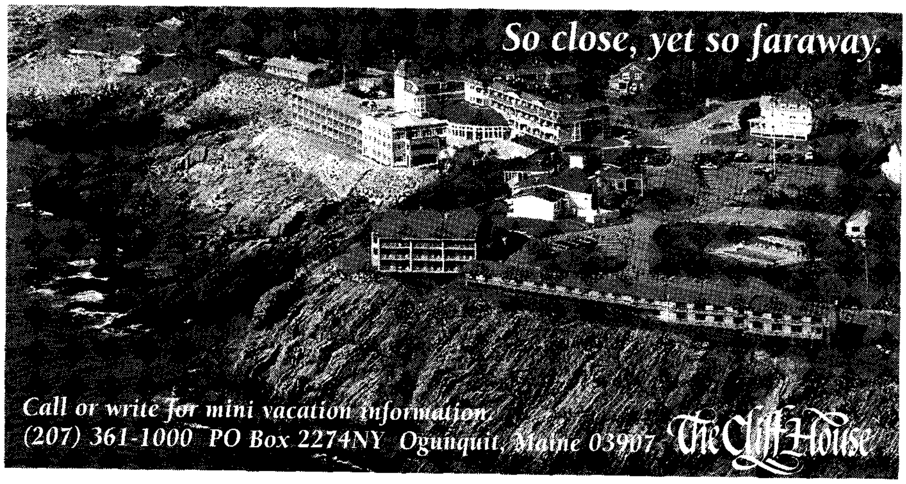

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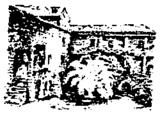

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childhood illness left him with a twisted mouth and deaf in his right ear. In 1963, when, at the age of twenty-nine, he was first elected to Parliament, he could not yet speak English. During the next three decades, he filled nine successive Cabinet posts, becoming, among other things, the first French-Canadian to serve as Minister of Finance. Over the years, he alienated many of the Quebec bourgeoisie by joking about himself as "a pea-souper" in English Canada. His heavily accented, garbled English also embarrassed them. Bouchard pronounced him a vulgar politician. Chrétien once described Quebec's longing to be an international player in a fractured phrase, saying that it amounted to no more than coveting "*un* flag *sur le* hood."

Chrétien was elected the leader of the Liberal Party in 1990, overcoming the hostility of some members of the Quebec caucus. They blamed Chrétien, ever an unabashed federalist, for consistently opposing their province's boarding-house reach for special constitutional treats.

Going into the 1993 campaign, Chrétien, who was ridiculed as "yesterday's man" by his opponents, arranged to have himself photographed water-skiing, jogging, and lugging cases of beer; however, what was in question was not his muscles but his intelligence. In the last days of the campaign, the desperate Tories, playing to such doubts, released a notorious TV commercial that concentrated on closeups of Chrétien's twisted mouth and asked, "Is this a Prime Minister?" An unseen voter responded, "I would be personally embarrassed if he would become Prime Minister of Canada."

Following his election, Chrétien was still being patronized. On November 22, 1993, a *Globe & Mail* front-page headline marvelled, "CHRÉTIEN STYLE IMPRESSES CLINTON." Our new Prime Minister hadn't been caught picking his toes or farting in his first meeting with the American President, at the Asia-Pacific Economic Coöperation Forum, in Seattle. In fact, the *Globe* reported that Chrétien was getting "good marks" for his international début: "Canadian government officials . . . say he quickly grasped the detail and nuance of material in his briefing book."

Before I was ushered in to see Chrétien, an aide slipped me a report on the latest Gallup Poll, published in *La Presse* the previous morning. It showed that the Prime Minister now enjoyed a fifty-seven-per-cent national approval rating.

Brian Mulroney, the first Canadian Prime Minister to have emerged from the working class, overcompensated by favoring cashmere topcoats and stylish made-to-measure suits, and by accumulating dozens of pairs of tasselled Guccis. Chrétien, whose dress is habitually casual and whose preferred tipple is beer, seems at ease with his origins. Tall and lean, with thinning brown hair, a heavily wrinkled forehead, and a shy smile, he looks like a man who could change his own disk brakes or unblock a toilet. "I don't subscribe to the notion that the land and the blood must match, but believe in the equality of all the peoples in this country," he told me. Focussing on Bouchard, who had belonged, in turn, to the Liberals, the P.Q., the New Democratic Party, and the Tories, he said, "That man has a certain flexibility; there isn't one party he didn't belong to once. He is a bit naïve, promising a utopia in which everything will be cured. Those Quebecers who are most fearful of Anglophones tend to live in regions where they probably haven't ever met one. Montreal is paying the price. If there's another referendum, I hope this time they will ask an honest question: 'Do you want to separate or not?' "

"And what if they win?"

"Back in '64, René Lévesque"—the founder of the Parti Québécois—"asked me to quit Ottawa and join him in a great adventure. Quebec, he said, would be independent within five years, and that was what—twenty-five years ago? The Francophone press has cast me as a villain since Meech. They've buried me many times. But I'm still here."

In 1980, I pointed out, Trudeau had said that if the federalists lost the referendum he would resign as Prime Minister. He was mindful of being a Quebecer himself, and said he had no mandate to negotiate separation.

"I'm a positive thinker," Chrétien said.

"But have you a contingency plan in the event that you lose a referendum?"

"In the end, I'm sure common sense will prevail."

I left Ottawa with the feeling that either Chrétien had a plan but wouldn't own up to it, because it smacked of defeatism, or his government's policy, if Bouchard should put a call through the morning after a referendum win, was not to answer the phone.

SPEAKING to a joint meeting of the Canadian and Empire Clubs, in Toronto, last autumn, Bouchard said, "I am well aware of the fact that to many English Canadians, Quebec sovereignty at best appears to be illogical and irrational. They feel that Canada is one of the world's greatest democracies. So why, they wonder, would anyone want to seek sovereignty for Quebec?"

Federalists argue, reasonably, that separation would be costly to both French and English Canada. There would be no "friendly divorce" but instead a bruising battle over the country's spoils, over a division of the national debt, and over an independent Quebec's acceptable frontiers.

If the separatists should prevail in a referendum next year, the rest of Canada would clearly not let a Prime Minister who was a Quebecer himself negotiate on their behalf with his native province. Most likely, Chrétien would call a snap election, and then Quebecers might have to contend with Prime Minister Preston Manning, a nice Christian fundamentalist in the prairie woodpile. Manning, who has enlisted a surprising number of fulminating, overtaxed middle-class Canadians to his deficit-cutting cause, has been compared with Ross Perot. But the Reform leader is far from wealthy, and is seemingly without a mean streak. He is also canny. He has succeeded in presenting himself as an aw-shucks political neophyte—Canada's take on James Stewart in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington"—but the truth is that the fifty-one-year-old Manning has been active in politics for years. He is the son of Ernest Charles Manning, who was the Social Credit premier of Alberta from 1943 to 1969, and he used to appear regularly on his father's evangelical radio show, "Canada's National Bible Hour."

Manning's obsession is the national debt, currently running at more than five hundred billion dollars. As Prime Minister, he would demand that Quebec accept a status as just another province among equals or cut bait. He has attracted an embarrassing number of rednecks to his crusade. On February 8th, it was revealed that the constituency association of Werner Schmidt, a Reform backbencher out of British Columbia, had included in a newsletter a quotation from Adolf Hitler: "What luck for rulers that men do not think." Another Reform M.P., Cliff Breitkreuz, of Alberta, told a local newspaper he felt that Ottawa was too "Frenchified."

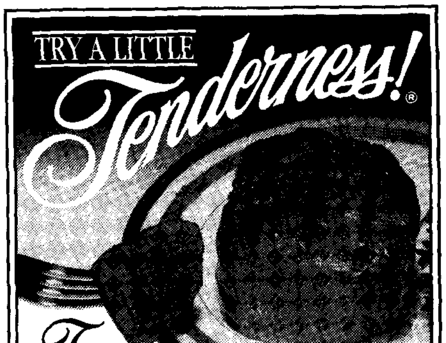
THE final score of Jacques Parizeau's projected third period is still open to question; nevertheless, some Canadians are already worried about the safety of securities stored in Montreal vaults. On January 22nd, the day I left Ottawa, the *Gazette* reported that the Bank of Montreal's InvestorLine Division had sent a letter to anxiety-ridden clients assuring them that "should a difficulty arise that would make it impractical to service your account from our Montreal office, we would immediately take the necessary steps to move your account back to Toronto."

If future opinion polls should indicate a close referendum result, or a separatist win, this could be taken as a mere harbinger of the financial turbulence to come. Meanwhile, in the prevailing political uncertainty, Canada, like Leacock's horseman, continues to ride madly off in all directions. But a month after I left Ottawa federalists savored some encouraging news. A poll published on February 28th showed that support for the Bloc had slipped from forty-nine per cent to thirty-eight. Even more surprising, the provincial Liberals had pulled ahead of the separatists in Quebec—only temporarily, it would turn out—before tumbling to twenty-four points behind with Francophone voters, which would suggest a P.Q. sweep in this autumn's election. But the Liberals did enjoy a hallelujah day on February 28th. After having suffered five by-election defeats in a row, they actually won one, in Shefford, taking a district that the P.Q. had held since 1981 and whose population is ninety-six per cent Francophone. "The voters have reminded us that the game isn't over until the last period has been played," Parizeau said.

A few days later, Parizeau responded to recent poll results—that now forty-four per cent of Quebecers wished to stay in Canada and only thirty-seven per cent favored independence. On March 2nd, speaking at a Montreal conference sponsored by *The Economist*, he said, "If you ask me what will happen if we fail again, I will tell you we will try again. . . . Do you really think that an idea as potent as the independence of a country can reach levels like that of 1980, of forty per cent of the population, and just peter out, vanish? . . . Are you absolutely sure that the idea of the independence of Scotland is gone forever?"

Since then, Parizeau has stated that, on the one hand, Quebecers who endorse the P.Q. in the coming election are voting for sovereigntists but not sovereignty and that, on the other, he would interpret a win as a license to begin preparing for sovereignty, and to start talks with Ottawa on the transfer of powers, even though Quebecers would not be making a final decision until they voted in a referendum to be held no later than June of 1995.

On May 2nd, the P.Q. released a position paper, in English: "Quebec in a New World." It warned that an independent Quebec would revive the ban on most English-language commercial signs, restrict entry to English junior colleges to Quebecers with a parent who had been to English-language primary school, and demand that small businesses, with ten to fifty employees, make French the language of the workplace, especially in written materials. However, it also declared the English community an invaluable asset, and promised to retain the right to speak English in the National Assembly and the courts. It also guaranteed the survival of Montreal's two English-language universities: McGill and Concordia. But none of this might be necessary. Five hundred and fifty thousand of Quebec's remaining seven hundred and sixty thousand Anglophones live in the greater Montreal area. They have already indicated to pollsters that half of them would leave if Quebec separated. The 1993 survey, undertaken by the provincial government's Office de la Langue Française, noted that Anglophones "fear being isolated from the rest of Canada if Quebec separates." They anticipated a disastrous economic situation and were fearful of losing their rights and being badly treated. ♦



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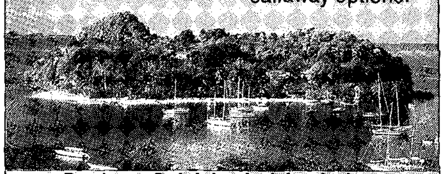

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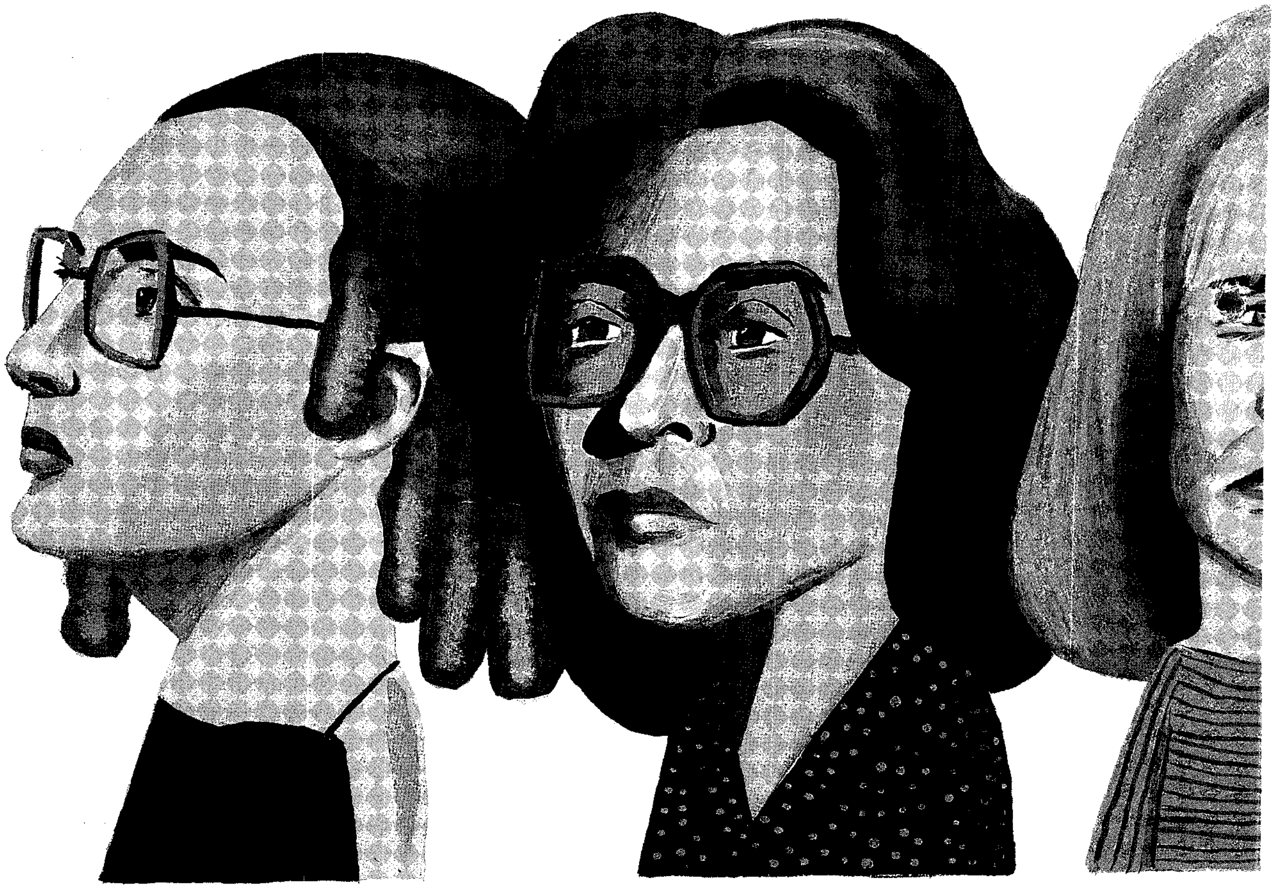


PROFILE

HILLARY THE POL

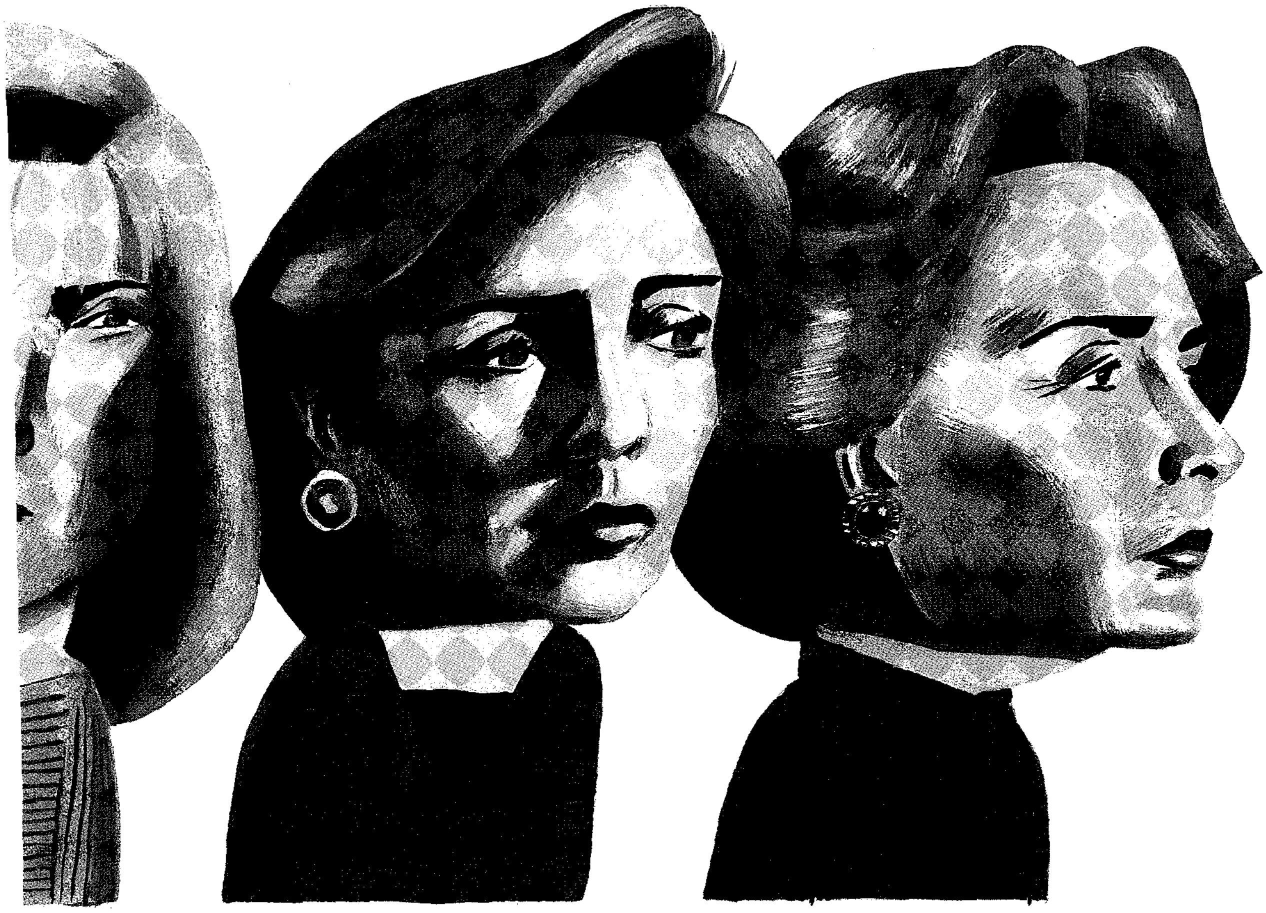
Hillary Rodham Clinton has navigated difficult territory as Bill Clinton's full partner, and throughout her career she has shown a remarkable resiliency and a willingness to reposition herself as many times as necessary to get the job done—her way.

BY CONNIE BRUCK

DURING the early months of Hillary Rodham Clinton's activities on behalf of health-care reform, she took Capitol Hill by storm. Describing a meeting she held with the Senate Finance Committee—a group that will be critical to the passage of any health-care legislation—Lawrence O'Donnell, Jr., the committee's chief of staff, told me, "Mrs. Clinton came into that room, and she opened the discussion at about four-twenty-five in the afternoon. We were about eighteen minutes into it when she stopped—I remember, I looked at the clock. And what I had just heard were the most perfectly composed, perfectly punctuated sentences, growing into paragraphs, in the most perfect, fluid presentation about what our problems in this field were and what we could do about them." He added, "And then she held her position in the face of questioning by these senators around the table, many of whom know a great deal about the subject. And she was more impressive than any Cabinet member who has sat in that chair."

There were some people, as there had been in Arkansas over the years, who found her presence so compelling that her husband's seemed to pale by comparison. Senator Tom Daschle, of South Dakota, who became one of her most ardent advocates on health-care legislation, has described an issues conference for Democratic senators held in Jamestown, Virginia, in April, 1993, at which Hillary Clinton; Ira Magaziner, the director of the health-care task force; and Judith Feder, a deputy assistant secretary in the Department of Health and Human Services and the head of the task force's

DRAWINGS BY MARK ULRIKSEN



working groups, were to address the senators during the day. "We thought that Ira and Judy would be the primary speakers, and the First Lady would be there to fill the stature gap and impress the senators with the importance of the proposal," Daschle recalled. "Well, Ira and Judy got lost coming down. And the First Lady said, 'I don't know that we have to wait. Let's get started.' She had no notes—Ira and Judy had all the materials. And she spoke with such eloquence and conviction and knowledge of the subject. That night, the President spoke. But at least half the senators who were there indicated that it was that morning, when Mrs. Clinton spoke, that was the highlight of the weekend."

Bedazzled as many in Congress were by the force of her intellect, so evident in these presentations, it was hardly an unknown quantity: her reputation as a formidable lawyer with a first-rate analytical mind had preceded her. What was unexpected, in those early months of her tenure as First Lady, was her sallying forth with the instincts and tactics of a seasoned politician. A person who observed her relations with Congress has since said, "There was a skepticism on the Hill about her role"—as head of the health-care initiative. "Was she a dilettante, not really willing to dirty her hands? But, as it turned out, she was willing to travel to people's districts, willing to call their favorite radio reporters. She is substantively driven—but she was also engaged in courting, incessantly. . . . A lot of people were surprised that she was working this issue the way someone would who was not the First Lady." This person added, "The First Lady is a pol."

Her courtship of members of Congress was no less successful for being so overtly orchestrated. She called on many members in their offices, frequently bringing along a photographer, who would snap pictures of her not only with the senator or representative but with the receptionist and other staff people; several days later, autographed photographs would arrive. (After I attended an event where I shook hands with Hillary, in the course of researching this article, I, too, was sent an autographed photograph.) A member of one representative's staff remarked to me, "All these egomaniacs—the notion that the First Lady would come to their office! And these were more than courtesy calls. They were so scripted and focussed she could have been working for the C.I.A. These were intelligence-gathering meetings, not chitchat. When she visited my boss, the visit was scheduled for a half hour and she spent an hour and a half. They talked about health care, his home state, kids—everything. She was trying to figure out what these people were about." And by September, when she went to the Hill to testify at hearings of five different Senate and House committees, this aide added, "she basically had a dossier on everyone, so she could incorporate into her responses something about a member's personal background."

When J. J. (Jake) Pickle, a representative from Texas who sits on the House Ways and Means and Joint Taxation Committees, announced that he was going to retire, Hillary was one of the first people in Washington to call him, "thanking him for his service, telling him how much she was looking forward to working with him through '94," one person said. Representative John Dingell, of Michigan, the chairman of the House Energy and Commerce Committee, revered his father, a representative who had introduced health-care legislation in

1943 and then fought to keep it alive for more than a decade; Dingell himself has introduced similar legislation in every Congress since 1955, when he succeeded his father in the House. In early June of 1993, as Dingell was taking call-in questions on a Detroit radio station, he suddenly found Hillary on the line. "She was calling in to say, 'Happy Anniversary on your dad's bill—it's taken fifty years and we are going to try to pass it,' " an aide to Dingell recalled. "And after her father died she wrote him a letter—something very personal, about how she thought of him and his father. He was very touched by it." Then, when she testified before Dingell's committee during her public congressional début, in September, she began by invoking the memory of Dingell's father and the legislation he had urged so tenaciously.

That début—a marathon of back-to-back appearances before five committees—was widely perceived as virtuoso. Referring in general to her appearances to promote health care, of which her congressional testimony was the most sustained and dramatic, Representative Pat Williams, of Montana, said, "We were embarrassed by our surprise, but we were surprised—that in a city that relies on staff and note cards she could travel alone and speak with no notes."

To those who knew her well, however, the feat seemed characteristic. Always the industrious student, she had immersed herself in the arcana of health care for nine months; she knew her subject cold. And she knew all her questioners. In a speech earlier in September she had noted that as of that date she had met more than a hundred and thirty times with members of Congress to talk about health care, and with more than eleven hundred assorted groups.

The risk that Hillary Clinton faced in her performance was not that she would stumble on her facts or be caught short. It was, rather, a risk that she had been mindful of during her past decade of public life: that her acumen and high competence, unadorned, would narrow her public appeal, and alienate the more retrograde; and also that her steeliness, if it were to show through, would alienate many more. As an antidote, she chose to strike a warmer, softer chord in her opening. It was a chord that she had struck very deliberately during the Presidential campaign, and, for that matter, a chord that President Clinton himself struck, in the first of two recent interviews with me, when, after saying that people mistake her for "this sort of superstrong, brilliant person who seems to be almost mechanical in her power and strength and all that," he declared, "There's that whole other more vulnerable, more human side of her." At the first congressional committee before which she testified, the House Ways and Means Committee, chaired by Representative Dan Rostenkowski, Hillary began by saying, "The official reason I am here today is because I have had that responsibility"—for health-care reform. "But more importantly for me, I'm here as a mother, a wife, a daughter, a sister, a woman."

SEVERAL months ago, before the Whitewater investigation and revelations about Hillary Clinton's commodities trading had begun to dog her, Betsey Wright, who was Bill Clinton's chief of staff for many years when he was governor, and remains close to the Clintons, told me, "Hillary is happier now than she's ever been. She liked practicing corporate law, but she was doing it because she, as the breadwinner, *had* to do it. Now she gets to do her first love, full time."

The detour from that "first love"—effecting public policy—which Hillary Rodham took when she moved to Arkansas and subsequently married Bill Clinton surprised some people who knew her and had believed that her aim was to achieve political power on her own, for Hillary Rodham was a strikingly intelligent, notably self-confident and self-contained young woman, about whom there was no suggestion of an adjunct, and her political ambition was plain. Her directedness is what fellow-students recall as having been her most distinguishing characteristic at Wellesley (where she was president of the student government) and, later, at Yale Law School. A classmate of Hillary's at Wellesley told me, "She was so ambitious. She already knew the value of networking, of starting a Rolodex, even back then. She cultivated relationships with teachers and administrators even more than with students. While she was respected across the board, and she had her circle of friends, I would not say she was popular. She was a little too intimidating for that." She was marked then, too, by the political pragmatism that has since become famous. After the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., a group of black students on campus were threatening a hunger strike if the Wellesley administration did not address their demands. It was the kind of situation in which, as a classmate recalled, "Hillary would step in and organize an outlet that would be acceptable on the Wellesley campus. She coöpted the real protest by creating the academic one—which, looking back on it, I think was a mature thing to do. In any event, she was never truly left. Very much a moderate, very much a facilitator."

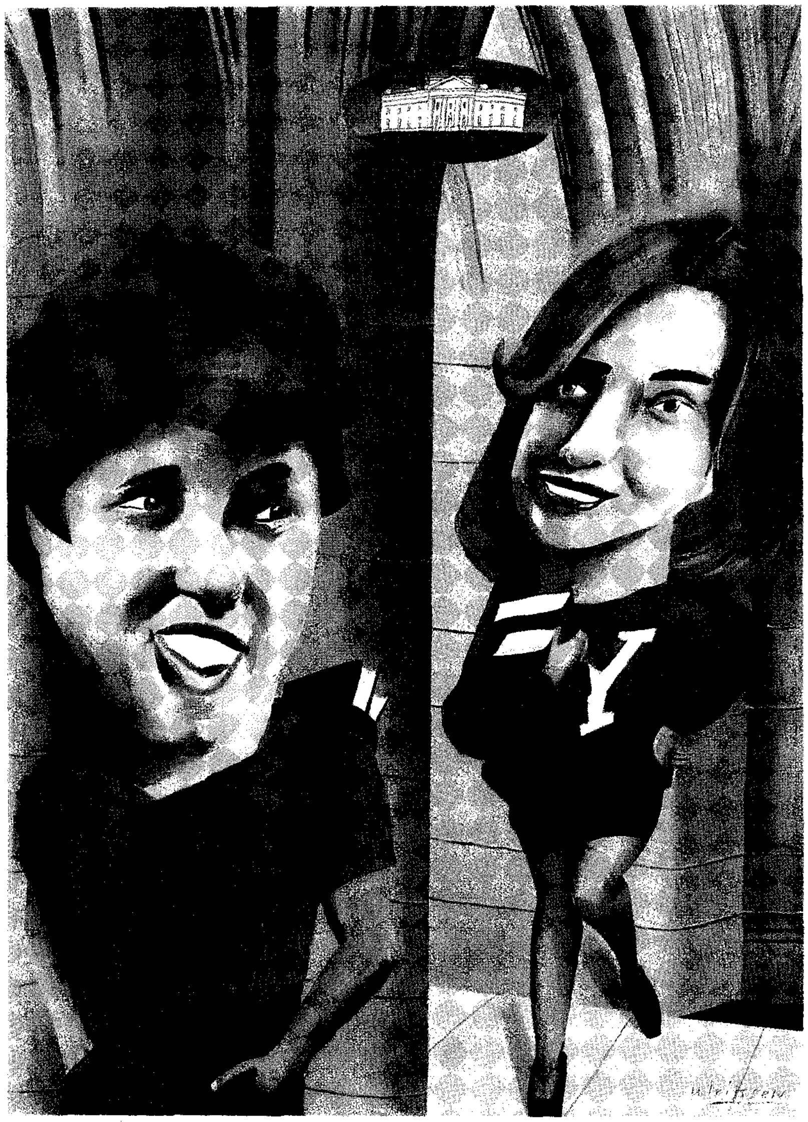
At Yale, Hillary Rodham's progression toward a political career seemed to be continuing apace. One of her women classmates told me, "Most of my friends and I were always agonizing, filled with self-doubt—you know, 'Why are we here? What are we doing?' Hillary had no self-doubt. She knew she wanted to be politically influential and prominent. She wanted recognition. And she was there because Yale was the kind of law school where you would think about social policy. That year showed her to be a natural politician. She had a natural charismatic quality—people loved to be around her. She liked studying in groups, organizing social events—and the people around her felt that that was where the action was." She was also unmoved by much of what was eddying about her, in that tumultuous period of the early seventies. "She did nothing to excess," this classmate told me. "She didn't do drugs. She was too cautious, and would never take such a risk. She took no joy in the illicit. The forbidden held no fascination for her—she lacked any self-damaging impulse." That Hillary Rodham conducted herself in such a no-nonsense—even exemplary—way may have been due mainly to an innate conservatism; but this woman believed at the time that Hillary was also conducting herself as she did with an eye to her political future. "In the years since, she has dissembled about her own ambition," this woman continued, "but at Yale Law School she did not dissemble about her desire to be an important political figure."

It was at Yale, of course, that she met Bill Clinton. Classmates recall him as refreshingly candid about his national political ambitions. While he may not have discussed, specifically, a desire to be

President, it was not an idea that would have seemed outlandish to his closest friends in Arkansas; a high-school classmate said that whenever she sent Clinton a card she tried to find one bearing a picture of the White House. A friend of Hillary's commented, "The fact that Bill knew he was going to run for political office was very attractive to Hillary."

Hillary Rodham and Bill Clinton made a powerful combination. People who knew both of them at that time say that the two were plainly crazy about each other, and each saw in the other a partner for the political future. Betsey Wright says, "They both passionately share the sense that they're supposed to make a difference in this world—and they had that before they met each other." Some of their friends, however, have commented that Hillary (for all her pragmatism) seemed more messianic than Bill; a friend who knew them in law school says, "With Bill, you felt he just *wanted* to be President, whereas Hillary was really animated by her sense of what was right. She had this religious zeal."

Over the years, such an exceptional pair inevitably evoked comparisons between them, and debate about which of them was the brighter. "They both have an extra computer in their brains," Betsey Wright declared. While it became the fashion later for those who knew the two only casually to say that Hillary was smarter, that was not the prevailing view among their closer associates. Ellen Brantley, who knew Hillary slightly at Wellesley and later as a fellow faculty member at the University of Arkansas School of Law, in Fayetteville, and then in Little Rock as a fellow-attorney, and who was appointed a state judge by Bill Clinton, said of Hillary, "She is clearly highly intelligent, and has succeeded, in part, through the practical application of her intelligence. She is very articulate, very good at *communicating* her intelligence. I don't think she is smarter than Bill, though some people will say that. If they were in the same class, she would attend all the classes, read all the assignments, outline her notes, study hard for the exam. Bill would stop by some of the classes, read a couple of the assignments while also reading other, related things, and then write an exam that brought in some ideas that had been introduced in class, some outside—linking them in a very original way. And they'd both get an A."



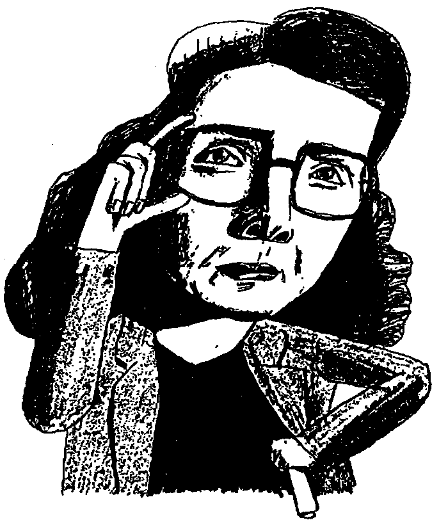
They were plainly crazy about each other, and each saw in the other a partner for the political future.

In choosing to move to Arkansas and marry Bill Clinton, Hillary Rodham was surrendering, at least for the time being, any autonomous route to political power. It was a decision about which she may have retained some ambivalence; one friend recalled her commenting, in the eighties, "Someone from my youth group called and said, 'It's great that you're a governor's wife—but we thought *you* would be governor.' " And at the time, Betsey Wright told me, she was disappointed at what she viewed as Hillary's abdication of her own political calling. Wright, who met Hillary and Bill when they came to Texas to work on the McGovern campaign, in 1972, founded an organization to recruit and train women to run for political office and to fund their candidacies, and she was mightily impressed by Hillary. "I'm almost a student of strong women leaders. And she was so unusual, even in that cadre," Wright said. But what Hillary saw, Wright continued, was that Bill Clinton could be President—she "saw that in him when I first met them." She added, "I'm not saying that's why she married him—but it was something she saw. And she's always seen she could have political power with him—just not elected. It was my shortsightedness that I felt when she married him that she was giving up her chance for political power."

HILLARY RODHAM worked for about eight months on the impeachment-inquiry staff of the House Judiciary Committee investigating President Richard Nixon—an extraordinary assignment for a young lawyer—before the move to Arkansas. She was just in time to help Clinton in his ultimately futile campaign for a congressional seat, challenging a popular incumbent. Political campaigns seem to have always been a natural medium for her. In 1972, when she and Clinton went to Texas to campaign for McGovern, she had made a powerful impression on Sara Ehrman, now at the Democratic National Committee. "I remember her as this skinny kid from Yale, wearing brown corduroys and a brown shirt, very earnest and very tough," Ehrman told me. "In the ambience of San Antonio, nobody got to the point for the first three hours, and she got to the point in the first two minutes. . . . 'Where's the Anglo vote? Where's the Hispanic vote? Where's the liberal vote?' She was no novice in any respect."

Many of Bill Clinton's friends at that time have recalled that their expectations of Hillary were very high, because Clinton had talked about her volubly, with great intensity and deep admiration, for some time before her arrival. Those friends say that they were not disappointed. Rudy Moore, who served as Clinton's chief of staff in his first term as governor, says of his first impression of Hillary Rodham, "She had done interesting things at an early age—especially, working for the House Judiciary Committee. And she was very confident. She never projected herself as anything other than your equal—male or female."

Carolyn Staley, who had become a friend of Clinton's in high school, told me that Hillary represented a break with Clinton's past as far as women were concerned. "He was everybody's flame. He had girls everywhere he went—a new girl every weekend." Staley has remained close to Clinton, and today she considers him her best friend. "I think he fell in love with her mind, and her confidence," she said of Hillary. "All the other girls fawned on him. But Hillary's attitude was: I don't *need* you. She was going to lead her life. She never drew her identity from him. I remember Virginia"—Virginia Kelley, Clinton's mother—"saying about Hillary, after she met her, 'Bill, she's so *different.*' You know, Bill had always had beauty queens. And he said, 'Look, Ma, I have *work* to do. I don't need to be married to a sex goddess.' "



The sureness about her own judgment is probably Hillary's cardinal trait.

During my first conversation with President Clinton, in the Oval Office, the President—a man whose ruddiness and startlingly blue eyes make for a vivid physical presence—disputed the notion that girls had "fawned" on him, and stressed that he had had girlfriends before Hillary who were also bright, independent young women. About Hillary, however, he said, "I just liked—I liked being around her, because I thought I'd never be bored being with her. In the beginning, I used to tell her that I would like being old with her. That I thought that was an important thing—to be with someone you thought you'd always love being old with."

In October, 1975, a little more than a year after Hillary moved to Arkansas—and shortly before Bill launched his campaign for Arkansas attorney general, which proved to be almost a walkover—they were married. Hillary had been teaching at the University of Arkansas School of Law, and also oversaw the school's legal-aid clinic; she was a strong opponent of the death penalty, and helped prepare an amicus-curiae brief in support of an appeal (which was successful) for a defendant on death row. (She subsequently came to support the death penalty, however; Betsey Wright told me that she had changed her position by the time executions became a reality in Arkansas.) When Bill Clinton assumed the office of attorney general, in January of 1977, and they left Fayetteville for Little Rock, Hillary joined the Rose Law Firm, the most strongly establishment, white-shoe firm in town.

Herb Rule, a partner in the Rose firm, recalled that Hillary had had no trial experience when she entered the firm, but that he tried a few cases with her and saw a ready aptitude. "She got to the nut—she's combative," he told me. "She's a person who's not afraid to be herself. Lots of women are aggressive and competitive, but they hide it. And it was apparently something that came early in life." He added, "Hillary has an uncommon ability to see herself. At its best, that gives you an understanding of other people's natures—judge, opponents, witnesses, jurors—that builds your sense of where you are and what you're doing, and lets you avoid the trap of doing something repetitively, and adjust. The dangerous side of it is that you become captive of what others' wishes are. You go from activity to activity—changing roles all the time—that other people wish upon you."

In those days, at least, Hillary Rodham seemed disinclined to modify her persona. She had apparently never considered her appearance a coin in which to trade; she certainly did not rely on it to win others' affirmation, and she made no concessions to it. She used no makeup; wore immensely thick glasses; occasionally had a perm, though with unhappy results; and seemed to pay little attention to her clothes, dressing in a way that was, at best, unremarkable. Herb Rule, for one, maintains that, despite all this, "she was attractive, I thought," adding, "But it was a studied plainness: this is *me.*"

When Hillary appeared in the courtroom (a male bastion throughout the country, but nowhere more so than in the South), her willingness to be herself—a person free of the vestigial handicaps that still afflicted many of her female contemporaries—was especially notable. One lawyer who practiced with her said, "She has a way of possessing and filling up a courtroom, but it is not feminine. It's just *lawyer.*"

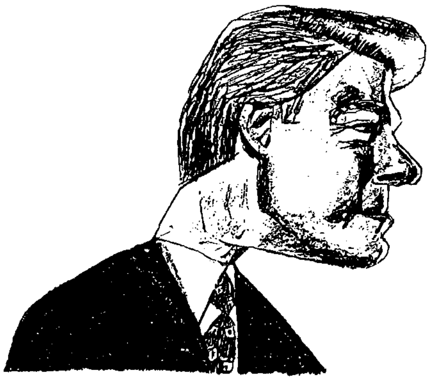
Eventually, Hillary became good friends with two other lawyers at the Rose firm, Vincent Foster and Webster

Hubbell. Professionally, the three lawyers were a tightly meshed team. Diane Blair, who has known Hillary since the mid-seventies and is now probably her closest friend, told me, "They were so great together—like basketball players, where they can pass and don't even have to look." The emotional bond, however, was said to be strongest between Hillary and Foster. "Vince Foster *worshipped* her," a person who works in the White House told me. "He would have done anything for her."

In 1978, when the thirty-one-year-old Bill Clinton began campaigning for governor, Hillary Rodham, by this time a veteran not only of the McGovern campaign but also of the 1976 Carter campaign (she was his No. 2 coördinator in Indiana), played a pivotal role, though it was largely behind the scenes. Rudy Moore, who was Clinton's campaign director, explained to me, "She did not do so much on the campaign trail that year. A woman was expected to smile, and not give speeches. And the name issue"—her use of her maiden name—"was in the forefront." Clinton's opponent in the Democratic primary had made an issue of her name, Moore added; the Clinton group did not consider it a big enough liability to try to persuade her to change it, and she argued that it was her professional name. "She did general strategy, and then, in the summer, because it was so clear that he was going to win, she developed policy ideas and brought in people who would be in the administration. So she did policy, strategy, hands-on administration—directing the show." Part of Hillary's contribution, Moore went on, was the way in which—because her personality was so different from Clinton's—she complemented him. "Bill sees the light and sunshine about people, and Hillary sees their darker side. She has much more ability than he does to see who's with you, who's against you, and to make sure they don't take advantage of you. He's not expecting to be jumped, but she always is. So she's on the defensive."

Bev Lindsey, who worked in one of Clinton's gubernatorial administrations and is married to Bruce Lindsey, now a senior adviser to the President, recalled about that first term, "Hillary was *very* active in shaping public policy, but not in being a political wife. She thought then that Bill could be governor and she could shape policy and be a corporate lawyer, and not have to do the rest—not have to go to ladies' lunches, or travel with him and be next to him and not speak." From that time on, Lindsey added, she became accustomed to "wielding *so much* power—both as a corporate lawyer and as his political partner, shaping public policy." Most of what she did was not visible, but one activity was: Clinton appointed her to chair a task force on rural health care.

Hillary Rodham was hard-edged even by Northern standards—she had been considered "intimidating" by her peers at Wellesley, and in high school had been dubbed Sister Frigidaire—so in the warm, modulated, and infinitely discursive (not to mention sexist) environment of Arkansas she came as something of a shock. Tommy Robinson, who was a member of Clinton's gubernatorial cabinet in his first term, and has a long history of disputes with him, recalled, "She would be at meetings at the Mansion"—the Governor's Mansion. "She is one very professional tough bitch. I have a great deal of respect for her and I don't use the word loosely. I give her high marks—but she's tough. She did not want any screwups of any kind. She was *all business*."



Bill says Hillary knew that 1992 would be his year—she has "a sixth sense."

In Clinton's first gubernatorial term, he and his closest aides viewed themselves, at least in some respects, as reformers, and they challenged some of the state's most powerful corporate interests, including the timber and energy industries. Dick Morris, a political consultant and one of Clinton's Arkansas strategists, said, "He was very idealistic, not pragmatic at all. There was no focus to his agenda. His first term resembled his first three months as President—a period of learning."

During Clinton's campaign for reëlection in 1980, neither he nor Hillary was properly focussed on the effort, several former aides told me. Hillary had many competing concerns: in February of 1979, she had been made a partner in the Rose firm, and a year later their daughter, Chelsea, was born. And Clinton was already provoking the kind of talk about philandering that continued, on and off, for years in Arkansas and ultimately (with the emergence of Gennifer Flowers) endangered his bid for the Presidency. "It's fair to say there were marital troubles at that time," Rudy Moore conceded when I mentioned what I'd heard. He added, "Though I don't know what they were." A friend commented, "Bill was like a kid with a new toy that first term. The perks, the Mansion, having the most powerful people in the state paying court to you. And he always had a weakness for bleached blondes with big jewelry, in short skirts, their figures shown off to best advantage. Gennifer was credible to us because she looked the part." Hillary was said to be devastated and humiliated by his behavior during this period, but to have determined that she would not leave the marriage, in which she had invested so deeply.

In any event, Bill and Hillary didn't awaken to the fact that the election was in jeopardy until it was too late. The defeat was traumatic—not only for Bill, friends say, but for Hillary as well. "It shook both of them right down to their toes," one friend declared. While the two may have been equally shaken, they responded in very different ways. Clinton, according to some people, seemed to experience losing not just as an electoral defeat but as a personal rejection by a large number of those whom he had courted; he took it so much to heart that he seemed emotionally undone. "It took all the air out of his normal resilience," Max Brantley, the editor of the weekly *Arkan-*

sas Times, recalled. "He was going around giving this Hamlet soliloquy—'All is lost, what can I do?' " An acquaintance said, "After Bill lost, it was pathetic." Recalling Clinton's early efforts to reintroduce himself to voters, this person continued, "It seemed as if you might find him, almost any hour of the day or night, at this supermarket out on Markham—he'd catch you at the end of the aisle, or he'd be waiting at the register, and he'd say, 'You know, I used to be governor, and . . .' "

Hillary Rodham took charge. This was when Betsey Wright was brought in, to begin strategizing for a comeback. According to one of the Clintons' advisers, "The experience of watching Bill screw up made Hillary realize she should jump into the breach." This person added, "She had to—he was so shaken, and was not a particularly good strategist anyway. There was no way he was going to win again unless she came in." This adviser acknowledged that Bill Clinton is a supremely political animal but maintained that "she is a better political animal in terms of strategy, and the dynamics of a campaign." Saying that Hillary participated in most strategic meetings in 1981 and 1982, and "injected a dose of realism into Bill's politics," this person continued, "Hillary was the strategist and the pragmatist, Bill the intellectual and the candidate."

That was the critical juncture, for both Hillary and Bill, in their shared political life. It seems to have involved a great deal of letting go for Bill Clinton—both of a degree of idealism and of various people who had been his aides and close friends in his first term. (Stephen Smith, for example, the deputy chief of staff, was one of Clinton's closest friends, and Clinton was godfather to Smith's son, but over the next decade the two rarely saw each other.) That so few of the key first-termers were asked to rejoin him when he regained the governorship in 1982 was said by some to have been in large part Hillary's decision. A member of the first administration said, echoing a widely expressed view, "She became very conscious of political realities. The Bill Clinton of those earlier years, for example, would not have been involved with the D.L.C."—the Democratic Leadership Council, which Clinton co-founded in 1985—"for anything. But from that point forward they were on a march. They were headed for the White House."

For Hillary, the accommodation was different. The staff people who were left behind were not *her* good friends, and the centrist shift in Clinton's politics probably caused her little, if any, discomfort. Indeed, when Diane Blair first met her, she was struck by how very mainstream Hillary Rodham was. "It's not true that she is the liberal one," Blair told me. "She came from that family where—with her father, especially—the idea was that you work for everything. She believes in personal responsibility. Back in the seventies, when we would talk, and I would say that some people *cannot* do better, look at the lives they live, she did not feel that way." What Hillary was relinquishing, however, was in its way equally profound: in deference to her marital partnership and the local culture, she surrendered the notion that she could do things in her unvarnished way; and she set about repackaging herself—changing her name, her appearance, and her public demeanor.

For her use of the name Rodham, she had been viewed, in some circles in Arkansas, as alien, and even subversive. One friend recalled standing next to her at a reception at the Rose firm in the late seventies, and seeing a man approach her, jab angrily at the nametag pinned to her blouse, and fairly spit out, "That's not your name!" The friend added, "She was very cool about it, as she always is." Phillip Carroll, a senior partner at the firm and a mentor to Vincent Foster, said, "Intelligent people, friends of ours, were just so exercised about her name. They would say, 'It *should* be Clinton!' But she clung to it tenaciously."

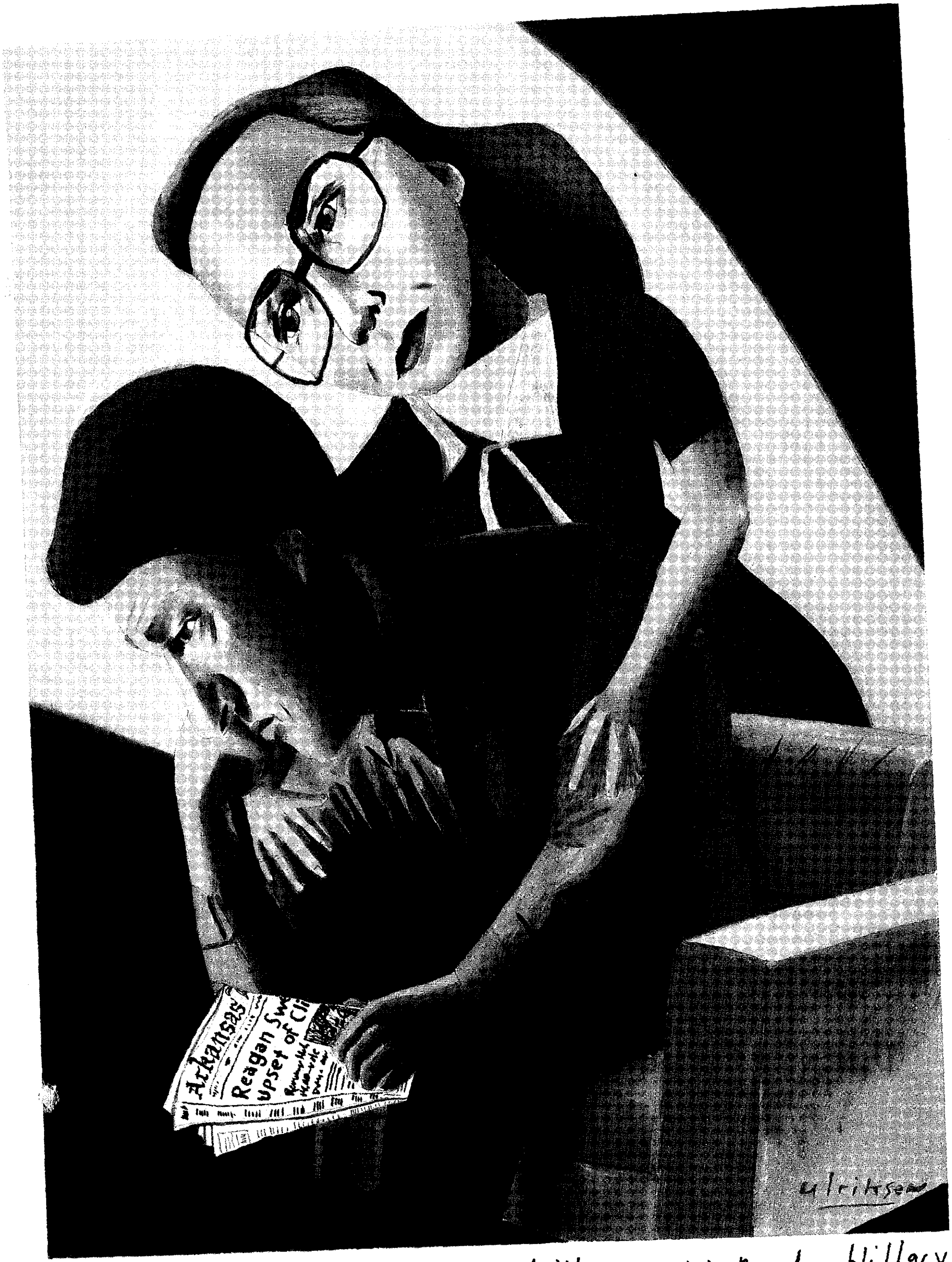
In one of my conversations with the President, he emphasized the point that not only had he not requested her to change her name but he had at first resisted her changing it. "She understood that it was part of a picture that we had painted for the voters that made them feel alienated from us. And she said to me—I never will forget. . . . I respected her so much for this, because she came in to see me, and she said, 'We've got to talk about this name deal.' She said, 'I couldn't bear it—if we're going to do this, let's try to win. I couldn't bear it if this costs you the election. It's just not that big a deal to me anymore.' "

Clinton continued, "And, see, the interesting thing is, Hillary told me she was nine years old when she decided she would keep her own name when she got married. It had nothing to do with the feminist movement or anything. She said, 'I like my name. I was interested in my family. I didn't want to give it up.' And she was a young child when she decided that."

However, he said, "when she came to me and said she wanted to change, I could see in her eyes that she had made the decision to do it. And I said, 'I do not want you resenting me. I would a lot rather lose the election than lose you.' She said, 'I'm not going anywhere.' I said, 'I know, but I don't want you to resent this for the rest of your life. You made this decision when you were a child. I like it. I approve of the decision. I don't care about it.' And she said, 'Look, Bill, we cannot—this is stupid! We shouldn't lose the election over this issue. We shouldn't run this risk. What if it's one per cent of the vote? What if it's two per cent? You might win or lose the election by two per cent. If you win by ten per cent, it's twenty per cent of the—' I mean, she really thought it through. So I said, 'O.K. My only request is that if you do this we've got to be completely honest about it. I want you to tell the people what you told me—that you're doing it because you think it might bother other people for the First Lady of this state not to have the same name as her husband. And you don't want something that bothers them so much to prevent us from having the opportunity to serve if they want us to serve otherwise. Do not tell them you've had a change of heart. Do not tell them it bothers you. Do not tell them you decided you were wrong, because that is not true, and it won't wash. If you tell them the truth, maybe it will work.' "

And work it did: those Arkansans who had resented her use of her name were pleased. "People really liked it," the President agreed. "Interestingly enough, they really liked it because it turned out to be that it was part of the picture that people had of us that we were smart, good, honest, and well meaning, but that we spent too much time doing what we wanted to do instead of what they wanted us to do."

GIVING up her name was surely the most costly of the changes that Hillary made; the others were more superficial. One family friend recalled that shortly after Clinton's defeat Hillary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"The experience of watching Bill screw up made Hillary realize she should jump into the breach."

asked her, "What are they wearing?"—a reference to the more fashion-conscious. It was a startlingly uncharacteristic query; this person commented, "It was the first time I ever heard her sounding vulnerable." Hillary lightened her hair, began wearing contact lenses and makeup, and hired a fashion consultant to help her select a wardrobe. "When she decided to do it, she was going to do it right," another friend recalled. "It was like an intellectual pursuit—she was going to *understand* all this." But, if she at first felt uncertain as she embarked on such alien terrain, the newly named Hillary Clinton seems to have quickly recovered her characteristic self-confidence. Her friend Connie Fails, who runs a dress shop in Little Rock, says that Hillary is the only woman ever to come into her boutique and—as she tried on clothes and stood before a mirror—not lament some perceived figure flaw.

In the 1982 campaign, her new image was introduced to the public in appearances at which she stood by Clinton's side—mute, smiling, fixing on Bill what Ellen Brantley describes as "the Nancy Reagan gaze." During this period, too, a warmer, more empathetic Hillary Clinton began to emerge. Sam Bratton, an attorney, and one of the few key staff members of Clinton's first term to be included in his second, told me, "Hillary can be abrupt, and that can be seen as her being arrogant, rude, uncaring—none of which I think she really is. But that *is* how she was seen, and that was considered to have been part of the reason for the loss." Another second-term aide said, "I think Hillary learned that what will kill you in Arkansas is a feeling that you're detached from the people, that you're not a regular, ordinary person, that you're not empathetic. This is a very *personal* state. Now, for Clinton that empathy is natural. But Hillary learned how to project it." Bratton, too, agreed that this was "something she learned," and he remarked, "Hillary is a good learner."

What Hillary Clinton had been lacking was, essentially, an ability to connect with people far different from her—a lack that could, of course, be fatal to her as a politician, and also one that had no doubt been highlighted by the inevitable contrast with her husband. It was a contrast that did not spring merely from the fact that he was a native Southerner, on his home ground. Dozens of people who have known Bill Clinton over the years maintain that he is genuinely curious about nearly every individual he meets; clearly wants to be liked; and seeks approbation in virtually every encounter. Moreover, he is said to thrive on contacts with a broad range of people, and even seems to *require* those eclectic contacts in order to feel most himself. Gloria Cabe, who worked with Bill Clinton for years in Arkansas and became his campaign manager in 1990, after Betsey Wright left, commented, "Hillary was *not* good at meeting and greeting, but later she learned it. With Bill, though . . . He'd go to a festival in a town square, with folks out of the Ozarks, and he'd come back higher than a kite, telling us all the stories people had told him." Or, as Amy Lee Stewart, Hillary's protégé at the Rose firm, put it, "A fish fry is not a pleasure for Hillary. For Bill Clinton, a fish fry is a joy."

Hillary's ardor to improve the world burned as fiercely as Bill's—and, some of her supporters would say, more purely. Where they differed was in how the ardor was expressed. One person who has known them for many years said, "Bill Clinton, calculating as he is, genuinely cares about people—he loves everyone, he is a sucker for every individual. Hillary, no. It's an intellectual thing—she loves the many, not the individual."

Hillary Clinton was never a shy person. Her political problem was not—as, say, it had been in the beginning for Eleanor Roosevelt, whose aura Hillary strives for—that she was too withdrawn and unsure to open herself to people and show who she was. The problem, in a sense, was showing too much who she was—showing the coldness, or even disdain, that those who did not interest or please her evoked. This side of her was witnessed most clearly by some members of Clinton's staff and also by some longtime friends of his. One of these friends, who likens receiving the full force of Hillary's scorn to "walking into a revolving air fan," said, "Her attitude about Bill's old friends is: Why are you hanging around with these *losers*? They're not successful, not rich." This person added, "I think she has assigned a usefulness quotient to everyone in her life: Whom do I need to accomplish this? Everyone is part of a team to get from this point to the finished product. She's very political: Are you wealthy? Are you powerful? Have you written a book I like? Are you a star?"

Even someone who holds Hillary in almost reverential regard—Jan Piercy, an old friend from Wellesley, who worked in the White House and is now waiting to be confirmed as the United States representative to the World Bank—seems to acknowledge this attitude of Hillary's, though she sees it in a rather more positive light: "Hillary uses different people for different purposes."

While those whom Hillary Clinton likes and respects are unlikely ever to feel her disdain, even her close friends concede that she has a temper they would hate to provoke. Temper is a trait she and Bill Clinton share, but, while his is said to erupt with the force of a sudden squall and then be spent—leaving him, more often than not, eager to make amends—hers has inspired ongoing fear in some of those who have worked with her over the years. Grown men describe her as being, at such times, "scary."

"She has a temper like you would not believe," a male former associate at the Rose firm said. "It's not so much that she screams—it's more the tone in her voice, the body language, the facial expressions. It's 'The Wrath of Khan.' " Some, it seems, are spared. Though Bill Clinton is not among them, Chelsea apparently is. A friend says she has never seen Hillary turn her capacity for verbal assault on her child. And Amy Stewart says, "Hillary with me has always been sweet, gentle, personal—different from what other people see. I've never heard an ugly tone."

In the generalized makeover that Hillary underwent in preparation for her husband's comeback campaign, she did not, of course, alter her temperament, but she began moderating her public presentation. Piercy remarked that over the years there were indeed times when Hillary—much like her close friend Susan Thomases, who is notoriously abrasive—evoked negative reactions. "But then she thought about it and she developed strategies for combatting it," Piercy continued. "Hillary uses charm strategically, for a softening effect." And as the two Clintons prepared for the 1982 campaign, probably no one was targeted for that charm with more premeditation than the *Arkansas Democrat's* managing editor and columnist, John Robert Starr.

The *Democrat's* politics were conservative, but that was not what Starr's

MEMENTO OF THE HOURS

First the path stones, then the shadow,
then, in a circuit of gorse and mint,
the room with a brook running under it.
It freshened the milk, the cream that grew
in its flat habit a shallow lacquer,
a veil I tested on slow afternoons
with a speckle of pepper.

There was butter, cheddar, the waxy pleats
of squash, green as a storm pond.
Walnuts. Three families of apple,
each with its circle of core fringe.
And the sheen on the walls
was perpetual, like the sheen
on the human body.

My mother would sit with me there,
her drawstring reticule
convex with scent jars and marzipan, the burled
shapes of the hidden. Once she brought her cut
flowers to chill until evening, and told me
the mouths of the bluebells
gave from their nectar a syrup elixir.

It holds in suspension the voices of choirboys,
she said. A dram of postponement.
And I felt as she spoke their presence
among us: the hum
of the brook just under our feet,
the mineral hush of the plenitude,
then the blackened robes of the blackberry vines
gradually filling the door.

—Linda Bierds

counterparts at the rival *Arkansas Gazette* and many citizens of the state held against him. Rather, it was what they considered his abuse of his position: they felt he used his column to carry out vendettas, large and small, specializing in the personal attack—and attacks not just on elected officials and federal judges (though some of those were favored targets) but also on private citizens who were defenseless against him. One Arkansan, who has been a friend of Bill and Hillary's since their days in Fayetteville, said, "I remember one time Starr's doctor's office made him wait." Eventually, the doctor's receptionist told Starr that the doctor had left to tend to a medical emergency. "Starr attacked her in his column. That doctor did the right thing—he packed up Starr's records and sent them to him, and told him he could find another doctor. And then there was a state trooper who was not polite"—while ticketing a member of Starr's family. "The trooper didn't know who Starr was. Well, Starr attacked him in his column, then kept going after him, investigating him. Finally, the trooper sold his home and moved back to northwest Arkansas—just to escape Starr." Starr himself gleefully confirmed this account of the incidents.

Sam Bratton recalled, "In '79 and '80, Starr was after Clinton almost every day—*nasty*. Our attitude then was to ignore Starr. But later we decided that that had not been right. Fairly early in the formulation of the '82 campaign, the decision was made to make a special attempt to reach out to Starr." Ernest Dumas, then a reporter on the *Gazette*, recounted, "Hillary and Betsey Wright decided they had to neutralize the *Democrat*. They knew that John Robert Starr had a tremendous ego, that he was weak, that they could pander to him. Before long, you'd see Hillary and Starr at lunch over in a corner. We found it nauseating. And for eight years he wrote very little bad about Bill."

Gloria Cabe later marvelled at Hillary's capacity for cultivating Starr over a period of many years—something that Cabe said she found herself unable to do, even when it was deemed part of her job as Clinton's campaign manager. Perhaps it would have been harder for Hillary if she had liked and respected members of the press generally, and had an appreciation of their role; perhaps she would then have been more repelled by Starr's failings. But the fact that she had apparently long held the press in low regard may have, paradoxically, made this courtship more palatable. Ellen Brantley said, "She has always really disliked the press. Her attitude is 'We're the ones who are trying to accomplish some good, we're doing the best we can, we're on the *right* side—so stop taking potshots at us. And, especially, don't raise anything during a campaign.' "

Starr remembers clearly how his relationship with Hillary Clinton began. Early in 1982, "someone gave a roast of me," he said. "Bill was one of the roasters, and I met her there. I decided that any man married to that woman couldn't be all bad. The deal he and I cut after I reassessed him was that I would not remind everyone what a bad governor he had been and would give him a new chance, as long as he kept the campaign clean. He assigned Betsey Wright and Joan Roberts"—his press secretary—"to make sure nothing happened to make me unhappy during the campaign of '82. It was as if I were his No. 1 financial supporter." Indeed, according to Robert Douglas, then the managing editor of the *Gazette*, Joan Roberts later told him that "her orders were to check with Starr every morning, see what he wanted, and give it to him."

"I started talking to Hillary quite frequently," Starr continued. "She and I had parallel ideas. One of Hillary's favorite sayings was 'Now, John Robert, you and I may disagree on this'—and I would say, 'Hillary, the only thing we disagree on is the worth of your husband.' Hillary always understood that I did what I did for the principle; Bill thought I did it to sell newspapers."

WHEN the Clintons returned to power in January, 1983, the major initiative that they and their key aides began planning was education reform. It wasn't merely that both Clintons cared deeply about education; reform was also something that Clinton was forced to address at that moment. The state supreme court had just rejected as unconstitutional Arkansas's system of financing education, ruling that because of the gap between rich and poor school districts the financing formula had to be rewritten to achieve greater equity. This meant, essentially, that funding for poorer districts would have to be increased—either by taking funds away from the richer districts or by raising revenue through taxes. Clinton decided that he would seek, among other tax proposals, to raise the sales tax by one per cent, thus gaining enough revenue to increase funding in all school districts, across the board. In return, he would promise major improvement in the education offered in Arkansas schools—which had been ranked among the worst in the country in the Alexander report, a study of school financing published in 1978. And to lead the effort, as chairman of the committee that would develop the plan for this new day in education, the Governor appointed his wife.

For Hillary, it was in many ways a golden opportunity. It allowed her to emerge from the largely behind-the-scenes role she had had in his first term, and to do so on an issue that Arkansans would deem appropriate for the wife of their governor. And, not incidentally, it was one that fell within the area—children's issues—that she had decided to focus on back in the early seventies, when she worked for the Children's Defense Fund, and had continued to address in various pro-bono activities (for example, as a board member of the C.D.F.). Moreover, she would now be able to connect with the people of the state in a personal way.

For several months, Hillary Clinton travelled the state, attending a number of the seventy-five county hearings, where she listened to parents, teachers, students, administrators, and concerned citizens. When she addressed a group of legislators with the committee's interim findings, her performance (a foreshadowing of her 1993 congressional testimony) was so masterly that State Representative Lloyd George, a cattle farmer from Danville and a constant critic of Bill Clinton's, leaped to his feet and uttered a remark that would become legend in Arkansas: "Gentlemen, we've elected the wrong Clinton!" ("That was an endearing but sexist statement," Betsey Wright commented. "They were so amazed that a woman could be so smart.") It was, in any event, the start of what Max Brantley refers to as "a strong Hillary following, almost a cult," explaining, "She became a celebrity. People *loved* her speeches, and her sincerity was believable."

Hillary "knows what she needs," Betsey Wright says. "And she makes sure she gets it."

While this process triumphantly established Hillary Clinton's bona fides with a considerable segment of the population of Arkansas, that may have been its chief accomplishment. It was designed to look like an exhaustive fact-finding process (hence the seventy-five hearings), which would culminate in the deliberations of the committee and conclude with its recommendations. But Kai Erickson, who was then the executive director of the Arkansas Education Association, explained to me, "Those meetings were set up by the governor's office. They were political—basically, getting people to agree there was a problem, so that the solutions already devised would be accepted. It was to *look* like fact-finding. Hillary probably picked up a few things here and there, but not much."

While ardent Hillary Clinton supporters, like the consultant Dick Morris, go as far as to claim that these recommendations were "in the vanguard of educational reform in this country" ("It's the key achievement of her life," Morris told me), experts agree that a number of the committee's recommendations were substantially similar to an initiative that had been proposed by the Arkansas Education Association in 1979. Not only did the blueprint already exist but the committee—in calling for smaller class sizes, more required courses in every high school, and the establishment of a state-administered Minimum Performance Test to be given in the third, sixth, and eighth grades—was far from the vanguard. Gloria Cabe, who was deeply involved in the education effort of 1983 and also in one in the late eighties, said of the 1983 standards, "It was really just bringing Arkansas in line with the rest of the country. The single greatest outcome of Hillary's work was that Arkansas began to value education more. It was that, more than any specific, demonstrable improvement."

The new policy may have been fairly commonplace, but getting it through the legislature with a tax increase required political dexterity. In a television address just before the legislature was briefed, the Clintons unveiled a decision known only to the inner circle: they would introduce a basic-skills teacher test. According to a key member of Clinton's staff, it was Hillary who proposed the idea. Kai Erickson told me, "There was a great schism. The idea of a teacher test was understood to have appeal to those white parents who felt that black teachers were not competent. The black teachers, though, felt that it was racist."

The A.E.A. mounted a fierce battle against the test, declaring it to be a gimmick, an attempt at a simplistic quick fix. Max Brantley, then the editor of the *Gazette*, told me, "The teacher test *was* a cynical ploy. It was a meaningless test. It did little to improve the quality of teaching. It was clearly done to get the tax increase." In fact, no one I spoke to in Arkansas had a kind word for the test as a meaningful tool for achieving teacher competency.

The opposition was vehement, but the Clintons were immovable. Some people who opposed the test believed this was due more to Hillary's resolve than to Bill. "The test was Hillary," one person declared. "Bill Clinton is more of a compromiser. He'll try to bring the parties together."

Starr, for his part, was pleased by the rift that the teacher test caused between Clinton and some of his constituents. "Bill was a little afraid of the political implications, but, because of me and others, he became convinced that it was the price he had to pay," Starr recalled. "And the next election"—in 1984—"was the easiest one he had. For two or three years, he got rid of the special-interest groups, the A.E.A. and the blacks. He told them to go stuff it. He called me once and said the blacks were on his ass. I told him, 'Don't worry, I'll go after the blacks—I'll get them so mad at me they'll forget about you!' I called them 'pipsqueak preachers.' " Starr chuckled at the memory.

While time and expediency eventually led to a reconciliation between Clinton and the A.E.A., even Hillary's confirmed supporters, when questioned directly, tend not to defend the teacher test. United States District Court Judge Henry Woods—who presided over the Little Rock school-desegregation case for years and, in 1987, appointed Hillary counsel to a special committee in that case, because, he said, "she has one of the finest legal analytical minds I have ever come across"—looked intently at me for several moments after I said to him that, from everything I had heard, it seemed that the test was meritless and, in addition, was intended to appeal to the racist segment of the population. Then he said, "Well, but they couldn't have passed the legislation without it."

While Hillary's friends—emphasizing that the reforms as a whole benefitted the people of Arkansas—defend the test as an act of political pragmatism, Hillary herself appears to have trouble reconciling this instance of expediency with her sense that she is a person of high moral purpose. When she was hissed by teachers in Arkansas, according to Martha Sherrill in the Washington *Post*, she told her friend Diane Blair, "It's heartbreaking, but someday they will understand."

HILLARY CLINTON'S experience in education reform was fairly anomalous for her during her years in Arkansas, in that she was playing an overtly political role. More often, her political power was indirect, wielded through Bill Clinton. It was surely a compromise—in which this strong-willed, immensely capable woman had to give up the gratification of being true agent. But, as President Clinton told me in one of our conversations, "A lot of my public life has been *our* life. We've done it together." This arrangement was very much contingent upon his continuing success; he said, "After I got beat"—in the governor's race in 1980—"I was concerned about it. I just didn't know if it was going to be good for her career-wise." But then, of course, they achieved his comeback together, and "from thereafter I think on balance it was always better . . . than I thought it would be for her."

Hillary Clinton was navigating tricky terrain: she was her husband's full partner—who, moreover, appears to have shared his long-range and consummate political goal—and was also a practicing attorney. And her activities as a lawyer at least on some occasions suggest not separation from Clinton's political ambit but, rather, a fusion of interests.

In what has become the most famous illustration of that apparent fusion, in 1985 she represented Madison Guaranty Savings & Loan before the state securities commissioner, whom her husband had appointed. A state-chartered S. & L., Madison was owned by James McDougal—a financial backer of Bill Clinton and, with his then wife, Susan, the Clintons' business partner in the ill-fated Whitewater Development Company land venture. For Hillary Clinton, it was a matter in which—even if the canon of legal ethics was not violated—there was at least the appearance of impropriety, because she was representing her and her husband's business partner before her husband's appointee. McDougal's acquisition of Madison also made the Clintons' involvement in Whitewater even more problematic. More serious questions about Whitewater, of course, have been raised and are now being addressed by the Independent Counsel. (Were any funds improperly channelled from Madison to Whitewater, or to Clinton's gubernatorial campaign? Did the Clintons benefit at the expense of taxpayers whose money was used to bail out Madison after federal regulators took it over, in 1989?) In any event, the Whitewater deal itself, a supposedly equal arrangement, resulted in the Clintons' reportedly losing forty-six thousand dollars against the McDougals' ninety-two thousand. The Clintons have frequently argued that because they *lost* money on Whitewater nothing unethical could have occurred—as if what seems to amount to the forgiving of a debt on McDougal's part did not constitute a gift.

Although in the case of Madison Hillary Clinton was willing to represent her and her husband's business partner before a state commissioner appointed by him, it was a type of conflict she was capable of recognizing in at least one other instance: after Ellen Brantley was appointed a state judge by Bill Clinton, Hillary told Brantley that she would decline to appear before her.

On another occasion, Hillary appears to have recognized a conflict but chose to skirt it with a technicality. A lawyer who has known Hillary since the seventies told me that she was heavily involved in the legal defense of an ethics-in-government initiative that Governor Clinton succeeded in getting approved by the voters in 1988—an act that, among other things, required disclosure of potential conflicts of interest by state legislators but not by the governor and other elected or appointed officials. This lawyer said it became plain to him, "seeing her in and out of this process for some time, how strong she was in guiding the whole thing." He explained, "There, Webb Hubbell"—one of the three "basketball players" who were so good at passing to one another—"was recruited to chip in. Because she was not going to have her name on the pleadings, but she could turn to Webb." When the *Times* reported, in March of 1992, that Bill Clinton and his advisers had "altered" the initiative "so that he and other public officials were exempt from the requirements, imposed on legislators, to disclose potential conflicts of interest," Hillary denied ever having discussed specific provisions of it with Hubbell.

It was in the Little Rock school-desegregation case, however, that Hillary Clinton's dual roles—as an independent lawyer and as her husband's political ally—became most visibly entwined. Through the seventies, the student population of the Little Rock school district had become increasingly black, mainly because white families had been moving to the suburbs. In 1982, Judge Henry Woods found overwhelming proof "that the Housing Authorities, real estate operators, school board members in the defendant districts, and the State of Arkansas had all collaborated to produce a decided trend toward an all-black Little Rock School District." To reverse this, he ordered the consolidation of a number of districts, but that move was upset by the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals—an "unmitigated disaster," in his view. Between 1982 and 1985, the percentage of black students rose and white flight accelerated. In 1987, Judge Woods appointed a committee to help refine yet another plan proposed by the Little Rock school district, and he appointed Hillary Clinton to the committee. As Woods said, emphasizing the breadth of her role, "I called on Hillary a lot—she was not just functioning as adviser to the committee."

John Robert Starr went as far as to claim that "that case would never have been settled without what she did behind the scenes. There were a number of us who were in constant phone conversation with each other. And there would be two people who were very far apart, and they'd say, 'We're meeting with Hillary this afternoon,' and then they'd be together—in a way the rest of us could accept. *Hillary* did that." Starr added that he did not mean to suggest that he was "officially" part of this group but, rather, that he was "an outside member in touch with every member of the group."

Beth Deere, clerk to Judge Woods, confirmed that Hillary was "instrumental in getting people to sit down and talk to each other. She was the facilitator, yes." But she added, "While it's fair to say she *facilitated* a lousy plan, she didn't write it."

In January of 1989, the parties finally agreed on a six-year student-assignment plan that, in essence, allowed the schools to remain segregated—white schools would remain white, and in return black schools would receive extra funds from the state, and in theory become more attractive to white students. In the financial part of the settlement (which Hillary did not negotiate), the state agreed to pay the mostly black Little Rock school district seventy-three million dollars over ten years—an agreement that was considered a good deal for the state. Had the parties not reached a settlement and the court ruled how much the state had to pay, Deere said, "then it would have been more money." She added, "An objective person would say, 'If you can get the state out for seventy-three million, take the money and run!' " According to Starr, "The main thing for her"—Hillary—"was to get the state out" for the seventy-three million.

A man who knew the Clintons well said, "Politically, the settlement was a big deal for Bill. . . . He was lobbying for it heavily" in the legislature, where legislators had to vote to apportion the seventy-three million dollars. "It would help resolve all the fighting and finally get the Little Rock school case out of the courts. He was getting ready to run—and he was going to run on education." From Clinton's perspective, this man added, some resolution, even one that would not bear close scrutiny, was better than none.

Judge Woods, however, did not agree. He pointed out that the plan would result in "progressive segregation of elementary schools." He also objected to the fact that two million dollars in fees for the plaintiffs' lawyers was coming out of the settlement.

According to a friend of Judge Woods, when the judge's rejection of the settlement was appealed, Hillary Clinton asked the judge if she could argue his position—opposing the agreement she had facilitated—before the Eighth Circuit. When I asked Judge Woods if this was true, he hesitated, and then said slowly, "I don't recall."

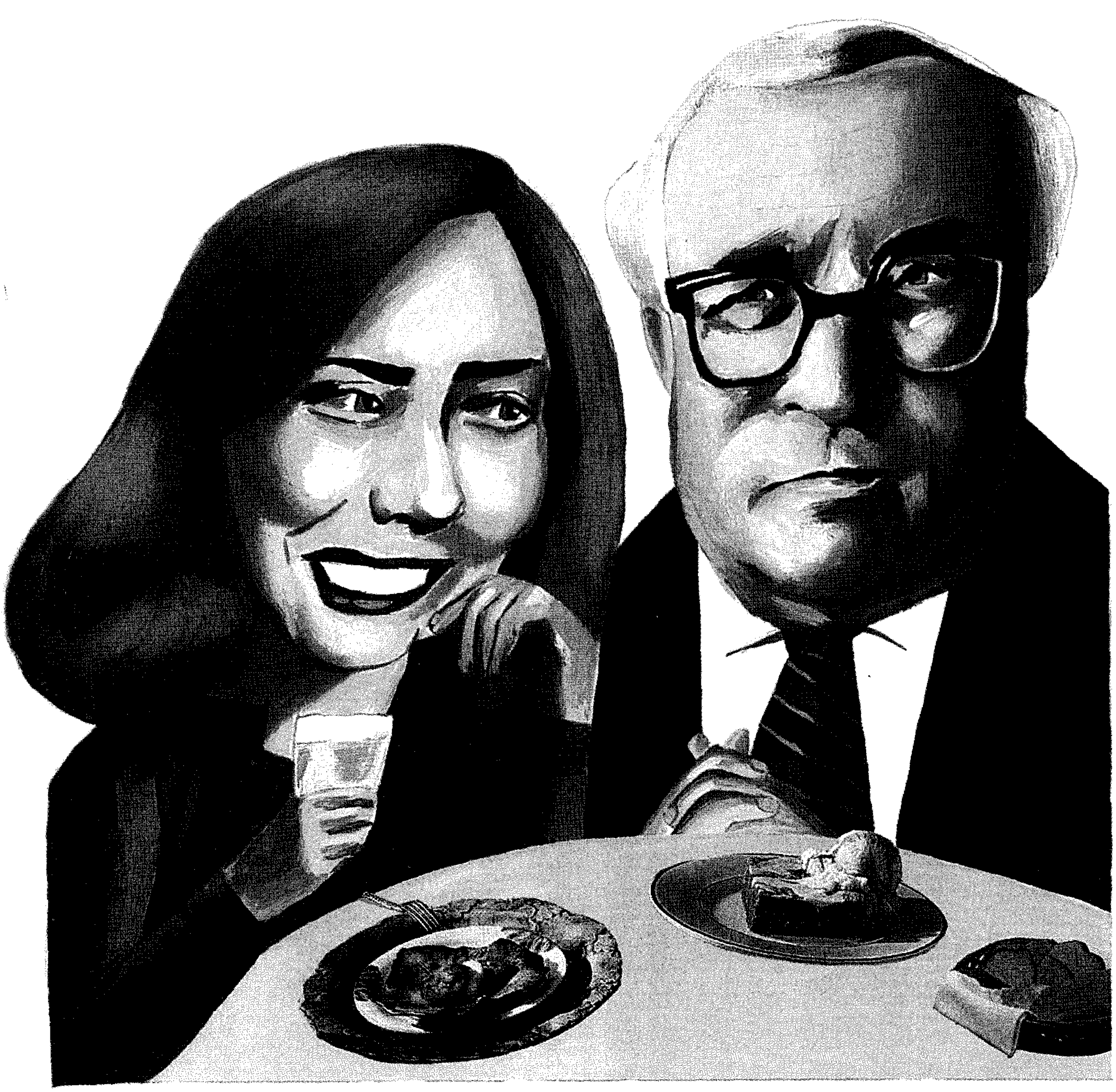
"Hillary called him and said, 'Please appoint me to this and I'll defend your position,' " the judge's friend said. "But Judge Woods was not about to have her do it. He said to me, 'God damn, she's not going to argue to put that' "—the agreement she had facilitated—" 'aside. She'll argue, but she won't argue it *right*. She's a politician.' "

When I asked Judge Woods' friend how, given the fact that Hillary had helped to facilitate the agreement and, even more important, was married to the Governor, she could have even suggested to the judge that she argue this case, he said, "The *only* way I can explain it is that she and Judge Woods were such good friends that even though she's Bill's wife Henry might let her argue it." He added that Judge Woods might have been momentarily tempted, because "Henry just hangs the moon on Hillary." This situation was curious. As counsel to the committee (and adviser to the judge), Hillary was arguably in a position of potential conflict, since she had a political interest (her husband's) in achieving a settlement and getting the situation dispatched. Indeed, according to Starr, she then assumed a role far beyond her appointed one and became a critical facilitator in achieving agreement among all the parties. To have then sought to argue against (ostensibly) the very agreement she had helped mediate was almost breathtakingly audacious.

In any event, the Eighth Circuit ruled against Woods and upheld the settlement. According to a report issued this year by the Harvard Project on School Desegregation, it has been an abject failure. The hope of attracting white students to the more heavily funded schools has been shown to be a chimera; the programs in those schools were ill conceived and poorly carried out; and the test scores of black students in those schools have actually dropped. The Harvard Project report concludes, "This 'desegregation' program was effectively used to avoid desegregation. . . . Today, a separate but 'more than equal' program is in place, financially endangered, so far unbeneficial and accountable to virtually no one."

BECAUSE of the priority that Hillary placed on her husband's political career (she took time off to work on his campaigns) and on her pro-bono activities, she did not earn as much as she could have if she had devoted herself to her law practice full time. However, she sought to compensate for that lost income in other ways, by serving on corporate boards, for example. She also apparently helped to oust the onetime chairman of the Rose firm, C. Joseph Giroir, Jr.—a move that coincided with changes in the compensation system at Rose that particularly benefitted her (intangibles such as "civic involvement" and "reputation" would carry much more weight than before).

Betsey Wright told me, "It was Hillary who decided that she wanted them to be financially secure, and took the steps to accomplish that. Those decisions you wouldn't expect Bill Clinton



The columnist John Robert Starr attacked Governor Clinton incessantly, until Hillary brokered a peace with him.

to make—he doesn't care about those things. Bill Clinton would live under a bridge—as long as it was O.K. with Chelsea. He just doesn't care. But Hillary did."

Some of the steps she took were quite extraordinary. An article by Jeff Gerth in the *Times* last March revealed that back in 1978 and 1979 Hillary—with the assistance of James Blair, who was then outside counsel to Tyson Foods, a big poultry-processing company—had made nearly a hundred thousand dollars by trading in agricultural-commodities futures. Here, too, there was, at the very least, the appearance of a conflict of interest; namely, Arkansas's First Lady (Bill Clinton was elected governor in 1978, soon after Hillary opened her trading account) receiving valuable advice from an individual whose major client stood to gain from favorable treatment by the state. One might argue that Tyson, as one of the largest employers in the state, was likely to receive friendly treatment from Clinton (or any governor) anyway, and, further, that Jim Blair, who married one of Hillary's closest friends in 1979, would probably have proffered that assistance whether or not he was counsel for Tyson. Still, it created an unseemly appearance.

As more details have emerged, the episode has become more suggestive. Hillary made that sum of nearly a hundred thousand dollars from an initial stake of a thousand dollars. Remarkably, she appears to have made fifty-three hundred dollars in her first day of trading. And, according to a recent *New Republic* article by James K. Glassman, she apparently did not receive margin calls, most notably in July, 1979, when, by Glassman's calculations, she should have come up with $117,500 to maintain her positions; she did not, but the market turned, and she emerged a winner.

As Hillary has now acknowledged, James Blair was her frequent adviser, and even placed many of her trades for her with the broker they both used, Robert L. (Red) Bone, in the Springdale, Arkansas, office of REFCO, a Chicago-based brokerage chaired by the free-wheeling commodities trader Thomas Dittmer. Bone, a crony of Jim Blair's, had been an employee of Tyson Foods in the early seventies, when he, Don Tyson (the company's chairman and C.E.O.), the company itself, and other parties were accused of manipulating the egg-futures market; they settled the case with the Commodity Futures Trading Commission in 1977, and Bone was barred from trading commodities for his own account for a year. (He was later disciplined by the commission for continuing to trade in defiance of the prohibition and, using a front man, making profits of more than a million dollars.) As the cattle market began to rise in the spring of 1978, the Springdale office, where Bone was a co-manager—and where not only Jim Blair but also Tyson Foods had accounts—was on a roll.

Jim (Doc) Holladay, a broker at A. G. Edwards & Sons, in nearby Fayetteville, told me, "For about a year and a half or so, they"—the brokers in the REFCO office in Springdale—"could do no wrong. Red was known as a plunger"—he had once been a professional poker player. "And he made a trillion dollars for a whole lot of people." Acknowledging that in the commodities market there is a loser for every winner, Holladay exclaimed, "Nobody in northwest Arkansas was losing! Nobody that was with Red Bone!"

The commodities market is one of the most speculative, highly leveraged, and, therefore, high-risk financial markets; unlike the stock market, where margin requirements generally mandate that the buyer put up fifty per cent of the price of the stock, in the commodities market the margin requirements are roughly five per cent. The allure of leverage is that it allows one to obtain the maximum impact from one's investment, but it is disastrous when prices begin to fall. "It's a fool's game," Holladay declared. "When people ask Don Tyson whether they should go into the commodities market, he says, 'If you can take twenty thousand dollars in one-hundred-dollar bills and walk up on a windy hill and tear them up and watch them blow away, and it doesn't bother you, then you should go into the commodities market.' "

The part Jim Blair played in Hillary's commodities trading has been clouded by conflicting White House accounts.

But, Holladay recalled, there was a time in 1979 when Jim Blair apparently thought he knew how to beat the odds of this high-stakes game. "He walked in my office and told me, 'I have finally got the commodities market figured out,' " Holladay recalled. "I said, 'Until now, I thought you were one of the smartest people I ever knew.' And six months later he said, 'You were right.' " When the market turned in the fall of 1979, Blair was caught; in a lawsuit he filed shortly thereafter against REFCO, reportedly alleging that the brokerage had caused the collapse by manipulating cattle prices, he claimed that his family lost in excess of fifteen million dollars. (The suit was later settled, and the record was sealed. The *Wall Street Journal* has filed a motion with the court to unseal that record, and Blair is opposing it.)

Hayden McIlroy, a customer of the Springdale office who sued REFCO in 1980—and who was for a time represented by Hillary Clinton—testified that he began trading with REFCO, in May of 1978, in part on the advice of James Blair. "I got the opinion from him that he was high on REFCO," McIlroy testified. "He thought the concept that REFCO controlled the cattle market, that they were the biggest cattle traders . . . that everybody in the organization traded together would work." (Blair has denied telling McIlroy that REFCO controlled the cattle market.)

In December, 1979, not long after the market turned, Bone, the pied piper of this group, was disciplined by the Chicago Mercantile Exchange for "serious and repeated violations of recordkeeping functions, order entry procedures, margin requirements, and hedge procedures" while trading in cattle in 1978 and 1979. REFCO, moreover, was fined two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—at that time the largest fine ever imposed on a broker in the history of commodity-futures trading.

It is against this backdrop that continuing questions about Hillary Clinton's trading have been raised. While she has said that her initial stake of a thousand dollars was something that she felt her family could afford, she would have had to be risking far, far in excess of that in order to achieve her initial, dazzling return of over five hundred per cent in the first day's trading. John Coffee, a securities-and-corporate-law professor at the Columbia University School of Law, noted that it has been determined by the *Wall Street Journal* that, given the price movements in the cattle market that day, she would have had to own about seventeen contracts of cattle to get the return she did, and said, "It's unusual in two regards. First, that a novice trader would make that large an investment on the first day—here, possibly jeopardizing their life savings. And, second, that the broker would have done that without there being significant cash or collateral in the account."

Coffee went on about that first day's return, "There are several signs that are associated with familiar kinds of trading abuses. There was Bone's failure to maintain books and records. That can allow you to allocate trades later"—that is, improperly allocate winning trades to favored customers after the results are known. "And, with Jim Blair's being a heavy trader, often placing trades for other customers, the broker may have been willing to accommodate him, and not ask much in the way of margin. The logical scenario here is that the person the broker knows says to buy twenty contracts, and then assigns them to friends." And he added, "It's legally hard to detect." (Bone has denied allocating trades, and Blair has denied knowing of any such allocations.)

It seems an aberration: Hillary Clinton, who from her girlhood had her feet planted so firmly on the ground, who even as a young woman did nothing to excess, who was tempted by none of the risk-prone behaviors of her contemporaries, decided to risk a substantial portion of her and Bill's net worth by entering one of the most high-risk of all financial markets, and by gambling heavily in the course of her first day. It is, of course, possible that she did not know about Bone's checkered record; possible that she was unaware of many of the irregular practices in which he, and REFCO, were later found to have indulged. But it seems unlikely that she was unaware of the leniency that she was receiving with regard to margin requirements, and even more unlikely that she did not feel, as she was on this particular high wire, that there was some kind of safety net beneath her.

The appearance of the situation has not been helped by the fact that the White House, in response to questions from the press, has given such changing versions of what took place. At Hillary Clinton's press conference on April 22nd, a reporter said, "Mrs. Clinton, one of the things that has made all of this so controversial is the shifting accounts of what happened. Because initially the White House explained that you were consulting Blair and many others and reading the *Wall Street Journal*, and then later had to correct that. And we found out that Mr. Blair was, in fact, most often placing your trades for you, phoning the trades in. Why was the account—why did the account have to be corrected? Why was it not explained accurately the first time?"

Hillary responded by referring at some length to the difficulty of reconstructing events of some fifteen years ago, and of trying to piece together records from such a distant period. "Sometimes we'd find part of something. Sometimes we'd then find the rest of it," she said. "But the fundamental facts have not changed," she went on. "I mean, the fundamental facts are, as I have said: I opened an account with my money. I made the trades. It was nondiscretionary. I took the risk. I was the one who made the decision to stop trading. And that I did rely on Jim Blair. I used some other advice as well, but he was my principal adviser in this."

"But that wasn't a question of documents, that particular fact, the fact that he was really driving the trading for you," the same reporter pointed out. "I guess I wanted to re-ask that question again. Why— That would be something you would remember or not remember without documentary support, so why was that fact not made clear?" And then—inadvertently giving Hillary an escape hatch—she added, "And were you essentially riding on his coattails when you traded?"

"No, I wasn't. I was riding on the money I invested," Hillary responded, thus choosing the second question, with its opportunity for easy denial, and ignoring the primary question—one that she had already sidestepped once and for which there was, seemingly, no presentable answer. Later in the press conference, when a reporter asked, for the third time, about the shifting accounts of Blair's role, Hillary reiterated that they were her trades, despite the fact that "very often he placed them for me," and then fell back on what was apparently her last resort—contrition, not for wrongdoing but for having given insufficient attention to the press's needs. And the reason for that, she pointed out, was that she was so absorbed in working for the common good. "I'm not in any way excusing any confusion that we have created. I think we have created it because I don't think that we gave enough time or focussed enough. You know, I have been travelling, and I'm more committed to health care than anything else I do. I probably did not spend enough time, get as precise . . . "

In response to questions about whether she received margin calls when her account was short of money, Hillary responded, "I think Mr. Melamed"—the former chairman of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange—"said, based on his review of the records, there were a couple of occasions when I was under margin. Nobody ever called and asked me for anything—they just, I guess, took the money that I had in the account and closed out the position." But one person intimately familiar with the workings of the Springdale office at that time says that margin calls were automatically dispatched by mail from the Chicago office. "So when she said that her broker didn't call her," this person continued, "she should have been asked, But didn't you get the letter about the margin call in the mail? And did you disregard it? Or did you call your broker? Or—the third possibility—did you call Blair, and did he take it upon himself to cover it, or to take care of it with Bone?"

Hillary left the market with her hundred-thousand-dollar gain in the summer of 1979, shortly before the rout. Around the same time, this person privy to the Springdale-office workings continued, there was a party at which Hillary and a friend were making rather pious pronouncements about the lax regulation of the commodities market. "They saw it as too laissez-faire. They had more of a leaning toward more government regulation, rules," this person recalled, saying that they saw it as "not socially acceptable, dealing in such large sums of money, such greed." This person added, "As I went out the door, I said, 'Give the money back—I'll give it to a charity! Give the money back!' "

Hillary's commodities-trading episode seemed to echo the same bedrock question posed by the Whitewater situation: whether the Clintons, once Bill was in public office, knowingly received private financial benefits from individuals who stood to gain from favorable treatment by the state. We may never know whether or not Hillary Clinton's trading experience benefitted from some form of preferential treatment from Bone, possibly emanating from Blair—or, perhaps, from Tyson through Blair. When she was asked on "Larry King Live" whether she would give permission to the Chicago Mercantile Exchange to release trading records that might provide some illumination, she said, "I'll sure consider that."

IN July of 1987, during a press conference at which Bill Clinton was to announce his candidacy for the Presidency, he announced instead that he had decided not to run, mentioning his commitment to his family, and the fact that Chelsea was only seven—and, standing beside him, the famously composed Hillary Clinton wept. Max Brantley later recalled a conversation he had had with Clinton shortly before that announcement. They were at a softball game, in which Chelsea and the Brantleys' daughter were both playing. Gary Hart had dropped out of the race a couple of weeks before, after his extramarital escapades with Donna Rice became public. "When the game was over, Bill and I just sort of wandered off," Brantley said. "He said he had just talked to Gary Hart, and commiserated with him—which set him on to talking about what he would have done, in Hart's position. 'I would've said, "We all make mistakes, we all have things in our past that we don't want to talk about, that are between us and our God. We've all done things we're embarrassed about. When are we ever forgiven? When do we leave the past behind us?"' Clearly, he was saying he had done things, and he didn't know at what point it would be safe to run. By that time, there was long-rumored trouble on the women issue." Brantley went on to say that, in retrospect, "it was clear to me—hearing his voice, seeing how he looked—that it was the major reason for his choosing not to run."

One adviser to the Clintons pointed out to me that after Bill Clinton's shattering defeat in 1980 it was Hillary who decided to come to the fore and *manage* him into a comeback. With the help of Betsey Wright, she had done that. Her determination and her continuing influence were widely recognized. Tommy Robinson, a member of Governor Clinton's first cabinet, was echoing what seemed a consensus when he told me, "After he came back, she was going to make sure he never lost again." Her influence is said to have reached into all areas of his life, even to regulating the amount of time he could spend relaxing with friends. "Hillary says I have half an hour," one friend of Clinton's recalled his announcing as he arrived at a get-together. To be, in this sense, Bill Clinton's handler could not have been an easy or a congenial role for Hillary, this person added. "Bill is in the moment, and Hillary is programmed to the minute."

One aspect of Bill Clinton's life that must have been insusceptible to her management, however, was his sexual conduct; quite apart from the pain that allegations of his infidelity may have caused her, they were jeopardizing Clinton's political future. (His staff apparently made an effort at control: one of Clinton's aides told me that she considered it part of her job to monitor the Governor at parties, interposing herself between him and purposefully flirtatious women, of whom, she said, there were legions.) "She loves him very much. She *suffers*. She draws closer, pulls back," one friend told me. "Depending on how he's treating her, at times she's happy, at other times, depressed. You can see it." Such a classic image of a victim did not square with the Hillary Clinton that many Arkansans knew; it was difficult for them to imagine this aggressive, intimidating, intensely self-confident woman allowing herself—even for the sake of an abiding love and the preservation of her family—to be trampled on by anyone. Max Brantley said, "It's hard even for those who admire and respect and love Hillary not to believe that she made a pact with the devil."

Though what she has done, in enduring, is plain, how she has done it is a matter of varied speculation even among her friends. One friend recalls that after Bill Clinton's brother, Roger, was arrested for possession of cocaine in 1984, Virginia Kelley and her two sons went into therapy. "Bill said to me, 'Everyone overdoes something—drugs, food, sex. Everyone has some area that is out of control, that is an obsession.' I think that Hillary came to accept it as a *problem* Bill had." Others assert that, increasingly, she sought solace in religion.

It is certainly true that she has become more religious. Diane Blair said that when she met Hillary, in the mid-seventies, she was not aware of Hillary's spiritual side. "Social conscience, yes—that was what drew us together. But by the early eighties she had started saying things like 'Diane, you have such a wonderful soul—why do you fight it?' And I would say to her, 'Hillary, are you going religious on me?'" Ellen Brantley, too, who first got to know Hillary well in the Fayetteville years, said that in the eighties she was surprised at how churchgoing Hillary had become.

What is clear is that in more recent years, at least, Hillary has generally not sought to deal with her travails by confiding in friends. Jan Piercy told me, "She is so shrewd. She has known all along that people around them would be placed in a position of being interviewed by the press—and, while she as a public figure has been very schooled in how you protect your privacy, she realized that her friends wouldn't have that sophistication. So she has kept her own counsel. She has not availed herself of what the rest of us do—crying on someone's shoulder. She has extraordinary self-possession and discipline."

Betsey Wright told me that Hillary had, on occasion, confided her personal troubles to her. "Hillary can separate personal emotions from the goal and task ahead in a way that very few women can," Wright said. "That is part of the investment in the marriage—the ability to keep going when others would have a cry, at the very least, before they go on. She knows it's there, knows it hurts, knows it's wrong, but she controls it as a separate thing from what the goal or project is." To the suggestion that Hillary deals with emotions in a way that is more typical of many men, Wright replied, "I don't even think men do it the way Hillary does. It is such an extreme extension of self-discipline that it is not even self-discipline."

This trait is something that Hillary Clinton applies to all aspects of her life, Wright emphasized. "She knows herself so well. I would give anything to know myself as well as Hillary knows herself. She knows what she needs, and she makes sure she gets it. . . . She takes care of herself, physically and emotionally. . . . Even her rest and recreation is purposeful. She knows she needs to laugh, and she gets that for herself. . . . She would just peel herself off the campaign trail when she needed some solitude, or to have time with Chelsea."

If Wright seems to marvel at Hillary and to wish that in some ways she could emulate her, she is not unique.

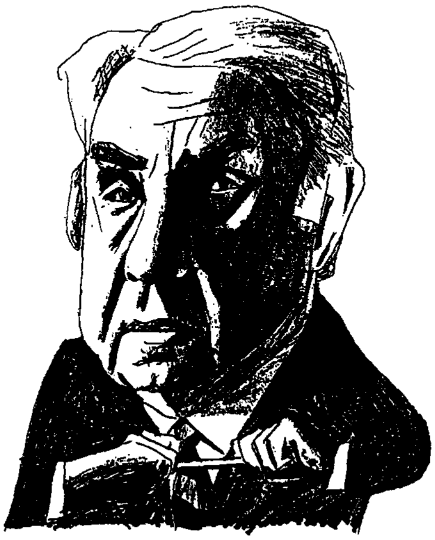
Several of Hillary Clinton's friends seem to regard her with a degree of awe—not so much because of her intellect as because of what they see as extreme fortitude (in bearing her private sorrow), a rare ability to shape the events of her life according to her design, and a power of perception which to them is profound. These women seem not to consider Hillary Clinton a peer; indeed, they are, in a sense, more followers than friends. The role of exemplar was one to which even the young Hillary Rodham appeared to be drawn; and it seems to have grown only more comfortable over time.

Several women described utterances of hers—generally about something affecting their personal lives—as though they verged on the oracular. Bev Lindsey, who has known Hillary well for years but does not consider herself a close friend, told me about a situation in which she and her husband, Bruce, were at odds over the question of whether their daughter, Katie, a committed dancer, should pursue an ambitious course involving auditions in various parts of the country and perhaps a summer spent dancing in New York. Her husband favored it, but she was concerned about pushing the child too hard. And one day, as this debate continued, Hillary called her. "She said, 'I want to talk about Katie's dancing. I want you to realize that she is a remarkable dancer. And there is a difference between our pushing them and their pushing themselves.' " Lindsey went on, "I have at times felt—I don't want to use the word 'envious,' I don't mean that she has so much and I wish she didn't and I had it. But she seems to be able to have all these different parts of life. My friends and I talk about it all the time." She cited the conflicting demands of professional life, children, one's spouse, and one's own needs. "And you *can't* have it all. But then Hillary seems to." After a pause, Lindsey added the caveat that she didn't know what Hillary's relationship with Bill Clinton really was, or whether she had any true closeness with friends. As for the marriage, "I *have* seen affection between them when it was not staged," she said. "Once, I watched them go down a corridor, and they didn't know that I was there at the end of it, and they were laughing together."

And so?

"Well, I mean it was striking, that they were going out to run or something, laughing, playful. You almost never see Bill and Hillary at play."

Hillary's relationship with her daughter seemed different, Lindsey continued. "With Chelsea, she is warm and tender—and provocative, too, stressing intellect. I remember we spent a day at art galleries in Seattle, and Chelsea could discuss line, form, color, in a way that wasn't forced. She was interested. And they were playful together, holding hands, skipping across the street. So maybe it's with Chelsea that she expresses that part of her spirit."



Arkansas Judge Henry Woods admires Hillary so much that he "just hangs the moon on her."

At least one friend claims that the Clintons' marital problems reached a new level of intensity in late 1989. This may have contributed to indecision about their political future. Clinton was saying that he was undecided about whether to run for governor again in 1990, and Hillary is said to have been giving some thought to running herself. Of course, it would hardly have been practicable for her to become governor and for her husband to run for the Presidency in 1992, in the middle of her term. (It was one thing for him to leave a lieutenant governor in charge while he campaigned for the Presidency, but it would have been somewhat more awkward for her to absent herself in order to campaign for her spouse.) In any event, for a time neither seemed able to come to a decision. When I asked Dick Morris, Bill Clinton's Arkansas strategist, whether they had contemplated divorce, he replied, "No comment." He also declined to say how serious Hillary's consideration of running for governor had been.

Judge Woods recalled a lunch given by the late Arkansas billionaire W. R. (Witt) Stephens, probably in late 1989, that Bill Clinton had attended. "He was thinking about whether or not to run for governor—because he was also thinking about running for the Presidency. He went around the room. I was next to last, and when he got to me I said, 'I think you ought to run Hillary.' I believe Witt said, 'I agree.' I *know* Witt said it to me."

The idea of Hillary Clinton's running for governor had been bandied about for years. Those who thought she would make a good governor, Max Brantley said, pointed out that, in contrast to her husband, "she didn't waffle, she talked directly, she'd make the tough decisions," and he went on, "There was a wisdom and clarity of conviction imputed to her." One person Hillary Clinton talked to in late 1989 was her old friend Dorothy Stuck, a publications consultant in Little Rock. After some deliberation, Stuck told me, Hillary stayed on her prior course. "Her position has always been that her career dovetails with Bill's. I thought that was the right decision."

By the time Bill Clinton finally did announce his candidacy for governor, in early 1990, a Little Rock businessman named Tom McRae, convinced that Clinton was not going to run, had launched a campaign of his own. Clinton was now running for his fifth term as governor. "Only two people before me had ever been elected to more than two terms, and only two people had ever served more than six years as governor," the President told me. "So I had already done ten. And to get elected for fourteen . . . I was afraid, too, that people might say— My popularity was very high in the state at the time. But I was afraid people might say, 'Give this guy a gold watch, he's done a good job—give him the gold watch!' "

As Clinton and McRae were heading for the Democratic primary, "we were really slipping," a key Clinton strategist recalls. "The big issue was 'Had Clinton been in too long?' McRae was running ads with clocks. We decided that we had to engage McRae directly. Bill and Hillary felt that it would be better for Hillary to do it, because if Hillary did she would put him in an impossible position—he couldn't answer back. Also, Bill didn't want the negatives that might come with his doing it."

Hillary Clinton accosted McRae at a press conference he gave. As McRae recalls it, Hillary said she just happened to be walking by and could not let pass the outrageous statements he was making; she unleashed a barrage of charges and he was at a loss to respond. According to the Clinton strategist, the tactic worked exactly as had been planned, and was an illustration of Hillary's decision to appear publicly at that time as her husband's "full political partner." Still, some Arkansans considered it dirty pool; it was unheard of, locally, for someone to interrupt an opponent's press conference, and, besides, it was Hillary having it both ways—attacking with her no-holds-barred litigator's skills, as though she were the candidate herself, but being protected against any counterattack by virtue of being *not* the candidate but the First Lady. It was a gambit that was much repeated, on a far bigger stage, in years to come.

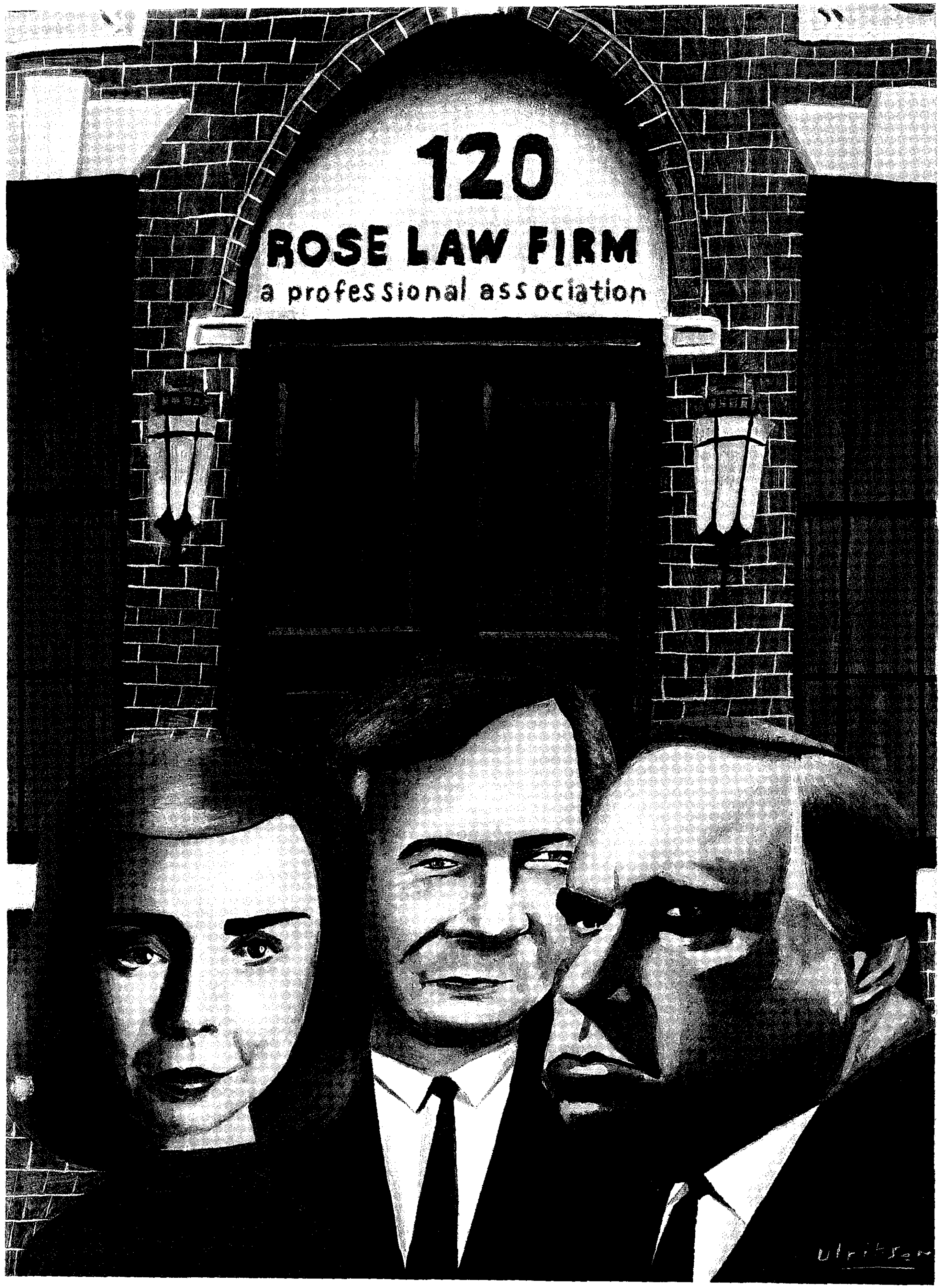
OVER the span of her nearly two decades in Arkansas, Hillary Clinton had practiced to perfection this art of having it both ways. She had the satisfactions and the material rewards of her own career as a highly regarded lawyer, but, when the opportunity presented itself, she also used her role as a lawyer to further the Clintons' political interests. From the time she was a young woman, she had staked out for herself the moral high ground, but she was always singularly adept at doing whatever had to be done politically, whether it meant cultivating Starr, instituting the teacher test, or facilitating the flawed settlement of the desegregation case. She was able to effect public policy through her behind-the-scenes activities, but she was never accountable. And, while she rightly came to be known for her good works, establishing a national reputation, in particular, as a defender of the interests of children (a reputation she would invoke in the Presidential campaign, saying, "I've worked very hard on education reform, worked very hard on children's and family issues—to deal with the problems that are affecting this country"), she apparently did not place these sympathies ahead of what was best for Bill Clinton's political well-being.

Political solidarity with other women is something Hillary has embraced only in recent years; previously, her attitude appears to have been almost a throwback to that of women superachievers of an earlier generation. Betsey Wright told me, "She was neither intimidated nor inhibited by any barrier or stereotype—so much so that any weakness she might have is a lack of empathy for others, for whom those barriers have been more difficult. Hillary barged through with such force that she didn't even seem to take note."

In August of 1987, when Robert MacCrate, then the president of the American Bar Association, asked Hillary Clinton to chair the just formed A.B.A. Commission on Women in the Profession, she hesitated. Lynn Hecht Schafran, a member of the commission, who is also an attorney with the National Organization of Women Legal Defense and Education Fund, told me, "Hillary didn't see a need for it. I think she was like a lot of women who are very successful, closing their eyes and ears to what is going on around them." MacCrate persevered anyway, and Hillary ultimately accepted. But she was still a skeptic. And, according to Schafran, who is an ardent Hillary Clinton booster, it was only when the commission held hearings, and, instead of listening to "sour grapes" stories, which were what she had been expecting, she witnessed "a parade of the most successful women in the country" testifying to the wrongs they had experienced, that she was persuaded. Even then, as Herb Rule pointed out to me, she embraced the cause "on a national level—not in Arkansas, where there would have been possible local antagonisms." In any event, she remained chairman of the commission until 1991, and then resigned to help her husband campaign.

But it is on behalf of children that Hillary Clinton has long been a committed standard-bearer, driven by her unequivocal sense of what is right. She has been a national spokesperson on children's issues since the seventies, and chaired the Children's Defense Fund from 1987 to 1992. In 1977, she was one of the founders of Arkansas Advocates for Children and Families, a public-policy organization that worked closely with C.D.F. over the years and participated in legal advocacy through partnerships with the Legal Services Corporation (which she had chaired in the late seventies). Marian Wright Edelman, the president and founder of C.D.F., told me, "Hillary is a long-hauler. Who thought about kids twenty years ago? She struggled in the garden when there were very few paths. Now they have become highways."

Nonetheless, in July, 1991—just as Hillary and Bill Clinton were about to set out on the Presidential campaign trail—a child-welfare lawsuit, led by the National Center for Youth Law, Central Arkansas Legal Services, and Ozark Legal Services (another organization Hillary had helped establish), was filed against the state. Amy Rossi, the director of Arkansas Advocates for Children and Families, who assisted both sides with their research, has worked with Hillary Clinton on children's issues. She explained that the child-welfare system in the state had been insufficiently funded for many years. This problem was not peculiar to Arkansas—it affects many states—but it was particularly conspicuous there. The system had an annual fifty-per-cent turnover in personnel, and the staff was chronically inexperienced and overworked, with many caseworkers handling more than fifty families each. "We had been hearing a chorus from people across the board, through most of the eighties, saying we are going to have something *horrible* happen," Rossi said. "There had been commissions and task forces, but they had never put the pins under things in terms of funding. We were documenting what was going on, we were testifying. And then, indeed, we had some re-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Clinton, Foster, and Hubbell were like basketball players who "can pass and don't even have to look."

ally terrible things happen." One child suffered severe injuries from abuse in foster care, and two others, whose conditions the state was supposed to have been monitoring, died. Rossi said, "These were not the kind of isolated incidents that sometimes occur and can't be predicted—these were related to the system's falling apart."

Both Bill and Hillary Clinton had been apprised of the situation for years, and continued to be through the filing of the lawsuit, Rossi said, and a representative of C.D.F. was brought in to act as an intermediary with the state. Always, Bill Clinton had pleaded the state's dearth of funds. Before the lawsuit was filed, Rossi continued, "I recall her"—Hillary—"saying to me, 'These remedies are long in coming—have faith it will get done.'" According to Rossi, Arkansas Advocates had a tacit agreement with Hillary that, because of her position as First Lady, she wouldn't interfere with them and they wouldn't ask her for special favors.

While Rossi stressed that she understood the financial constraints under which the state operated, she said that more could have been done to find money. "The state was not maximizing federal funds," she explained. (Funds were available under the Child Welfare and Adoption Assistance Act of 1980.) "In Arkansas, federal dollars are significant, because the state is so poor—you have to be creative and mindful and watchful of every federal-dollar opportunity. Why they didn't get the federal dollars is the million-dollar question. I cannot tell you why they did not, except that it was a lack of leadership, it was letting other things drive you. The Clintons' priority was education. The public sentiment was there for that, and the legislative sentiment." She added, "These kids"—in the child-welfare system—"are such a weak constituency." She also said, "All the work Bill and Hillary had laid out was for education—it needed it. And, if you were going to look at the long-range system, it's going to affect the largest number of kids. It's a hard choice—and they made the hard choice."

Once the lawsuit was filed, however, the politics of the situation changed, and Governor Clinton decided to settle the case. "That seemed to be the mind-set of both of them," Rossi said, meaning Bill and Hillary. "They didn't want a trial—couldn't have stood to have a trial with the campaign going on."

Immediately after the New Hampshire primary, Bill Clinton returned to Arkansas and, as cameras for the PBS television program "Frontline" recorded his moves, intensively lobbied the legislators to vote to accept a new bill that would settle the lawsuit. Clinton persuaded the legislators to spend fifty-seven million dollars to reform child welfare—though only a few months before he had claimed that the state could spare only sixteen million. After the bill was approved, Clinton said to the legislators, "I want to thank everybody from the bottom of my heart for giving the most troubled children in our state a chance to have a better life." But the settlement turned out to be meaningless. Five weeks later, the Clinton administration initiated an appeal. The results are still pending.

Some liberals, who initially expected a great deal of the Clintons, eventually came to the conclusion that their political activities were often cynical. "After the 1980 loss, it was 'O.K., we'll do it their way,'" an Arkansan who has been active in liberal causes told me. "People would say to me, 'Do they have any values?' And I would say, 'Well, yes, but their eyes are on the goal. And both of them will walk over anything to get there.' This was, from the start, a partnership to save the world. We learned not to expect anything of Hillary. What

IN THE NURSERY

I'm nearly 80 but my wife and
The servants look after me as
If I were a child of about 4.
I've forgotten how to read so
They read aloud to me, stories
About Babar the elephant and
Other animals that I like.
I eat what they put before me
But yesterday I spat out on
The table something I didn't
Like. Toys are borrowed for me
To play with from a neighbor's
Children. I like best a little
Yellow car that will run across
The floor if I wind it up. They
Took me to get my hair cut; the
Barber gave me a lollipop to
Keep me quiet from wiggling.
Today they gave me a pad and
Crayons to draw with. I've
Drawn all the animals I know;
A dog with five legs by mistake
Made them laugh. It's hard for
Me to remember. I know my name
Is Jack, they call me that but
What's the rest of it? One
Day I heard them talking about
Me and the doctor who comes
To see me now and then. They
Said he said I should be
Myself again in a few more
Weeks, just keep him quiet
And be patient with him.

—JAMES LAUGHLIN

was the one thing that she would go to the wall for? Bill's Presidency."

IT was not until the Presidential campaign that any substantive question was raised about the connection between Hillary Clinton's role as her husband's partner and First Lady and her role as a practicing attorney. Jerry Brown, in a debate with Clinton before the Illinois primary, accused Bill Clinton—inaccurately—of having "funnelled money to" his wife's law firm. Brown was alluding to a Washington *Post* article about Hillary's representation of Madison Guaranty before the state regulator appointed by Bill Clinton. "That night, we caucused—the issue was what to do with Hillary the next day," a Clinton campaign aide told me. "Some people said, 'Keep her in the next day—let's just protect our lead.' But her view was that it was her home state, she had campaigned every day—and it would look *stupid*. So we decided to have her be with the Governor in a controlled setting. She was supposed to get up late, and meet him later. But the next morning she wanted to go to Sophie's Busy Bee Diner with him. The plan was for him to come in through a back entrance and move toward the front, with the press, meanwhile, kept in the front. And we didn't want him to, but the Governor strolled over to the press. There was a question about Madison, he turned to her, and she wasn't prepared and didn't know what to say. Maybe she should have said, 'I did nothing wrong, and this is not about me but about my husband.' Anyway, she had a deer-in-the-headlights look, and she *said* it."

This was the moment when Hillary Clinton uttered the famous remark "I suppose I could have stayed home and baked cookies," which she worked so hard to overcome through the rest of the campaign. "It was under duress," this aide stressed. "We tried to fix it right away, but she was resistant—and then it was too late."

In retrospect, it seems illuminating that it was a question about her role vis-à-vis Madison that so unnerved Hillary Clinton, a seasoned campaigner, known for being cool under pressure and fast on her feet. And it is impossible not to wonder whether she feared examination of her roles in relation not only to Madison but also to Whitewater—where it seems plain that, of the two Clintons, she was the one more actively involved. It was she who took out a thirty-thousand-dollar loan to build a model home on the property (Herb Rule recalled her talking eagerly about the construction of a vacation home); it was she who, according to James McDougal, in 1987 requested that all Whitewater documents be sent to the Governor's Mansion. On more than one occasion over the last several years, McDougal is said to have commented to friends, referring to the Clintons' involvement in Whitewater, "Bill Clinton couldn't balance a checkbook, but he has a wife who sure can."

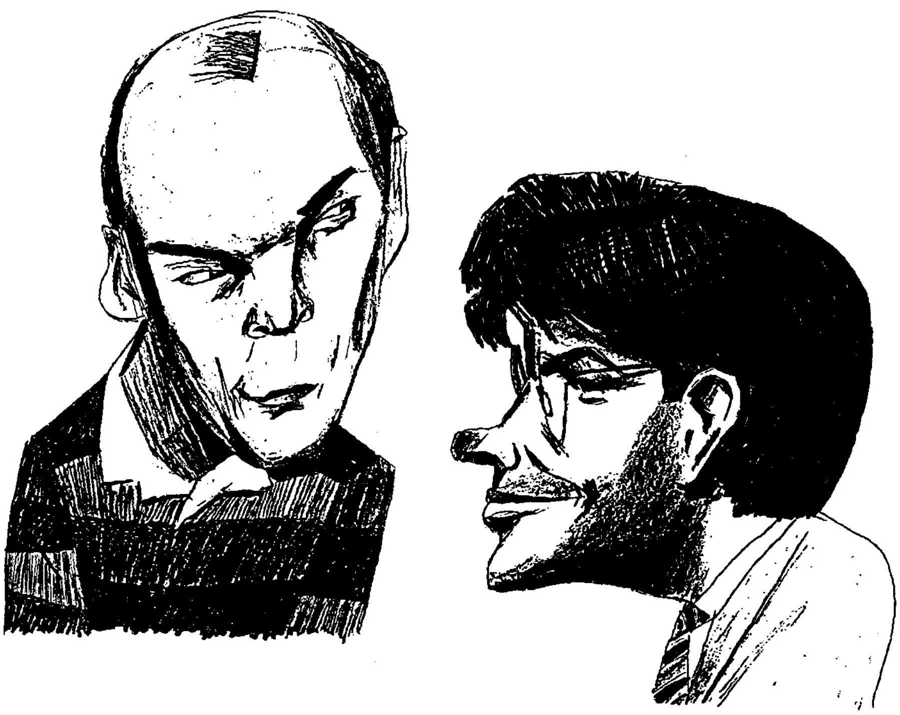
Hillary's cookie blunder was also striking in that—in its all too evident expression of disdain—it created a small fissure in the façade she had created over the years. Ever since Bill Clinton's comeback as governor, in 1982, she had been, in public, an increasingly empathic presence; indeed, she had a capacity for investing herself in the role of a character whose emotions and concerns corresponded to those of her audience.

She had begun to project this empathy in her touring of the state to promote education reform, and it became more compelling with time. Phillip Carroll, a senior partner in the Rose firm, told me that his wife, Diane, often recalled an occasion in the mid-eighties when a group of lawyers' wives asked Hillary to speak at one of their meetings. "Diane said Hillary had spoken for about an hour, and one of her themes had been how important it was for women"—that is, women who had made such a choice—"to stay home and take care of their children. Hillary made all these women feel so good about their role in life," Carroll told me. Similarly, Connie Fails recounted how, in the mid-eighties, she and her husband, Leslie Singer, had been attending a hairdressers' convention in downtown Little Rock where Hillary was speaking. They listened for a while, and then, Fails recalled, "Leslie turned to me and said, 'I think I want to be a hairdresser.' Listening to her, all those hairdressers felt, I'm sure, 'I chose the right job. I'm validated.' " And this skill was clearly demonstrated in Hillary's recent press conference, where she appeared so respectful of the reporters' role, so *pleased*, even, to be there, responding to their concerns.

The cookie statement, recalling an earlier, more arrogant and dismissive persona, was probably her single major misstep in the campaign. Most of the time, her instincts and her experience served her well—not surprisingly, because the campaign was, in a sense, the test for which she had been preparing during most of her adult life. The "war room," commanded by James Carville and George Stephanopoulos, was, according to Carville, partly her inspiration. Though she balked somewhat at her makeover ("I hate this Ivana look," she is said to have protested at one point, as her hair was turned ever lighter), she acceded to it; it was, after all, only a more successful version of what she'd undertaken in 1982. She resisted, to some degree, further repackaging attempts: she seems to have thought she was good enough at giving speeches not to need coaching; and, having worked for years at projecting a warmer, more caring personality, she could not have been pleased by a staff memo to Bill Clinton about the need to emphasize her human side; for example, it included a suggestion for "joint appearances with her friends where Hillary can laugh, do her mimicry." Ultimately, however, she accepted such direction.

Still, the one episode in which no amount of coaching could have saved the day—when everything hinged on what Hillary could call up from within herself—began when Gennifer Flowers made her appearance, supported by audiotapes. Hillary and Bill Clinton were campaigning separately when the Flowers story broke. Bill Clinton returned to Little Rock. As he was waiting for Hillary to arrive at the Mansion, he seemed, one of his friends told me, suffused with dread. Whatever may have passed between them in private, though, Hillary Clinton's public performance was a tour de force. She declared feelingly, on "60 Minutes," "I honor what he's been through"—words that came to seem especially strange in the light of later allegations about the nature and scope of Clinton's sexual behavior. And when she appeared on ABC's "PrimeTime Live," with Sam Donaldson, she showed her mettle even more:

SAM DONALDSON: If the transcript is correct, she signs off a conversation saying,



The Carville-Stephanopoulos "war room" was partly Hillary's inspiration.

"Goodbye, darling," and he says, "Goodbye, baby."

HILLARY CLINTON: Oh, that's not true. That's just not true.

DONALDSON: That didn't happen?

CLINTON: No, of course not.

DONALDSON: Or he says, you know, "They don't have the pictures."

CLINTON: Well, I'll tell you what. This was a woman who at least pretended that her life was ruined because somebody had alleged that she had a relationship at some point with Bill Clinton. Anybody who knows my husband knows that he bends over backwards to help people who are in trouble and is always willing to listen to their problems.

In someone with less self-confidence and authority than Hillary Clinton, these words might have seemed blatantly evasive and disingenuous. Gary Hart's wife, Lee, who had looked so vulnerable, could never have delivered such lines successfully. But Hillary, by the force of her personality, succeeded in convincing the American public that, whatever had gone on, if its resolution was good enough for her it ought to be good enough for the public. And, with that, she salvaged her husband's bid for the Presidency.

IN January of 1993, having come to her husband's rescue, and attained the White House, Hillary Clinton decided to lead health-care reform. It would enable her to connect with the American people on a subject that mattered, in a real and very personal way, to virtually everyone; and not only would it be the major legislative initiative of Clinton's term but—if it succeeded—it would be, arguably, the most far-reaching social legislation since the New Deal.

One friend of hers told me recently, "Hillary believes that if you're not in control of events, events control you. Remember all that East Wing–West Wing talk?" This was a reference to stories in the press in the early days of the Clinton Administration about the fact that Hillary, unlike former First Ladies, was to have not only the traditional East Wing office but also one in the West Wing, upstairs from the Oval Office. "You don't hear that talk anymore. You say 'Hillary' and you think, Health care. You don't think, Was she writing the State of the Union Message? Was she making the decision on Lani Guinier? Was she making other appointment decisions? . . . People aren't asking these questions. But if she didn't have health care you couldn't define her. There would be a sense of corrosive mystery about who she was and who she wasn't." But in fact, this person claimed, "she *is* doing those broad things."

In one sense, her greatest success came in the early days of the project, before any plan was presented, as she courted members of Congress with a diligence and a resourcefulness reminiscent of her earlier cultivation of John Robert Starr. Back in Arkansas, too, Hillary had always made the personal gesture; people who did not consider themselves particularly close to her recounted having received a call or a note from her at times when they were anguished, and said that they were both surprised and moved by her kindness and thoughtfulness. Now, in Washington, those gestures of hers seem to have multiplied. One congressional aide told me, "A friend of mine wrote a note to Hillary after her dad died, about having made a contribution to his favorite charity. Hillary sent a note of thanks, and made a point at the White House Christmas party of coming over and telling her how much it meant to her. There is always the personal touch."

Much as she had done in Arkansas, she travelled to town meetings, now throughout the country, where she listened as citizens—selected and screened but genuine—described their plights: underinsured, uninsured, uninsurable, and all in the face of some debilitating or catastrophic illness. She nodded, as she does so often when listening ("It's an absorption technique," Betsey Wright says), and responded with empathy and promises for change. She filed away story after painful story, to be retrieved for future use—for, like her husband, she learned long ago always to put a human face on an abstract problem. Her chief of staff, Margaret Williams, told me, "She *really* listens to people. It is her hallmark—how she deals with people personally and professionally. There will be a policy discussion on September 14th, and come December 14th she will say, 'But remember when you said such-and-such?' People say, 'Is it a photographic memory? Is there some gimmick?' No. It's that she really listens. She can be in Pennsylvania, working a rope line, and she'll run into a nurse or a parent who says, 'This is what happened to me.' And then she'll be sitting with experts and professionals, and she will say, 'You know, I respect what you've said, I've read what you've written—but I spoke to this person, and *she* said it's not that way.' And then she will describe what that person told her."

In the dozens of speeches that she delivered, often without notes, through the spring and fall, at colleges and medical centers, before organizations that were supporters, like Families U.S.A., and others, like the American Medical Association, that she was trying to win over, her signal traits were reflected. She seasoned her presentation with dire stories of people she'd encountered. And—whether she was speaking to a hairdressers' convention or a group of lawyers' wives—she took on the coloration of her audience. She might criticize the medical establishment in another setting, but when she spoke to the A.M.A. there was nothing adversarial or threatening in her approach; she gravitated, seemingly instinctively, to common ground.

Manifest, too, was her strong political intuition about how to sell the idea of universal coverage; she made clear that it was a matter of achieving security for every American. She said in a speech organized by Families U.S.A., in May of 1993, "Don't just think about it in terms of the uninsured; we cannot win the national debate if that is the focus. The uninsured deserve to have security so that *everybody* will be more secure." You may think you are secure, she would say time and again to her mainstream audiences, but take another look in the mirror: you could lose your job, you could change your job, and in the course of that flux you or a family member could develop an illness that would make you uninsurable. Having raised the spectre, she would drive home the point in the slogan "Until all people are secure, no one is."

Her empathy was much in evidence as she recounted vignettes of personal tragedy, but laced with that empathy was, perhaps, a penchant for teaching others how they should live. In one story that she told many times, about a woman whose doctor had discovered a lump in her breast and had been told by a surgeon that since she had no insurance he would not biopsy it but, instead, "watch it for a while," Hillary stressed as a preamble what a model of personal responsibility the woman had been. She worked, but her employer provided no insurance. "She was a single woman who had raised a child, and she went every year to have a physical exam. She tried to read what she needed to read, to eat the right things. She said to me she even tried to start exercising a few years ago and tried to walk every day."

While the anecdote is probably intended to refute the widespread conservative view that there is no health-care crisis—that if the poor would only behave responsibly then many of their problems, brought on by themselves, would disappear—it seems to carry a troubling subtext: that it is the virtue of the sick that causes us to feel compassion for them. For Hillary, virtue seems to be the constant correlative, the springboard for her most ready sympathies.

Many people who have known Hillary over the years comment on the clarity and orderliness of her thought processes, and how accurately those qualities are reflected in her speech; it has even been suggested that there is in her spoken words a feeling for composition that a writer might envy. This is not always the case, as evidenced in her famous speech on the "politics of meaning" in Austin last year. But when she is speaking about a body of information in which she is well versed—as she was in the health-care presentations—she often does achieve an extraordinary fluency. And there are also occasions when she attempts to draw those larger connections of which she has always been enamored—in this case, between health care and a sense of community—and does so with eloquence.

She told a crowd assembled in Great Falls, Montana, in April, 1993, "Health care touches us at our most basic human-experience level. There's nothing like the birth of a baby, or the death of a loved one. There's nothing like walking those long hospital corridors or going out and seeing the joy on a person's face when you tell them that everything is going to be all right. That's how we really, at the very most basic level, understand what it means to be a human being; understand what it is about life that connects us from generation to generation; makes us reliant in a most fundamental way upon each other. We've gotten away from that. We've watched bureaucracies and paperwork and red tape and distance between people replace that human caring that needs to be at the root of any health-care system. And we can't wave a magic wand and reverse time.

"But we can try—as you work here on Health Montana and as we work on trying to take this system and make it human again—to remember what is really important in our lives and those moments when we are so dependent upon each other. That's what I hope—that in a few years we will not only have a streamlined system, will not only have a better distribution of health-care professionals, and have more primary and preventive-health-care physicians, and nurse practitioners, and physician assistants, will not only have better access but we'll feel better about ourselves. Not just because we're healthier, but because we're part of a community of caring again. And health care can be the start of that if we do it right."

HILLARY CLINTON'S testimony before the congressional committees in September was the triumphal climax of nine months in which her formidable political strengths—as advocate, proselytizer, marketer, and strategist—had been deployed to advantage. But this was prologue, because the battle had not yet been fully joined; the Clinton plan was still being formulated, and would not be disclosed in its gargantuan, thirteen-hundred-and-sixty-four-page entirety until the end of November. In the course of that substantive process—and also in the battles that began once the plan was presented—other, less salutary traits of Hillary's came into play.

Hillary and Ira Magaziner, who had been chosen to manage the health-care effort, had first become aware of each other when both were featured in a spread in *Life* about student speakers—Hillary for her commencement address at Wellesley, Magaziner for his at Brown. His friendship, however, had really been with Bill, starting when they were both at Oxford as Rhodes Scholars. After a quixotic attempt to transform the small working-class town of Brockton, Massachusetts, into a model of social democracy, Magaziner had turned to more easily accomplished transformative pursuits: he became a highly successful management consultant for major corporations, was the co-author of three books about American industrial-competitiveness, and, in 1990, oversaw the writing of a report sponsored by the National Center on Education and the Economy. A few months later, Hillary was brought in to help implement that report's recommendations. (She resigned in the fall of 1991 to start the campaign.) So she and Magaziner had worked together.

Magaziner had far more than his unquestionable loyalty to the Clintons to recommend him. Even his critics acknowledge the strength of his intellect, his capacity for total immersion in a subject, his delight in the myriad strands of interconnectedness that might seem to others an opaque curtain of complexity. It was also true that he had no proved strength as an administrator of a large-scale project and no Washington experience; indeed, he was the archetypal outsider. However, one person who worked on the health-care task force pointed out that that seemed exactly what the Clintons wanted. "There was concern that the health-care project would be taken over by the agencies," this person said, and a "real concern at the White House that this be the President's initiative, and he wanted to control the process. . . . The phrase used about Ira was that he had 'sharper elbows'—he would keep the agencies from taking it over. So Ira was the proxy for the Clintons."

Hillary and Ira became, in the words of one congressional aide, "the operative couple" for health-care reform. They are in some ways very different personalities, and those differences were no doubt meant to be complementary. "Ira kept saying he didn't know anything about politics, and he didn't care about politics," one person who worked with him recalled. So in the early days, while Magaziner labored in his labyrinth in the Old Executive Office Building, Hillary Clinton began working the Hill. While health-care reform might be critical to Hillary's political résumé for the future, Magaziner would not be drawn to the limelight, and would not seek to claim credit for the sake of his own aggrandizement. Another person who worked on the task force commented, "One thing you have to say about Ira—he is self-effacing, he *serves* the President."

But there were other ways in which Hillary Clinton and Ira Magaziner were far more alike than different. Each had long evinced an extraordinary self-confidence (coupled with a tendency to be dismissive of others) and a conviction that no social problem, however complex and seemingly intractable, could resist his or her applied power to solve it. Without some measure of confidence both in one's abilities and in the solvability of social problems, of course, one would never have either sufficient courage or decent motivation for political life. Ira and Hillary, however, not only possessed these qualities but were vivified by them; and this project provided the greatest opportunity either one had ever had to give full expression to them.

Together, then, they set out on the historic mission. The task force itself, which Hillary chaired and Ira directed, also comprised six Cabinet secretaries and several top White House advisers. The real labors, however, were carried out by a separate, elephantine structure of working groups, which Magaziner told me he developed in close and constant consultation with Hillary. The groups had more than five hundred members, drawn from congressional staffs, agencies, and experts in every aspect of the health-care system from around the country. Excluded were representatives of organizations that were perceived to have a vested interest in maintaining the status quo, such as the American Medical Association.

When I asked Magaziner if there was any analogue of this undertaking in government, he replied, "No. Something like this has never been done before." Hillary, speaking to the Business Council in Williamsburg, Virginia, in May of last year, was more expansive. Speaking of the project's over-all scope, she called it "unprecedented," adding, "It struck the President as a bit odd that it would be viewed in Washington as somewhat unusual to try to bring together in one effort people who cross all kinds of bureaucratic and other lines to work on behalf of a common agenda. But apparently, as I was told the other day, there hasn't been anything quite like this effort since the planning of the invasion of Normandy."

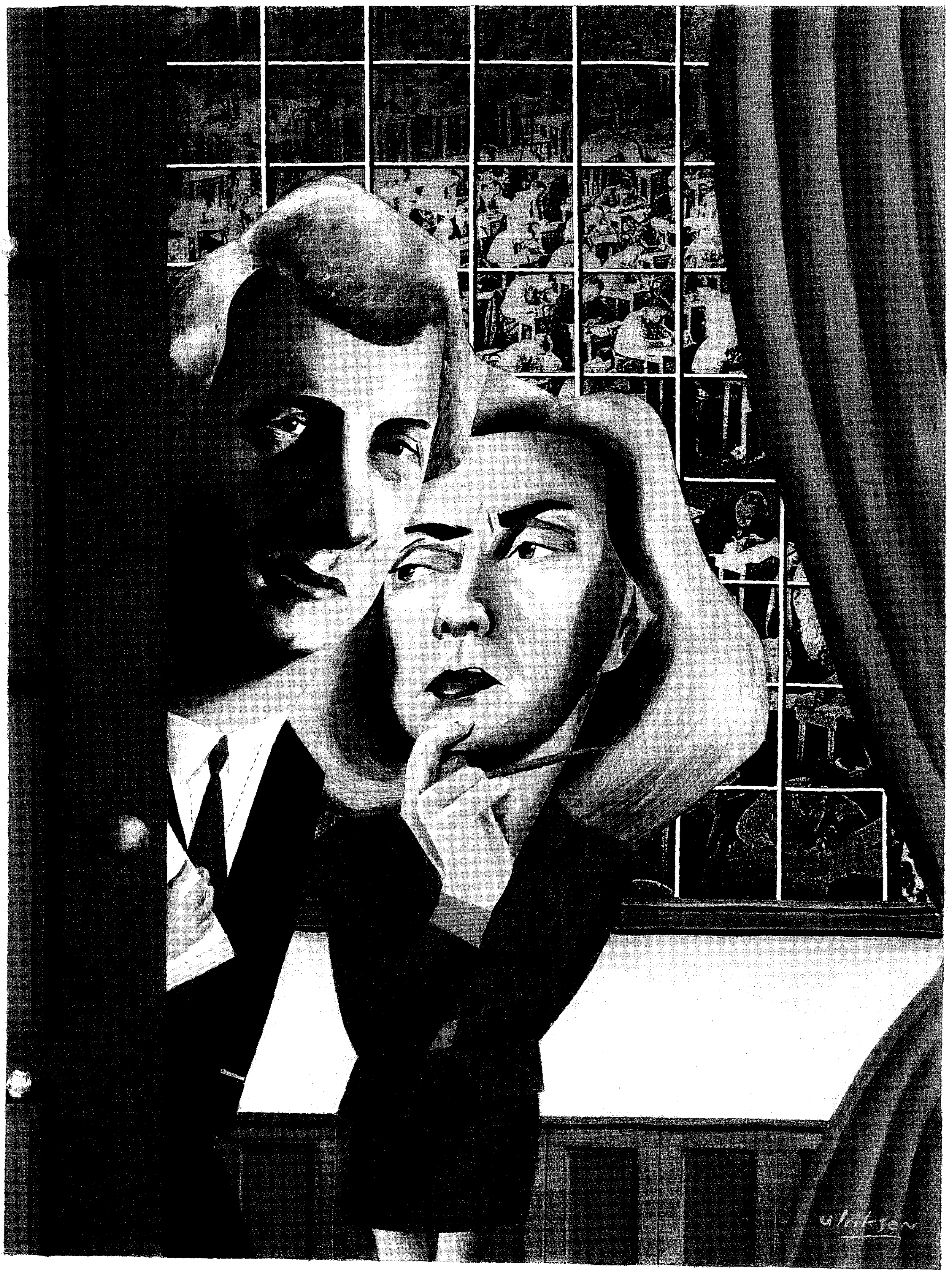
In reality, disarray was so endemic that even Magaziner wryly acknowledged it. The theory for a health-care-delivery system that the Clinton plan was drawing on (though it was deviating from it in important ways) was "managed competition." One participant recalled, "Ira used to joke that the process was 'managed chaos.' "

"It was an irrational process," another declared, echoing the view of several people I interviewed. "It was not well thought out, not well organized, and its purpose was not clear. Why would you have five hundred people? You get twenty people in a room who are experts in the various areas, and you have them call on other people."

The attempt to keep the proceedings secret was very damaging to the initiative. For a couple of months, the White House refused to release any details of the plan in progress, or even to release the names of working-group members. It was, of course, impossible to maintain confidentiality in a group of that size; leaks quickly proliferated. Another participant pointed out, "The secrecy was very alienating to the whole country. You've got to sell this plan eventually. The ultimate purpose is not to get the perfect plan but to get it enacted. So part of the process should have been to educate the country. Now people are so confused."

Massive as the effort was, it was cut off not only from the public and the press but largely from Cabinet officers (except for Donna Shalala, the Secretary of Health and Human Services) who were nominally members of the task force, and from political advisers at the White House. "There was internal staff criticism that it was not better coördinated," one participant told me, saying that the working groups seemed "divorced from the White House decision-making structure."

In an interview in late February of this year—on a day, in fact, when lawmakers quoted in the *Times* were declaring the Clinton plan moribund—Magaziner, battered but still resolute ("The bill will be declared dead every week—until it passes. I described it to the President as a roller-coaster ride in a hurricane"), told me that he now believed several aspects of the process to have been mistakes. All, interestingly, related to its extreme insularity. He said he thought that he should have consulted more with members of Congress who are on key committees. He wished that all the Cabinet members on the



Notwithstanding their being novices in Washington, Hillary and Ira Magaziner would show the world how the government should be run.

task force had been included earlier, instead of first being shown a rough draft of the plan in mid-August. And he believed that the attempt at secrecy was a very harmful error. Magaziner volunteered that the decision to conduct a secret process was not his. On being asked whose it was, he said he did not "want to point a finger."

It is hard to believe that this decision did not emanate from Hillary Clinton, although she may have found support for it from others. She had maximum control of the structure; such a critical decision would surely have been left to no one else. Moreover, it was in keeping with her natural bent. She trusted few, and secrecy was a means of maintaining control; in Arkansas she had held back the revelation of the teacher test until late in the game. And her long-standing disdain for the press had not mellowed with her assumption of the role of First Lady. "She *does* hate the press," someone close to the White House told me early last December, as she began to be spotlighted in Whitewater stories. Hillary targeted the press on the health-care speech circuit; in Lincoln, Nebraska, in April of 1993, for example, she referred to "the bane of all people in political life, and that is the unfair, unjust, inaccurate reporting that goes on from coast to coast, north to south, east to west."

Not included in Magaziner's litany of acknowledged errors was the decision to draft a full bill rather than send a rough précis to the Hill to be refined and hammered out there. "I promised the President we were not going to suffer the fate of past social legislation," Magaziner told me. "In the past, legislators passed a skeleton bill, bureaucrats wrote ten thousand pages of regulations—and then there are all these unintended consequences. Like Medicare, which overrode its cost estimates by ten times. So we were concerned to spell out enough in our bill."

Hence the thirteen-hundred-and-sixty-four-page Health Security Act of 1993, viewed as an albatross by many key members of Congress. John Dingell, the powerful chairman of the House Energy and Commerce Committee, whom Hillary had courted, told me, expressing a view echoed by other allies of the Administration on the health plan, "They should have produced a simple bill, leaving room enough for horse-trading." This was a view that Democratic members had made plain. Pat Williams, of Montana, commented, "The President rejected—on the First Lady's advice—our advice that they send us concepts and we draft the bill."

According to another person involved in the debate at the White House on this issue, Hillary had felt very strongly that they should send a fully drafted bill, and she had had her way. As Magaziner had explained, it was an attempt to keep control of the process, by diminishing the chance for damage by bureaucrats—or, for that matter, legislators. But this approach proceeds from the same sort of attitude that was expressed in Hillary's statements about her project's unprecedented scope—that she and Magaziner, notwithstanding their being novices in Washington, would show the watching world how the government should be run, how legislation should be drafted and passed, and that only they could do it right. Moreover, while Magaziner no doubt shared her enthusiasm, it is doubtful whether she considered him an equal. Senator John D. (Jay) Rockefeller IV, of West Virginia, the member of Congress who is probably closest to Hillary, emphasized, "*Hillary* led this process. Ira was subject to the instant changes of anything Hillary Clinton said."

Hillary's self-regard seems to cause her at times to see others as fungible—as so many pawns in a grand design. For, just as the seventy-five "fact-finding" hearings in relation to education reform in Arkansas were said to be largely a way of building support for what had already been decided, so here, in health-care reform—on an exponentially larger scale, involving vast expenditures of time, energy, and money—a similar maneuver appeared to have taken place.

In some ways, the Clinton health plan was as much about what it was trying not to be as about what it was. It was not proposing a "single-payer" system, like Canada's, where money for health care is collected through provincial sales taxes or payroll taxes on employers and a federal income tax on individuals and businesses; each province pays medical bills on behalf of its residents; and an annual health budget controls the price of medical services. The simplicity of that system is attractive, and many of the people who participated in the task force were proponents of it, but Bill Clinton is said to have believed that it was not politically feasible. Senator Rockefeller recalled, "I remember Clinton, on the bus"—during the campaign, that is—"saying, 'I can't do a payroll tax. I *can't* get it through Congress. I can't get it through the American people.' "

The Clinton plan, therefore, set out to provide universal coverage, to make Medicare more comprehensive, and to absorb Medicaid into the new universal-coverage system, all while minimizing the appearance of increased taxation. In order to do this, it called for, among other things, "employer mandates" (that is, requiring businesses with more than seventy-five employees to pay up to eighty per cent of the premiums for their employees) and new bureaucracies, in the form of "alliances."

These alliances were a key element of the Clinton plan. There would be one alliance in every region, through which every inhabitant (except employees of the largest corporations) would be insured, and the states would determine their boundaries. Through an alliance, consumers would choose one of three types of insurance plan, which would all offer a standard package of benefits and would vary in price and in the degree to which consumers could choose doctors and additional services. Proponents argued that the alliances would give consumers more clout in bargaining with the insurers; critics replied that the alliances would become ensnared in political battles (as the more well-to-do sought to exclude poorer and more high-risk populations), and corruption would be rife. The alliances would, in any event, be performing such a plethora of functions that they seemed to dwarf any existing domestic bureaucratic entity: the Congressional Budget Office noted in a February, 1994, report on the Clinton plan that alliances "would combine the functions of purchasing agents, contract negotiators, welfare agencies, financial intermediaries, collectors of premiums, developers and managers of information systems and coordinators of the flow of information and money between themselves and other alliances."

The Clinton plan was an attempt to

correlate ideas that have been around in the health-care field for some time: essentially, the principle of "managed competition"—a theory, advocated by a group of academics and health-industry professionals known as the Jackson Hole Group, of blending market and regulatory forces to control health-care costs—and the mechanisms of the massive alliances and "global budgets," or limitations on over-all spending. But when the plan was finally unveiled it was probably the promoters of the managed-competition approach, the Jackson Hole Group, who felt the most disappointed—as though their ideas had been transmuted into a malproportioned knockoff, imitative but all wrong. The Clinton plan, they say, borrowed their rhetoric of market-based competition, but it added elements such as caps on insurance premiums, the alliances (which they consider too large and regulatory), and certain tax provisions (which, they argue, encourage neither employers nor employees to be sensitive to health-care costs).

To the surprise of many on Capitol Hill, Hillary denounced Representative Cooper's rival health-care plan.

Sara Singer, a special assistant to Alain Enthoven, who is a professor of management at Stanford University and a trustee of the Jackson Hole Group, said that Enthoven met with Hillary Clinton and Ira Magaziner a number of times but that eventually "it became clear that, while they seemed receptive, the next day Alain would hear from someone else with totally opposing ideas that they had seemed equally receptive to them." Singer went on to say, "I think what they were doing was creating the illusion of participation. Yes, there were the five hundred, but there was really a core group who wrote the thing and there's little evidence that anything changed. I guess the more they heard, the more sure they were right they became."

Magaziner's account of the evolution of the Clinton plan seems not inconsistent with what critics have alleged: that, as had been true of education reform in Arkansas, the end point was known from the beginning to those at the very top of the pyramid. Bill Clinton, Magaziner told me, had heard him speak about health care at a Renaissance Weekend, and when Senator Bob Kerrey began campaigning on health care in the New Hampshire primary in January of 1992, Clinton—who had no clearly articulated position on the subject—asked Magaziner for a memo. The memo that Magaziner said he had provided laid out a plan that would provide universal coverage, with a comprehensive benefits package, and it called for an employer mandate and global budgets. "This memo was very similar to where the Clinton plan is today," Magaziner said. "Some of the explicit competition mechanisms didn't come until later—but it was very close." In the late summer of 1992, Magaziner invited, among others, the Princeton sociologist Paul Starr, who had written a history of American medicine, and Walter Zelman, a special deputy for health issues to California's insurance commissioner, to advise the campaign on health-care reform. In November, Starr and Zelman, at a conference at Princeton, presented papers that added a key element, the alliances (called in the papers "health insurance purchasing cooperatives"), to what Magaziner had sketched earlier. (These papers were published in the journal *Health Affairs*, Supplement 1993.) With the Starr and Zelman papers, "it was really all there," Magaziner said. "But there was a general sense that we should not get too specific in the campaign. Clinton was already way ahead of Bush on health care—and when you get into the details it becomes more divisive."

In complexity, one senses, Magaziner finds his element. He pointed with unmistakable pride to the manifest scope of his labors in the Clinton bill. "We have sixty pages on benefits; in other bills, benefits are only one or two pages," he said excitedly. "We take a hundred pages to describe subsidies." While Hillary Clinton probably does not revel in complexity as Magaziner does, she is certainly undaunted by it. And the complexity of the Clinton plan—not just in its layers of detail but in its over-all structure—may be its most serious flaw. In an Op-Ed piece in the *Times* last December, Paul Ellwood, the president of the Jackson Hole Group, wrote of the Clinton plan, "In the intricacies of his proposal may lie mechanisms that can achieve national goals, but even those of us who have spent our careers pursuing health care reform cannot fully comprehend it."

One participant in the working groups told me, "They did not calculate the cost of its complexity. How can people go to the barricades for something that they cannot understand?"

HILLARY CLINTON brought to her health-care mission the campaigner's instincts that she had honed over the years. According to a person close to the White House, around the time the President's economic-stimulus package was defeated in Congress, a year ago, she told Maggie Williams, her chief of staff, that she wanted to have a "war room" (the same kind of quick-response, computerized-communications hub that she had helped devise for the Presidential campaign) created for health care. "It became known as the economic guys' idea," this person said. "But it was Hillary who set it up." And, as fiercely as though she were in a campaign, Hillary targeted the enemy. To the surprise of many on Capitol Hill—and of some political advisers at the White

House—she began denouncing a rival health-care proposal drawn up by Representative Jim Cooper, a Democrat from Tennessee, who is currently running for the Senate seat vacated by Vice-President Al Gore. Cooper, who adheres closely to the key precepts of the Jackson Hole Group, had been working on legislation in this area for a couple of years (an earlier version of his bill was introduced in the last Congress, in 1992), and likes to refer to his bill—which he introduced in the House, and which was introduced in the Senate by John Breaux, of Louisiana—as "Clinton Lite."

It offers "universal access"—a guarantee that reasonably priced health insurance would be available to everyone—instead of universal coverage, and it does not include two heavily criticized aspects of the Clinton plan: price controls on insurance premiums and the employer mandate. While Cooper's plan does rely on alliances (an aspect of the Clinton plan that seems to have little chance of survival in its present form), his alliances would be non-governmental and far smaller, because participation would be mandatory only for companies with fewer than a hundred employees, while Clinton's plan requires enrollment for companies with fewer than five thousand. Cooper would provide subsidies to families with incomes up to twice the poverty level, to help them pay for coverage, and he would cap tax deductions that employers can take for contributing to employee health plans—a cardinal principle for the Jackson Hole Group, and one that the Clinton plan would not implement for another decade, and in a modified form. Essentially, Cooper's bill calls for a phased-in approach. It would first reform insurance markets and seek, through managed competition, to bring costs under control; then, he argues, after a few years' experience with managed competition Congress could pass a second bill to cover those Americans who were still without insurance.

PANTOUM OF THE DEPRESSION YEARS

Our lives avoided tragedy
Simply by going on and on,
Without end and with little apparent meaning.
Oh, there were storms and small catastrophes.

Simply by going on and on
We managed. No need for the heroic.
Oh, there were storms and small catastrophes.
I don't remember all the particulars.

We managed. No need for the heroic.
There were the usual celebrations, the usual sorrows.
I don't remember all the particulars.
Across the fence, the neighbors were our chorus.

There were the usual celebrations, the usual sorrows.
Thank God no one said anything in verse.
The neighbors were our only chorus,
And if we suffered we kept quiet about it.

At no time did anyone say anything in verse.
It was the ordinary pities and fears consumed us,
And if we suffered we kept quiet about it.
No audience would ever know our story.

It was the ordinary pities and fears consumed us.
We gathered on porches; the moon rose; we were poor.
What audience would ever know our story?
Beyond our windows shone the actual world.

We gathered on porches; the moon rose; we were poor.
And time went by, drawn by slow horses.
Somewhere beyond our windows shone the world;
But the Great Depression had entered our souls like fog.

And time went by, drawn by slow horses.
We did not ourselves know what the end was.
The Great Depression had entered our souls like fog.
We had our flaws, perhaps a few private virtues.

But we did not ourselves know what the end was.
People like us simply go on.
We have our flaws, perhaps a few private virtues,
But it is by blind chance only that we avoid tragedy.

And there is no plot in that; it is devoid of poetry.

—DONALD JUSTICE

At a Senate Finance Committee hearing on May 4th, Robert Reischauer, the director of the Congressional Budget Office, delivered his report on the Cooper bill, saying, among other things, that it would cover fifteen million people who now have no insurance, bringing the number of insured from eighty-five per cent of the nation's population to ninety-one per cent. While there were problems—the C.B.O. concluded that if the benefits package were as generous as the one proposed by the Clinton Administration the plan would not raise enough money to pay all the subsidies promised, and it would result in a three-hundred-billion-dollar increase in the federal deficit over ten years—some lawmakers seemed favorably impressed by it. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, chairman of the Finance Committee, and a critical figure on health-care legislation, was quoted in the *Times* as saying, "With this fairly minimal bill, 90-plus percent of the population would be insured within eighteen months. That's pretty impressive." And Senator Bob Packwood, the ranking minority member of the Senate Finance Committee, pointed out, in questioning Reischauer, that even Hawaii, which has an employer mandate, covers only an estimated ninety-three to ninety-seven per cent of its population. "I have supported mandates," Packwood said. "But if you can get what we pretty much all agree is universal coverage—none of us think we are going to get a *hundred* per cent . . . why have the compulsion?"

Hillary apparently had seen the menace in Cooper as a rival for the bipartisan middle ground almost from the outset. Participants in a meeting on Capitol Hill in early 1993 recalled that Cooper proffered his proposal as one that the Administration should adopt, and that the First Lady's response was chilly. Cooper met with her and Magaziner in June to inform them that he would be moving forward with his bill, and in January, 1994, described their reaction to the *Times:* "It was not a happy response. I think there was some shock and surprise that a junior member of Congress would presume to say there was trouble with one of the Administration's top priorities."

The middle ground was the prized territory; whoever could claim it would probably win the day. Magaziner explained to me, "We had to bridge the chasm between pure managed competition and . . . single-payer, and to place ourselves in the middle—without irrevocably alienating both sides. We knew that from the beginning. My first memo, in January of '93, laid that out." By the fall of 1993, as the various bills emerged (including one proposed by Representative Jim McDermott, of Washington, which is a single-payer proposal and has ninety-one co-sponsors in the House), it was plain that Cooper was gaining some of that ground.

Health care had been launched by the President before a joint session of Congress on September 22nd, and that event was followed shortly by Hillary's bravura performance before the congressional committees; but then health care was effectively put aside at the White House so that everything could be geared to passing the North American Free Trade Agreement, in November. This is said to have caused Hillary considerable consternation. According to one person, a debate had been carried on for a couple of weeks in August over whether the President should go forward with NAFTA at all. "The First Lady said, '*Look.* We have postponed health care until after the budget—we can't hold it up any longer!' There were those who felt you could abandon NAFTA—you could say, 'The Mexicans are not doing enough.' There were reasons that you *could* present if you wanted to walk away from NAFTA. . . . Hillary was convinced that NAFTA would hurt health care—but Maggie Williams gentled along the idea that it would help." This person added that Williams had probably not told the First Lady this "outright"—that "gentling along" tended to be the more effective approach with her.

NAFTA, of course, went forward. But on two occasions in the intensive NAFTA period Hillary took actions that seemed, at least to two White House strategists, to come from left field and to risk undermining their NAFTA efforts. On November 1st, roughly two weeks before the House vote on NAFTA, Hillary, in a speech before a friendly audience at the American Academy of Pediatrics, in Washington, launched her much publicized fierce counterattack on the insurance industry, in which she accused the industry of lying in its television advertisements. "One of the great lies that are currently afoot in the country is that the President's plan will limit choice," she declared. "To the contrary, the President's plan enhances choice." Insurance companies "like being able to exclude people from coverage because the more they can exclude, the more money they can make," she went on. "Now, they have the gall to run TV ads that there is a better way—the very industry that has brought us to the brink of bankruptcy because of the way that they have financed health care."

One person close to the White House told me that "it was NAFTA time," and people realized they "should shut up on health care. . . . The last thing you wanted was to focus on health care at that moment, because our leading opponents on health care were our NAFTA proponents." This person went on to say, "Hillary was in the car on the way to that speech with Melanne"—Melanne Verveer, her deputy chief of staff. "She's moaning about the commercials. And Melanne, instead of just saying, 'It's important we keep this to ourselves,' says, 'Yes!' . . . And Hillary got up and *fired!*" Melanne Verveer denies that the conversation occurred.

If the displeasure felt by some members of the White House staff was communicated to Hillary—and it is possible that no one had the courage to undertake that job—she was unchastened. A week later—on November 8th, just nine days before the House NAFTA vote—at a rare briefing for health reporters she not only continued to attack the health industry but launched her strongest broadsides against Cooper's plan. The headline in the *Times* the next day read, "HILLARY CLINTON ATTACKS HEALTH PLANS OFFERED BY CONSERVATIVE DEMOCRATS." Commenting on the attack, one person involved in the NAFTA effort told me, "I did not know that it was coming. And we *needed* his vote. The President invited him to play golf after she did that. . . . Those two events were not unrelated."

This person expressed a view, echoed by many members of Congress, that, in general, Hillary's attacks on Cooper were "ill advised"—that "she *created* him, by focussing so much attention on him." Her attacks on Cooper and the insurance industry were conceptually different: she attacked Cooper because she saw his proposal as a rival, and she attacked the insurance companies because they are obvious villains and attacking them can be seen as a way to achieve points with the public in a populist campaign. But both attacks underscored the seeming autonomy with which Hillary made moves that could affect contemporaneous and critical White House initiatives; if she needed to be reined in, and prevented from following her instincts, there appeared to be no one up to the job. This was not really surprising, given her sometimes glacial demeanor. Referring to some of Hillary's younger staff members, one congressional staff person who has had dealings with her said, "They are terrified of her. They are very loyal—they would attack anyone who said something derogatory about her—but they are scared to death. They are so intimidated they think she will fire them if they tell her the truth."

IN the early months of 1994, as the Clinton health plan was being increasingly criticized as an ill-conceived farrago, one congressional lobbyist commented, "Ira is becoming the scapegoat—which is too bad. He's a policy nerd, and brilliant . . . but you don't send policy nerds to the Hill. . . . He's Professor Corey! . . . You should put him in a room and close the door, and let him write a memo. Half of it would be brilliant, and the other half you'd rip up. The political types"—in the White House—"should have seen to that, but they were kept away."

Another person who was involved in the process on the Hill pointed out that members felt free to complain about not only the plan but Magaziner's personal characteristics—mainly his being "arrogant" and "so sure he's right"—in a way that they would not about the First Lady, even though consummate sureness was a trait shared by them both. "They will go on about how *awful* Ira is—but her, no. Even though he was created and is controlled by her."

Still, in interviews with me in the early months of 1994 some members—though they all stressed their admiration for the First Lady's talents and for her success in raising public consciousness about health care—expressed uneasiness about certain of her actions and attitudes. Senator John Danforth, of Missouri, a Republican, told me, "I have been surprised at the vehemence of the Administration in doing a job on Cooper," and he also criticized Hillary's attacks on the health industry as an attempt to "demonize." Senator John Chafee, Republican of Rhode Island, who has proposed a health-care bill that offers universal coverage in a more gradually phased-in approach than the Clinton plan, and who admires Hillary, nonetheless agreed with Senator Danforth about her attacks on the health industry. "I deplore those attacks on the pharmaceutical and insurance companies," he told me. "They"—the companies—"are not evil. They are in business in a game where the rules have to be changed . . . and the insurance companies that have come in here are prepared to change." And Senator Max Baucus, of Montana, a Democrat and a strong Hillary booster, said, "I know that there is a tendency in the White House to develop a siege mentality. I think there is, first, that tendency institutionally, and then I think there is that in her personally. I was surprised, coming back on the plane"—from Montana, where Hillary had given a couple of speeches on health care—"at some of her comments: *how* partisan, *how* negative, *how* quick to judge." Baucus paused, then added, "She's a very smart person, of course, so she forms judgments very quickly."

The Senate is, as everyone knows, an intensely collegial club, where members of widely divergent views generally manage to coexist in an atmosphere of tolerance and mutual respect. That a member adheres to a particular conviction is not correlated with virtue or the absence of it. And even those who might be seen, especially by an outsider, as the black sheep of this body are not excluded from the circle of general good will. But, according to Lawrence O'Donnell, of the Senate Finance Committee staff, this is something that Hillary and those who work closely with her seem not to apprehend; for them, the world is divided into friends and enemies. "I would suspect that if Mrs. Clinton and her health-care advisers saw me laughing with Al D'Amato," O'Donnell declared in an interview before D'Amato's attempt to lead the charge on the Whitewater investigation, "they'd think I was consorting with the enemy. But Congress is a place that is animated by 'Live and let live.' "

Referring to the mind-set of Hillary's people, O'Donnell went on, "There is a religiosity to it. When Moynihan said there should be a special prosecutor"—on Whitewater—"I did not get a single call" from the White House. "There has been no more intense criticism of the President than Moynihan's on the Bosnian situation. Nobody called up. But I get panicked, anguished, desperate, grief-stricken phone calls: 'How could Moynihan have said there's no health-care crisis?' On health care, if you say *anything*—like 'I don't think this construct is going to work as you've described it'—you get an unthinking response. You get great surprise that you'd be saying this at all—and you get fear. It doesn't feel quite so much like fear of you as fear of reporting back. But what you *don't* get is an exchange. Panetta, for example"—Leon Panetta, the Administration's budget director—"comes in here with some scheme, and if that's shot down he comes up with another idea. He's very professional, easy-going. We laugh about it, he doesn't think I'm obstructionist, and that's how it's supposed to feel."

Just as some of the women close to Hillary seem more like followers than like friends, so in health care, too, those who are her closest allies speak of her in essentially reverential terms. Senator Rockefeller, upon whom Hillary has come to rely greatly, and who is, of all her congressional allies, by far the most passionately devoted, told me, "I feel myself so close to Hillary Rodham Clinton." Rockefeller, who has been referred to on Capitol Hill as Senator Phil Donahue (for the readiness with which he discusses his emotions and urges others to do the same), was sitting in his office in the Hart Senate Office Building one evening in late February, munching on carrot sticks. "She has fundamentally given of herself, physically, emotionally, to this subject of health care, to an extent unlike anything I've ever seen," he said. "She *drives* herself so hard." He went on, "She would hate my telling this, but it should be said. Many times I've been in a meeting with her, other people would leave, and, the second the door closes, she goes into sixty or ninety seconds of incessant yawning. Then the door opens again, and not a trace of it. But she is in a state of constant fatigue." Rockefeller recalled an occasion when Hillary had met with a group of veterans who were frightened about what would happen to their coverage under the Clinton plan. They had come to see her in the White House several days after her father, Hugh Rodham, died. "One of them, especially, had been kind of hostile. Then, toward the end, one said, 'We're really sorry about your father.' And she said one of these amazing things. It was very soft, barely audible—there was nothing contrived about it. 'I would have been proud had my father died in a veterans' hospital.' "

In late January, President Clinton, in

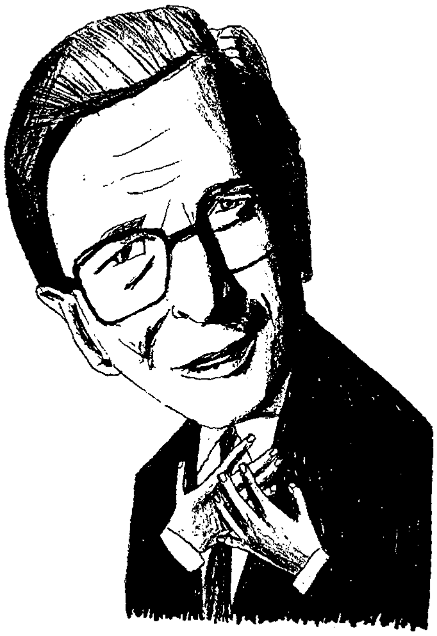
a closed White House session with governors during a National Governors Association conference, had made several comments that signalled far more flexibility on health care than either he or Hillary had expressed before. Governors told the press he had indicated that he was not so committed to global budgets, and that it might be possible for the alliances to be voluntary, not mandatory. After Clinton's comments were reported in the press, Rockefeller responded that the President's sending those signals was a mistake; and Clinton then said that Rockefeller had made a bigger mistake in believing news reports of his statements, which, he said, had been misinterpreted. Concerning this contentious exchange, Rockefeller commented to me, "I chose to do it publicly, not privately, and I got smacked back. That's O.K. I take this issue *very* seriously."

When I remarked to one of Rockefeller's aides that the Senator seemed intensely protective of Hillary, the aide replied, "He really does see himself as her protector. Sometimes, when he feels the White House is not looking out for her, he just goes storming around here, he is so upset by it."

In this instance, of course, the person before whom he appeared to have interposed himself as her protector was the President.

"IT'S as if there were two different governments," declared Michael Bromberg, a powerful Washington lobbyist for the health industry, who has sparred with Hillary on more than one occasion, but who has also said emphatically that "she deserves enormous credit for bringing this issue to the fore the way she has." He now went on to say, "*He* told the governors that he wished he didn't have to put price controls in." Bromberg continued, "*She* says there are no price controls." Bromberg then described a meeting in late January of this year that Hillary held with about thirty C.E.O.s of major organizations. "She was *lecturing*, sort of strident." The C.E.O. from the Mayo Foundation, he said, complained that institutions would have difficulty raising money with the price controls in the Clinton plan. "And she said, 'There *are* no price controls.' I said, 'How are we going to reach a compromise if we can't even agree on what the facts are? It seems we have a language barrier.' She stiffened so noticeably—her body language was *angry*. She is so thin-skinned; she really believes that if you criticize one page of a thirteen-hundred-and-sixty-four-page bill you're the enemy."

Sometimes when Hillary Clinton is challenged, her charm quickly evaporates. Bromberg recalled a meeting he had with her last September, which his most important patron on Capitol Hill, Representative Dan Rostenkowski, had reportedly persuaded her to hold. "I told her I'd been a staff person" in Congress, Bromberg said, "and the biggest lesson I learned was always to try to put my boss in a win-win position. I said, 'Any bill that passes Congress will be a credit to you. But if you say, "This *must* be in there," and then that goes—then it will be perceived as a loss.' She said, 'Bill and I didn't come to Washington to play the game as usual—and to fuzz the difference between universal coverage and access.' And she said something to the effect that 'it's universal coverage that will mean the place in history.' "



Hillary "drives herself so hard," Senator Jay Rockefeller says. "She is in a state of constant fatigue."

On two occasions, Bromberg continued, she had told him that, rather than see an incremental bill such as Cooper's pass, she and her husband would go on the attack on the issue in the midterm congressional elections, this November. " 'We know how to run a populist campaign,' she said," Bromberg recalled.

Another person, who has known both Clintons well for many years, said that Hillary's penchant for attacking on this issue bore the telltale marks of her personality, not Bill Clinton's. "It is not his style to attack. His style is not to box people in but, rather, to leave room for them to change their minds, so that later something can be worked out. Particularly on an issue this big, today's enemy is tomorrow's ally. That's what he's *done* for the past fourteen years." Hillary, this person added, did seem to be engaged in a fierce defense of the Clinton plan, *as written*, but when Clinton said, as he has said a couple of times, that he had "no pride of authorship" in his plan and was open to compromise, that was believable, because it was consistent with his approach in the past.

As observers watched the two Clintons moving on what some of them, at least, considered divergent tracks, one question that arose was whether they were engaged in a good-cop, bad-cop scenario. This longtime friend of theirs, however, vigorously disputed that possibility. "Bill Clinton doesn't do that. He doesn't calculate in *that* way. And they did not do that in Arkansas." More than suggesting a good-cop, bad-cop routine, this person said, their actions lead one to wonder, Are they talking to each other? "All of it makes no sense—unless they're just not in synch."

The situation was odd, in a way, because of Hillary's long-standing reputation for pragmatism, for being perhaps even more pragmatic than her pragmatic husband: the one more capable of making the hard decisions, of cutting losses and ties, of doing what needed to be done to achieve the end. And she has apparently been pragmatic about some provisions of the health-care plan, if not about its over-all structure. In its standard-benefits package, for example, there is coverage for "pregnancy-related services"—which, Hillary has stated, include abortion. That stand has won the Clintons some strong advocates: many women's groups have come out in favor of the Clinton plan and lobbied against rival plans that do not specify those benefits. However, I was told that at a strategy meeting at which the question of abortion came up, Hillary said, "We're going to put it in the bill. Then it will go up to the Hill. They're going to take it out. And we will be back to where we are now. But we are not going to lose health care over this." (Her apparent willingness to trade this issue would probably come as a surprise to Representative Louise Slaughter, of New York, a Democrat, who described herself as "a great fan of Hillary Clinton," and had told me when I asked about the provision on abortion in the Clinton plan, "It's *got* to stay." And when I asked her how resolute Hillary would be on this issue Slaughter responded warmly, "She's with us—I know she is!")

One friend of Hillary's explained to me, "She is pragmatic, yes—but in achieving her goal. She *always* has a goal. Before, it was to get Clinton elected President. Now it's to pass health care." This friend continued, "Health care is *her* deal. She thought it through every step of the way. . . . She is so invested in this product. She is so sure this is right—she will fight for it and push for it, putting herself on the line. The public education on this issue is as much of a victory as the specifics of the legislation, but I worry that, because she's fighting so hard, she could win but lose." The passage of a rival plan "could be perceived as her loss," the friend felt.

According to this friend, those who focus on Hillary's pragmatism tend to lose sight of her idealism, which is a strong competing trait. "She cares terribly about her contribution to the betterment of mankind, and her place in history is very important to her. . . . She has both the idealism of Mme. Mao and the pragmatism of Machiavelli. She's a combination of the two."

This is the first time Hillary has wielded direct influence over an endeavor so large, the first time that her place in history is at issue. Her personal investment is enormous. And that may explain why health care has been dealt with in a somewhat anomalous way within the famously pragmatic Clinton Administration. "The fundamental criticism of this whole endeavor is that they're not pragmatic enough," a Capitol Hill regular said. "It's really surprising. This is the guy who would do *anything*, who flew home from campaigning to kill Rickey Ray Rector!"—an Arkansas death-row inmate who had shot himself in the head and had been left with the mind of a child. "He'll kill, but he won't compromise on the employer mandate?"

Clinton, of course, threatened in his State of the Union Message to veto any health-care bill that did not provide universal coverage—and, inasmuch as universal coverage appears to require mandates, the President's non-negotiable position is said to extend to an employer mandate as well. While a number of congressmen maintain that the President has allowed himself "wiggle room," and might end up accepting a much more gradually phased-in approach under the rubric of universal coverage, others have taken the threat quite seriously and have worried that it could eliminate the chance for tremendously beneficial, if incremental, reforms. And there has been much speculation that Hillary was behind this inflexibility. "I looked up at her in the gallery when he said it," Representative Pat Williams recalled, "and she smiled."

When I asked President Clinton whether Hillary had felt strongly about the veto, he replied, "You know, I don't remember, but she must have, just because she cares so much about it." He went on to say that he believes it was the right thing to do—in order to simplify for Congress and also for the American people what his bottom line is. "To me, if we're not going to fix that, then we're not really going to fix the problem, and we shouldn't pretend to. . . . There are some fundamental institutional problems with the health-care system in America, that no one . . . who's studied it really believes that you can seriously address until we join the ranks of all the other advanced countries in the world and provide a way to cover everybody—and we haven't done that. I feel very, very strongly that unless we do something that not only is symbolically but really capable of making a difference—that is, providing security to people—that the rest of this stuff won't work. For example, I basically don't think you can stop cost shifting—from the people who pay to those who don't—unless you cover everybody. I have *serious* questions about whether these insurance reforms can be fully implemented unless you find a way to cover everybody and also find a way for small business to buy on the same basis that big business does. These things all relate to one another."

Warming to the subject, he told me he now recalled what Hillary had said at the meeting where the veto was discussed. "I remember how strongly Hillary felt about this. I don't remember who suggested it. You know, sometimes when I have these meetings there have been twelve meetings beforehand, so when I get a recommendation it's never possible for me to know whose idea it was originally. But I remember that I told everybody—we were sitting around here talking about the speech—that this is something you have to be extremely careful about, because sometimes even your own allies will recoil at a veto threat, because they think you're taking part of their job away from them—which is, namely, what the final bill looks like. And we debated that . . . and Hillary argued that since we all felt that we wouldn't have done it right if we didn't do this, that in this case it was worth making the veto threat. And to the best of my knowledge, it's the only time I've done it since I've been President."

To the questions about Hillary's role—essentially, the degree and scope of her influence and authority—there is a nagging subtext: the nature of the ties that bind the Clintons. It seems plain that his indebtedness to her must only increase with each new allegation of sexual impropriety. When I asked President Clinton how he deals with the pain these allegations must cause his wife, he said, "Well, we deal with it. And I don't think I should talk about it." He paused. "I mean, I think, you know, the whole thing has been— Someday, I may even talk about it," he said with a soft chuckle. "Just, well, there *is* a story there and not the one that's been told, and maybe someday it will be, but I . . . I'm President, I have to do my job, I have to deal with America's business now . . . and that's what I'm doing."

How free the President is to deny his wife what she seeks is a corollary question. And, while it is Hillary's leadership of health care that naturally is most visible, she has hardly been exclusively relegated to that area. One person who has worked with her told me that she has indeed been "a player on any major issue," and recalled that during the budget process "she would say, 'Where's the plan? Where's the plan?' " This person added, "The President works you hard, but he doesn't *drive* you that way. He didn't call three times a day and say, 'Where's the plan?' "

The debacle involving the firing of all seven employees of the White House travel office last spring—a debacle for which President Clinton eventually accepted responsibility—has since been shown to bear Hillary's fingerprints, not his. Although the travel office was carelessly managed, the White House ultimately conceded that the dismissals had been engineered by friends and a distant cousin of President Clinton's, who had wanted the travel business for themselves. The President has the authority to appoint and dismiss White House officials, but an attempt nevertheless was made to justify the dismissals, by stating that the employees were under investigation for possible criminal wrongdoing, and the White House pressured the F.B.I. to get involved in the case. A recent report by the General Accounting Office depicted Hillary's role as far more active than an earlier White House report did. The G.A.O. report said that after a senior official, David Watkins, briefed Hillary on mismanagement in the office "he said that she urged that action be taken to get 'our people' into the travel office." (Hillary has said that she does "not recall this conversation with the same level of detail as Mr. Watkins.") In this instance, it appears that her eagerness to make the hard decisions (firing career bureaucrats with White House service of between eight and thirty years) significantly contributed to a situation that paralyzed the Oval Office staff for a week and, at least for a certain period, was damaging to the President.

And in one of Clinton's most ill-advised moves—resisting the appointment of an Independent Counsel for the Whitewater investigation and capitulating only when it became plain that the appointment was inevitable—Hillary's influence may have been decisive. Bev Lindsey told me, "It *was* Hillary who made the decision. She is the practicing lawyer in the family; Bill is the theoretical lawyer, but she is the practicing one. And I think they both felt that they could tell people there was nothing there and people would believe it. The staff realized it was not working. So all they could do was keep bringing it up . . . but that angers her—and each time they brought it back to her, there was more tension." Lindsey said she understood the position of those advisers (including her husband), because she had dealt with Hillary's fixedness, though on less momentous issues, when she was doing scheduling for her during the Presidential campaign. "She will not revisit a decision. She's very sure of herself, and she does not want to have something brought up again."

In the end, that sureness about her own judgment—at its extreme, a sense that she alone is wise—is probably Hillary's cardinal trait. When one talks to her friends and her husband, one hears it described in varying ways, but they are all facets of the same intensely insular and unbending characteristic. Connie Fails speaks admiringly of how when Hillary decides that something is fair or not fair, right or wrong, it's *done*. "Once she scripts it out, that's it!" Fails says. Jan Piercy says that Hillary "does not waste time on regrets, does not waste time on ambivalence," and that "she is impatient with people who dwell on what might have been," for "to her it's a waste of time." Another friend says, "When you give her advice, you feel you can influence her maybe ten per cent—the other ninety per cent, no. She is very sure." And President Clinton told me, "You know, once in a while she'll come in and say, 'I want to talk about such-and-such.' And, you know"—he gestured toward the massive oak desk in the Oval Office—"I might as well try to lift that desk up and throw it through the window as to change her mind."

THAT Bill Clinton had a faith in her judgment which may have equalled her own and that they have throughout their marriage shared an overarching goal must have eased the strain on him of living with such absolutism. During my interview with the President, he stated repeatedly that he had to "give her credit for" the insight she had had that for him 1992 would be the year of opportunity. "She always thought that the right kind of Democrat would have an opportunity to be elected in '92—always. I mean, from the beginning of his"—George Bush's—"term, when he took office, she told me that," the President said. "And when he got up to seventy per cent and then ninety per cent or whatever in the polls after the Gulf War, she never wavered in her conviction that '92 was a good year for the right sort of Democrat to challenge the established orthodoxy of the Democratic Party, and also challenge the incumbent President. It was amazing"—Clinton spoke emphatically. "And I've got to give her credit for that. That's one where her instinct was right, and I didn't feel that way for the longest time. . . . She thought that in '88 we still had a reasonably good economy and that the adverse consequences of Reaganomics were not fully apparent to most voters; and that by '92 they would be. And she always believed that. And she never changed her opinion. . . . It was quite amazing. She was really right about that. She had a sense about it. Once I got out and around the country in '91, I began to feel it . . . but she sensed it just from her reading of events, and her feel for it." She is possessed of "a sixth sense," Clinton said warmly—bringing to mind what the former *Arkansas Gazette* reporter Ernest Dumas has called Clinton's "mystical faith" in Hillary's political judgment, and underscoring how much he must have always depended upon it.

But since that common goal has been achieved, with their entry into the White House, the equipoise has shifted, and what, one wonders, is Hillary's goal now? As one person has said, she always has a goal; apparently, setting goals is for her both a habit of mind and a way of life. Some friends have suggested that her goal now may well be to become President herself. Betsey Wright told me last December, "There are a great many people talking very seriously about her succeeding him. Their staff will say, 'We have to do it this way and that way, and then we'll be here at least twelve years.' And it's not just the staff. Friends, Democrats, people out across the country think it is a very viable plan of action."

Some are careful to frame the basis of a possible Hillary Clinton Presidency as an exercise of virtuous obligation and self-sacrifice—the way that she herself has long been wont to define her political role generally. Amy Stewart stated firmly, concerning the prospect of Hillary seeking the Presidency, "The *only* way I think she would seek it is if, after eight years, she felt she *had* to, to protect what he had put in place. But it would *not* be because it was her ambition."

Though Hillary was not available to be interviewed for this article (Maggie Williams spoke of the time pressure on Hillary's schedule), I was, oddly, allowed to speak to the President for a total of nearly two hours. It may be that in this instance, as in the larger scheme of their lives, Hillary chose to use him as her vehicle, rather than to negotiate her own way. If she were to run for President, of course, the scenario of their lives would be radically altered. And when I asked the President what sort of President he thought Hillary would be, he quickly responded, "Oh, she'd be great at it. But I don't think she'd *ever* run—not in a hundred years!"

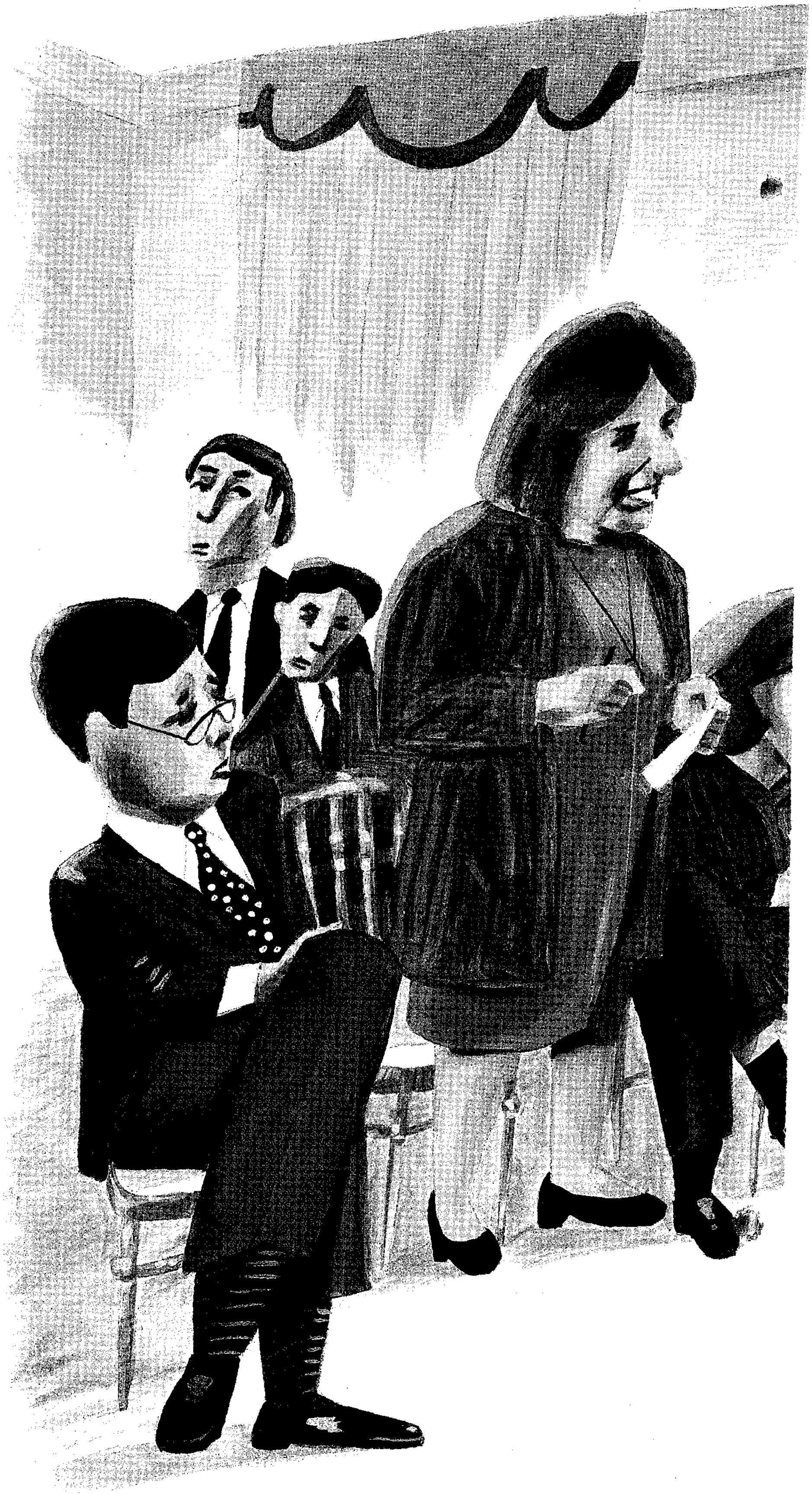
Why was that?

"Because she just always told me that the one thing she was not interested in was being in elected office—and she's always said that publicly."

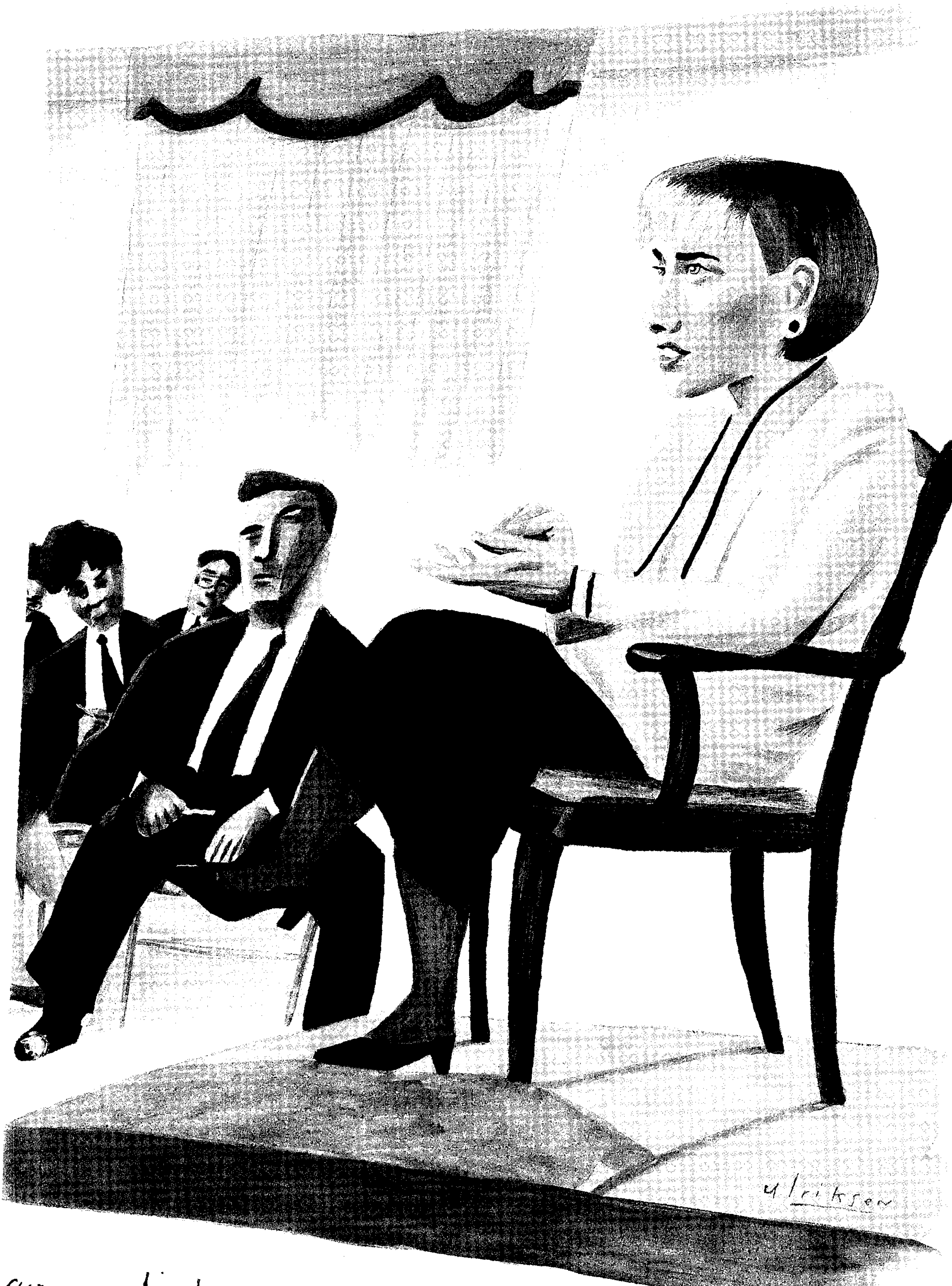
But I reminded the President that in 1990, when he was undecided about running for governor himself, she was said to have considered running.

The President backed up. "Oh, Judge Woods desperately wanted her to run for governor, and it got out and around the state, you know, a little bit, and I looked at her one night and said, 'If you would promise me definitely that you would run if I didn't, then I will not run,' " he said, with a laugh. "Yeah! I asked her, 'Can you tell me for sure you would do this?' And she said, 'Oh, no, I can't do that. I have no idea whether I would or not.' Because she always had very mixed feelings about running for public office. She loves public service—she's always loved it. And she's always been happiest, I think, doing it. But, primarily, she's never seen herself as an elected official."

The President went on, "I think she'd be very good at it," and then—focussing on what is, of course, the most serious of many reasons that any Presidential ambition of Hillary's could not be acknowledged by either of them, whatever their private thoughts—he said, "But I also think once I got elected President—I think she didn't think about that sort of thing, in no small measure because she has such an enormous regard for Al Gore, and for what he's done here, and



The First Lady's April press conference w



supreme display of the empathy she has learned to project.

how much of a difference he's made to our common endeavors."

THE notion of Hillary Clinton as a Presidential candidate is an interesting one. She is almost an icon for many women today; Diane Blair says she thinks Hillary sees herself as "the new American woman," in trying to balance multiple personal and professional roles, and the often conflicting demands on time and energy that they entail. This note naturally strikes a responsive chord with millions of American women. Hillary is, of course, attempting the feat on a singularly elevated platform, in full public view. Still, while most women simply occupy these disparate roles, and struggle to perform them well, Hillary uses them to achieve a desired effect—invoking her familial roles to soften her presentations before congressional committees, giving interviews to stress the domestic side of her life after, at one point, unleashing a particularly vociferous attack on the health industry. There is much that has been groundbreaking in her time as First Lady, and much to be admired, but nothing has been more conspicuous (or distracting) than the barrage of changing images of Hillary.

Indeed, if politics has become to some degree the art of packaging, Hillary is a grand master. She reached her zenith, to date, at her press conference in April, where she manifested sympathy for the reporters' concerns, and, of course, contrition—however narrow. But all this seems contrived—some of the images do not align, the moral exemplar does not fit with the person who carries out tough political acts—and there is a compulsion to camouflage. What are we meant not to see? A hard, ambitious, oversure intellect ready to make political deals that the more squeamish might shrink from—a real *pol*, and yet one who, particularly as a woman in an age that is still in many respects sexist, might have little political appeal?

What seems plain, to one watching Hillary Clinton as First Lady, is that she is always learning, and that the makeover never stops. And, notwithstanding the President's denial, if her goal is, as friends have suggested, to fashion her own place in history, or to become President herself, then that means that for the first time since she decided to throw her lot in with Bill Clinton she is no longer merely an adjunct. There are vestiges of such a role, since at this moment her power is still dependent on and largely protected by his. But the bedrock premise of their partnership may be altered; for what is best for him politically is no longer necessarily best for her.

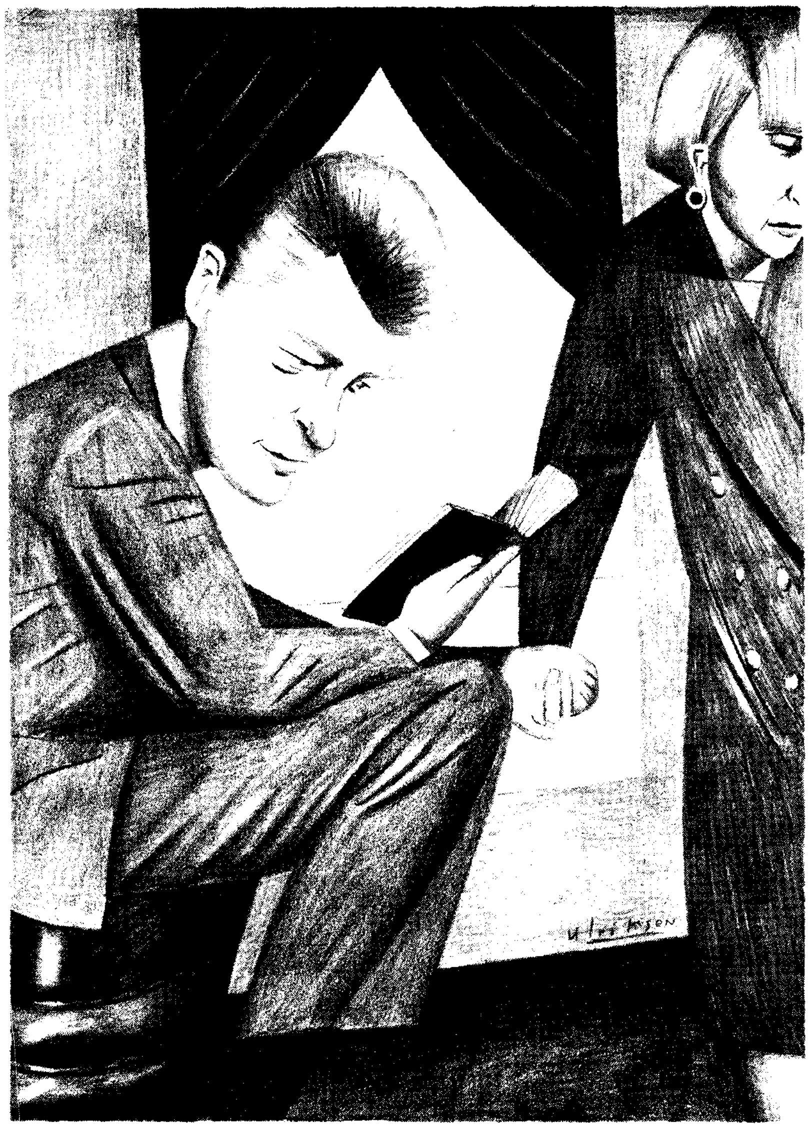
In this ongoing division of interests, the potential for competition looms large, and traces of it do seem discernible. Hillary became reconciled to the President's pursuing NAFTA (and putting health care aside) only after several days of debate, and of being "gentled along" by Maggie Williams; and, even after she agreed, she took actions in the pre-NAFTA period which, whether she was conscious of it or not, had the potential for undermining NAFTA's passage. And, although some members of Hillary's staff are said to be frightened of her, they are also worshipful, proud of the spirit of solidarity that infuses their group. Jan Piercy emphasized the perfect diversity of Hillary's staff—Williams is black, and her scheduling director, Patti Solis, is Hispanic—and said, rather pointedly, "In Hillary's staff there is a camaraderie and professionalism unequalled by any staff in the White House." Connie Fails, referring to the cohesiveness of Hillary's staff, said, with a laugh, "It drives Bill *crazy!*"

In the late fall, Hillary introduced the subject of crime into at least one of her speeches. A friend said that crime would be a sequel to her health-care effort, but a person close to the White House exclaimed, "It *cannot* be. It has to be his issue! Gergen"—David Gergen, counsellor to the President—"will not allow it!" In late February, when the Clinton health plan was an object of widespread scorn and derision, the famously ingenuous Senator Rockefeller remarked to me, "I think, although I can't prove this, that she may be pulling back a little now—that she wants this to be seen as the President's plan." That there was at this time an emerging strategy to put some distance between her and the beleaguered plan was further suggested when one of Hillary's strongest partisans tried to persuade me that I ought not to focus on health care in my examination of Hillary's time as First Lady. But surely, I said, that has been her major effort. "She's done a lot of *other* things that are very important," this person told me. "For example, she's redone the White House. Not enough attention has been paid to that."

While it remains true that Hillary Clinton and the President will rightly receive credit for *any* health-care legislation that passes, the chances of its bearing much resemblance to the Clinton plan seem increasingly remote. Senator Edward Kennedy's proposed modifications to the Clinton plan seek to make it more palatable by, among other things, exempting small, low-wage businesses from the employer mandate. But in the last couple of weeks Senate Republican opposition to any kind of mandate, individual or employer, has seemed to harden. Almost two weeks after Robert Reischauer's testimony before the Senate Finance Committee on the Cooper-Breaux bill, Senator Packwood—who had earlier supported the idea of a mandate—told reporters that mandates were dead. A day later, on May 15th, Senator Robert Dole—who had been a co-sponsor of the Chafee bill, which has an individual mandate (that is, individuals would be forced by law to purchase health insurance)—said, "Individual mandates aren't going to pass." If mandates were to fall, that would leave any one of the various competing bills—or, more likely, an amalgam, such as one combining Cooper-Breaux and Chafee—as an alternative. But when George Mitchell, the Senate Majority Leader, and a strong supporter of the White House on health care, was asked on NBC's "Meet the Press" whether he would recommend that the President veto a bill such as Cooper-Breaux, which takes care of ninety-one per cent of the population, Senator Mitchell said yes.

The health-care debate on Capitol Hill is today in such a state of flux that almost anything might happen. But one thing seems certain: a large bipartisan coalition—something that Moynihan, among others, has been intent on achieving since the start of this legislative process—will be necessary to pass any significant health-care-reform package. And, as Senator Packwood told me, while it is still possible that the Senate Finance Committee (with eleven Democrats and nine Republicans) might find enough votes to pass something that resembled the Clinton plan—with an employer mandate, premium caps, some form of alliances, plus entitlements—"it simply couldn't pass on the floor of the Senate."

A large bipartisan coalition could enable its members to steer a bill through the legislative process with the necessary speed and some degree of control, as opposed to the free-for-all that otherwise would take over—what one person on Capitol Hill referred to as "the last way that you would want legislation that you really cared about to be handled." This would be an ironic dénouement for the architects of the Clinton plan, who were so intent on controlling their product that they insisted on fully drafting their thirteen-hundred-and-sixty-four-page bill. But, whatever happens, this could still turn out to be Hillary Clinton's victory. Just as in Arkansas, where the education reforms were modest but she succeeded in bringing the issue to the fore—and re-creating her persona—so here, too, even if the reforms are modest (and the President finds a way around his threatened veto) her political capital will have greatly appreciated.



"We were talking a month or so ago," Bill said, "and I pulled our family Bible off the shelf."

In the last several months, the shifting equation between the two Clintons has been additionally complicated by another element. Ever since the early eighties, Hillary has been a powerful asset to Clinton; the Republicans attempted to turn her into a liability in the Presidential campaign but failed. Except for the press's brief examination, during the campaign, of her role in representing Madison Guaranty, her integrity had never been seriously questioned; it was, rather, Bill Clinton's integrity that was the issue, and she who was placed in the role of defending her husband. Part of the reason for this situation, of course, was not that Hillary's conduct was so irreproachable but that she was never the candidate, and thus escaped close scrutiny. Recently, however, with the spotlight of the Whitewater investigation focussed more on her than on him, and with the revelations about her commodities trading, their roles in this regard were reversed, and now it was Bill Clinton who had to defend his wife.

It seems likely that over the years he grew accustomed to the inevitable dynamic, in which he, apparently, caused pain and she, more or less, forgave—in which the moral high ground was always hers, not his. In an interview in *People* last December, when President Clinton was asked whether their daughter, Chelsea, was more like him or like Hillary, he responded, "I think she's more like Hillary, though in some of her habits she's more like me. She's incredibly energetic. She likes to have large numbers of her friends over. She hates to go to bed, which is just the way I was when I was young—and still sometimes am. . . . But down deep, she's a lot like her mother. She has her mother's character, her mother's real strong sense of what's right or not." He might have a talent for life, he seemed to be saying, but character and integrity were Hillary's domain. And with me he emphasized again his image of Hillary as someone who is animated by her moral zeal. He told me, "Her instincts—this is not an intellectual thing. It's not because she's real smart. I mean, she's real smart, but this has nothing to do with being real smart. She has a visceral, intuitive, almost irrepressible desire to try to find and do the right thing."

That Clinton honestly perceives and admires this trait in his wife—whom he referred to at one point as "an astonishing person"—seems beyond question. But one can also imagine that he might enjoy a respite from such rectitude—that he might sometimes tire of being the one perennially at fault, beset with human flaws, who must exist in proximity to such exemplariness and forbearance. Perhaps he heard about a speech she gave recently at the National Prayer

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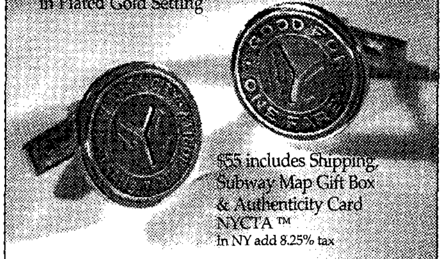

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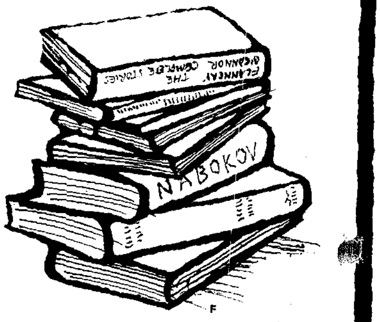
Luncheon, in which she was reported to have said, "I know in the Bible it says they asked Jesus how many times you should forgive, and he said seventy times seven. Well, I want you all to know that I'm keeping a chart"—a comment that brought the house down.

There seemed, in any event, more than a hint of satisfaction as President Clinton, who agreed that they were engaged in something of a role reversal, talked about her travails, and stressed that he—who has been through such things many times before—has tried to draw the right lessons from it all for her. "It's been really hard for her," he declared. "I mean, it's hard reading things about yourself when you think you're being turned into some sort of cardboard cutout. Or, as our friend James Carville said, we're being turned into America's piñata. And when you know it's wrong, it's tough."

He had first experienced this sort of thing in his campaign for Congress in 1974, Clinton continued, when a false story was circulated about him that may have caused his defeat. "So I'm used to that sort of thing. There's just something about me that infuriates people that aren't for me, you know. I've always had people that really loved me and people that really hated me. And I'm used to it. Hillary was always able to occupy a different sort of position, partly because she wasn't an elected official and partly because of the way she was and the way she did her business. . . . I don't want to kid you, it's been tough on her."

But, Clinton added, he has learned from his own experience and has tried to impart to her that "when you're confronted with a deal like this, it's not just whether you rebound from it politically, externally." He explained, "I mean, internally it has an impact on you. It either shrinks you up and makes you narrower or it makes you bigger and better and you grow from it. We were talking a month or so ago and I pulled our family Bible off the shelf, and I said, 'Look here where St. Paul says he thanks God for putting a thorn in his flesh so that he would not become exalted in his own eyes.' And I said, 'Maybe this is the thorn in our flesh, and we should be thankful for it.' She said, 'Well, that's a stretch—but I get the point.' " ♦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THE CRITICS

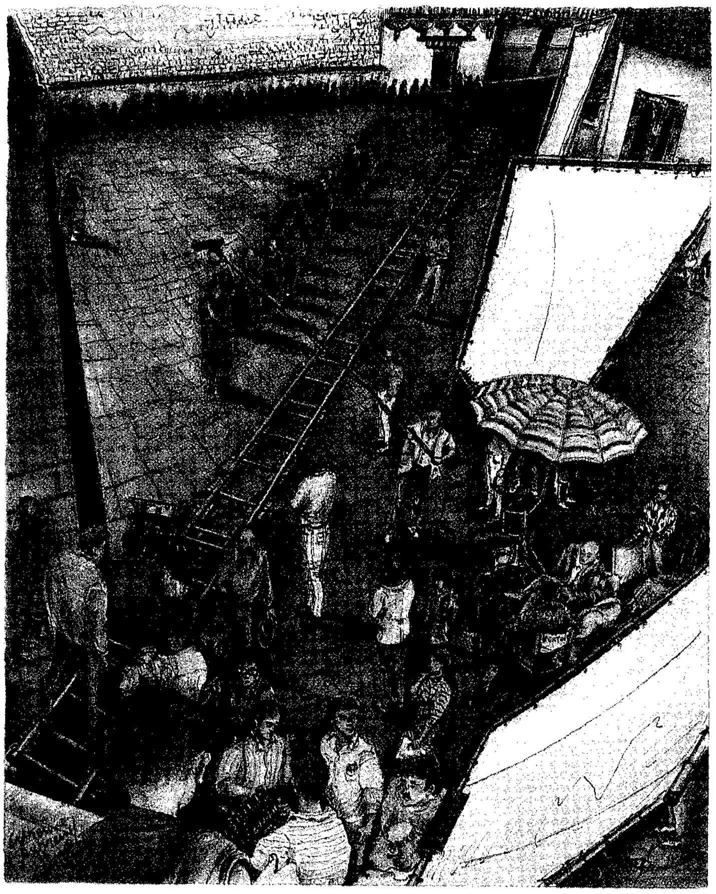
THE CURRENT CINEMA

INSTANT KARMA

BY ANTHONY LANE

"LITTLE BUDDHA" is the new movie from Bernardo Bertolucci, his third overseas trip after "The Last Emperor" and "The Sheltering Sky." This one begins in Bhutan, where Tibetan monks are looking for the true reincarnation of a revered Buddhist lama. Their search takes them to Seattle, and to the home of Dean and Lisa Conrad (Chris Isaak and Bridget Fonda), whose young son Jesse (Alex Wiesendanger) seems like a strong candidate for the job. He's blond, and he's thoughtful, and his nanny, so far as we know, is not an illegal alien. The Conrad home, designed by Dean himself, is an airy module of white walls and glassy blue light. You can't help feeling that the monks struck lucky: the child they seek just happens to live in a hip city, in the bosom of a family unfazed by alternative religions, in a house that contrasts nicely with the warm tones of the monks' own living space back in Bhutan. Think how tricky it could have been if the vision had led them to, say, an unemployed sheet-metal worker in Detroit—someone who wasn't so happy to find a bunch of smilers in full-length saffron standing on his doorstep and asking if they could borrow his son.

Any encounter between East and West is bound to be nudged by comic possibilities, but Bertolucci elbows them aside and carries on with a straight face. There is barely a moment of misunderstanding in the entire movie; the characters, especially the children, tend to meet each other and rise directly to the top floor of mutual comprehension without going via the customary levels of acquaintance. You could say the same of Brando and Maria Schneider in Bertolucci's "Last Tango in Paris," who fell upon each other with no questions asked, but their purposes were plain to see, and anonymity was itself an aphrodisiac. Here the only motive is a kind of instant oneness, helped by the deliberate casting of flat performers. When Dean comes home from work to discover a pair of unknown monks maintaining the lotus position on the floor of his living room, he tells Lisa that he needs a Scotch. The correct response, surely, except that Chris Isaak delivers the line in such a wounded mumble that he takes the sting out of it, and merely compounds the solemnity of the occasion.



Flying to Kathmandu: Bernardo Bertolucci's "Little Buddha."

No surprises, then, when Dean, coming round to the idea that his child might indeed be the chosen one, agrees to let the monks fly Jesse home to the Himalayas, and volunteers to go along for the ride. The action then shifts to Kathmandu, and from there to the monastery, where Jesse finds himself saddled with a couple of rivals. I thought his anointment was more or less a foregone conclusion, and it was rather a shock to learn that electoral procedure in lama circles is, in fact, closely modelled on Oscar night. In place of Whoopi Goldberg they have a maniacal longhair spouting prophetic gibberish. Big difference. There's

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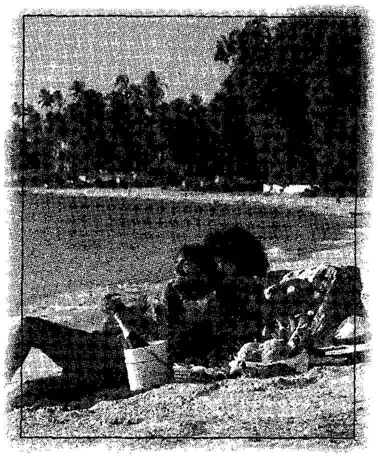

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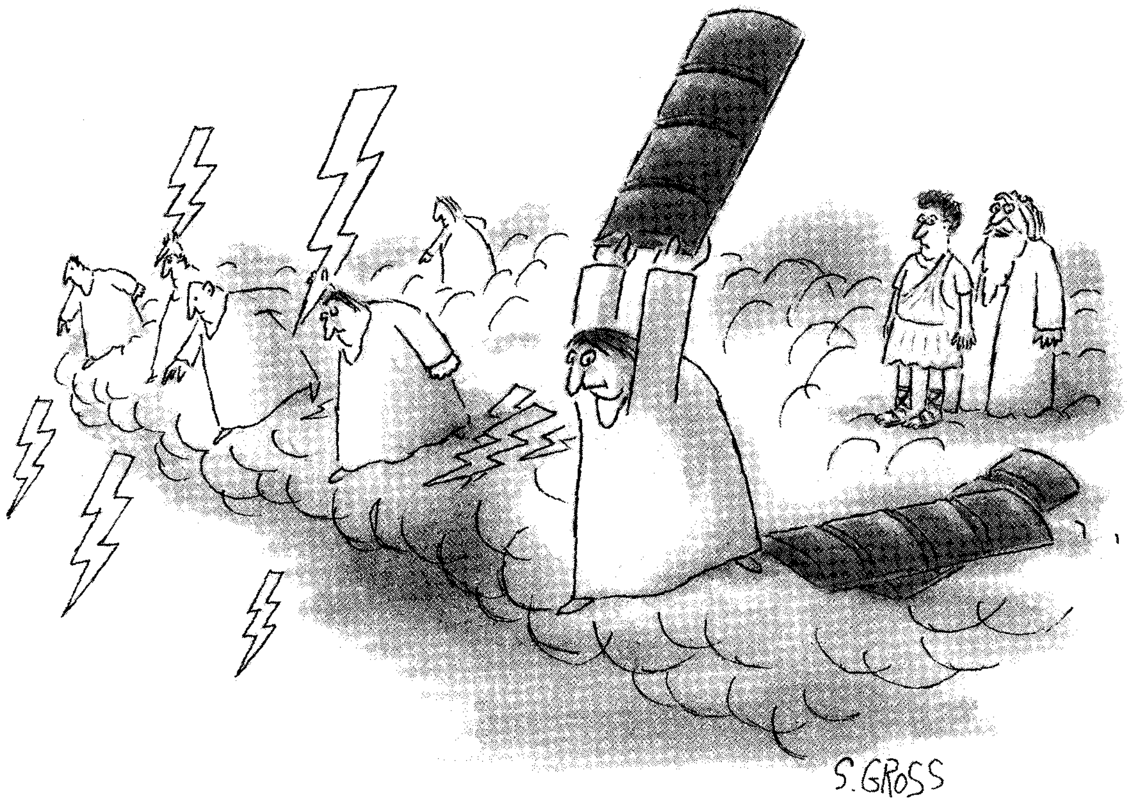
nothing like a dose of competition to raise the stakes, and the movie wakes up for a while as the American entry is challenged by these local pretenders—an urchin called Raju (the liveliest presence in the whole film) and a snappy, nose-in-the-air young lady called Gita. But everything dozes off again as the final decision is revealed to be a three-way tie—a big day for Buddhist democracy, and pretty well the last straw for the film.

Interleaved with this non-plot are slices of old-fashioned storytelling. A picture book about Prince Siddhartha, the original little Buddha, is offered as a gift to Jesse. When he turns the pages, the tale comes to life, just as you would expect; Bertolucci is not a man to let the chance for stately pleasure domes and bejewelled elephants slip through his fingers. And so we flip back two and a half thousand years and find a host of people paying court to a tanned Keanu Reeves, thus proving that history really does go round in circles. The casting of Reeves as Siddhartha is the movie's one true inspiration: he may sound like Peter Sellers in "The Millionairess," and the lines themselves come straight out of "Tommy" ("What is this feeling I have?"), but with this kind of ethereal nonsense you *need* a goofy hunk. Under the weight of a serious actor, things would have collapsed within minutes; as it is, we can sit and enjoy Reeves enjoying himself, and think how great he looks with kohl-rimmed eyes. In what could be a spoof sequence from one of the "Bill and Ted" pictures, he sits under a tree, dines off dung and mud, and fails to cut his hair for six years. *Awesome.* We still laugh at "Little Buddha," of course, but Keanu helps us to laugh along with it, and not just cackle in its face. It's not his fault if the excellent adventure turns out to be a bogus journey.

Long stretches of this film are beyond redemption, not least because everything they contemplate seems to require no redeeming at all. Bertolucci has drowned the world in goodness. Few films can run on pure innocence, unclouded by threat, and even then they tend to need help from Julie Andrews. It's all the more troubling, therefore, to watch someone whose previous work performed such delicate surgery on human corruption turn so blithely away from the body of evidence, as if to deny that it was ever diseased. Bertolucci is a great director going backward fast. Where other artists beat a path from youthful cravings to a more skeptical maturity, he has travelled the other way, dropping his precocious critical intelligence in favor of credulous, openmouthed pageantry. One of his earliest and best movies, "Before the Revolution," tested its radical hero to the full, luring him from political ideals with the promise of carnal comforts in a bourgeois bed. His world[illegible] lover taunted him with a line from Oscar Wilde: "There have been few, if any, spiritual awakenings that have not wasted the world's faculties in barren hopes." Bertolucci was querying his own intensity; he took time out from the plot for larky musical sequences, and chopped into the musing glide of his camera with smart little jump cuts. It's impossible to imagine "Little Buddha" allowing such intrusions into its graceful progress. Bertolucci has bought into the Buddhist way of life, and released it into the movie theatres without further questioning. You learn next to nothing about Buddhism but a lot about the Western palate for Buddhism, which is altogether a duller and more deluded affair; I am not casting doubt on Bertolucci's sincerity, but it is more than possible, I'm afraid, to grab hold of aesthetic opportunities under the impression that you are striking a serious philosophical pose.

And what opportunities they are. Russet robes and spotless courtyards, rituals observed through silken, translucent curtains: the paraphernalia is all present and correct—too correct, perhaps, for Bertolucci and his trusty cameraman, Vittorio Storaro. In a movie about spiritual discovery, it's fairly numbing to realize that nothing remains to be discovered. Take a trademark Bertolucci shot, the one that begins with a vertical strip—a doorway, say, or the edge of a wall—blocking one side of the frame, then slowly disappearing as the camera tracks around it to take in the whole, uninterrupted scene. This smooth gesture has served the director well over the years, for it answers to a doubleness in his own nature, a love of both the decorous and the sinister; it can make us feel like honored guests, ushered in to face a pleasant surprise, but also like spies, snatching a quick glance around the corner before committing ourselves to an entrance. It is still in use in "Little Buddha," but the excitement has bled away; it simply means, Get ready for another gorgeous room. Bertolucci has become the victim of his own stylishness; he's still got that swing, but it don't mean a thing.

There are lovely sights here, of course—look at the poise with which Storaro shoots a busy freeway, or the curve of a monorail—but they all incline toward the grand scale. How the maker of "The Conformist" and "Last Tango in Paris" came to fancy himself a purveyor of rolling epic is one of cinema's more galling mysteries. Maybe the implications of those earlier masterpieces—case studies in intimacy, which saw how it could drive people to destruction, and how swiftly it could be faked and betrayed—were just too strong for Bertolucci; maybe it was in sheer relief that he turned to the reflective, upmarket travelogues in which he now specializes. To go from "The Conformist" to "The Last Emperor" is to enter calmer waters, shimmering and sharkless. It is a move that resulted in nine Academy Awards; no wonder he is content to stay where he is and paddle. The result, in "Little Buddha," is never less than sumptuous, and never terribly interesting. One scene, it is true, feels telling and poignant, but not for the reasons intended. The young Siddhartha, flattered with wealth and shielded from suffering, determines to confront the world beyond his palace. So out he goes, and is immediately faced with the poverty and ugliness that will from now on feed his legendary compassion. Only one problem: the movie's idea of poverty looks just dandy—busy men with brooms, sweeping in perfect array, sending up delightful clouds of dust. Buddha was bold enough to see beyond beauty; Bernardo Bertolucci is trapped inside it, and he may never get out.



"It's something new I'm trying out. Death by chocolate."

• •

KEANU REEVES also appears in "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues," again with tawny complexion, although decked out this time with thickets of sideburn, a ruddy tartan jacket, and a bow tie the size of a ceiling fan. The tale is set, in other words, in the nineteen-seventies; Tom Robbins' original novel came out in 1976, and Gus Van Sant's movie is in part a spirited homage to that epoch—too spirited, maybe, refusing to ground itself in anything as prosaic as a plot. The cast is equally spacey. It starts off O.K. at the top, with Uma Thurman and John Hurt, gets a bit cultish, with Angie Dickinson and Sean Young, and ends up handing out cameos to the likes of Ken Kesey and Grace Zabriskie. Worst of all, there's a part for Rain Phoenix, sister of the dead River, and scarcely his equal. For a while, I thought I heard the mythic, murmured chant of "Rain, rain, go away" sweep slowly through the audience.

Thurman plays the easygoing Sissy, who was born with an outsized pair of thumbs—ideal for two purposes, one of which is hitchhiking, and both of which she indulges in, rapturously, during the course of the movie. Dressed like Doris Day in "Calamity Jane," she lies down on a log, pops the rivets on her buckskins, and gazes up at a vision of Keanu in the sky. This silly, sleepy, rather touching eroticism is what Van Sant does best; as shown by "My Own Private Idaho," he seems happiest when his characters slide to the horizontal. When they're upright and functioning, he's not so sure what to do with them, and "Cowgirls" fritters itself away in random episodes, most of them set on a whooping feminist ranch called the Rubber Rose. Van Sant is some kind of genius, but his style is so free and instinctive that the last thing he needs is a script to match—he should tone up on a tight thriller or something. This ambling, scattershot piece of work drew moans of disappointment when it was first screened, at festivals last fall, and Van Sant took time to recut it; but the movie is beyond rescue, I think, and comes to an end just as you're waiting for it to get going. It's a disaster, but not a worrying one—it's no "Little Buddha." Bertolucci's eye seems to be stuck fast in its socket; Van Sant's is still roving and rolling, as he takes stock of the world like a full-time flirt checking out the talent at a party. "Cowgirls" is just a wrongheaded blip, a bad choice of project. He'll be back. ♦

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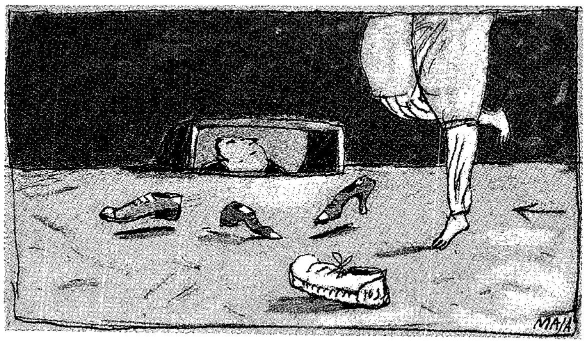
THE THEATRE

CAMPING OUT

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

IN addition to some production personnel, Tommy Tune's revival of "Grease" and "The Best Little Whorehouse Goes Public" (co-directed and co-choreographed by Mr. Tune) had in common a terrible anxiety on the part of the producers about their ability to get your attention—an anxiety that in the case of "Whorehouse," which is now blessedly only a memory, turns out to have been warranted. To alleviate their symptoms, the producers painted the façades of the theatres in come-hither colors (hot pink for "Grease," at the O'Neill; bordello red for "Whorehouse," with an awning to match, at the Lunt-Fontanne) and ambushed you with deadly are-we-having-fun-yet artillery as soon as you set foot inside (a loud, annoying "radio announcer" works the room at "Grease"; the amplified ringing and clattering of slot machines set the appropriate audience-fleecing tone at "Whorehouse"). Nevertheless, "Grease," which is directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun, who was the other co-choreographer on "Whorehouse," offers a lot of pleasure—more than might have been expected from a piece of kitsch about the fifties which itself seemed stuck in the seventies. The talented cast and the inventive production team show off this musical's quotation marks (or stretch marks) of nostalgia with such unembarrassed affection that you willingly go along with its gleeful phoniness. It's a feat of pretending, not pretense—a fun fur that's not trying to pass as the real thing.



The set (by John Arnone, who also designed "Whorehouse") is a replica of a school-auditorium stage, complete with steps at the sides, and gives the show, slick as it is, the spirit of a high-school production (it being understood that the idea of high-school spirit is an invention of show business). On the first day of school, the students of Rydell High, Class of '59, come onstage carrying big pieces of cardboard painted yellow to look like a school bus, and there are other moments when you have the illusion that the students are just using what's at hand to put on a show—when the greasers, out at night, use their flashlights as microphones, or when one of the girls, in a scene in a bathroom, sings to a bar of soap. (The plump, mildly authoritarian English teacher, Miss Lynch, played by Marcia Lewis, really will bring you back to the days of chalk dust and school assemblies. At the beginning of the performance I saw, she bustled down the aisle and demanded that a woman in the audience surrender her gum.) One part of the set—and it's a big part—seems all wrong, though: a huge collage of images meant to evoke the fifties frames the stage, and it's done up in Day-Glo pinks and greens and oranges, which are the colors of another decade and, in any case, tire your eyes out before the show is half over. The excess of color works better in Howell Binkley's lighting and in Willa Kim's witty sendups of fifties fashion clichés—skirts with telephones, champagne glasses, flamingos, Scottie dogs, and Hawaiian palmscapes, and, for the boys, an endless variety of black-and-white plaid pants and shirts.

The production's look leaves a stronger afterimage than the individual performances do, but all the actors are likable and sing well as a group and in solos, and Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's songs, which cheerfully poach from the whole range of fifties melodies and rhythms, sound better here than they do on the original-cast album. Rosie O'Donnell, making her Broadway début as the tough-talking Rizzo, is the very soul of likability; she's so game and seems so happy to be part of this enterprise that even though she doesn't project very well and doesn't have much of a singing voice, you're on her side. But there is one performer who makes an unforgettable impression: Billy Porter, wearing a two-foot-high orange plastic pompadour ("Hair by Dairy Queen," he says), does "Beauty School Dropout" as a combination of gospel shout and swooping soul, and with the vocal dynamite of Little Richard he blows the lid off the joint, sending you soaring into high-camp heaven.

IF you had a smile on your face when you left "The Best Little Whorehouse Goes Public," it could only have been a smile of stupefaction, the kind that comes from being barraged by badness on a grand scale. Where "Grease" is unashamed, "Whorehouse" was shameless—a cynical, calculated collection of mediocre songs and dances served up on a supercharged, powerfully ugly set. The show reunited the team that gave birth, sixteen years ago, to "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas," and the bad seed they spawned this time was basically a Las Vegas floor show, with lots of lights and neon and no reason for being other than to showcase the predictably flamboyant costumes of Bob Mackie. The show was around just long enough for one number, "Call Me," to enter the Dropped Jaw Hall of Fame: a takeoff on television phone-sex services, it featured a bunch of shlubby men in bathrobes and socks pushing women around the stage in big Lucite boxes (TV sets), and climaxed with the men humping the boxes. If I have mistakenly created the impression that this was a lot of fun, I apologize. Over the years, we have seen that there is just about nothing that Tommy Tune, who here shared directorial blame with Peter Masterson, can't do; this show proved that there is also nothing he won't do. ◆

THE CRESCENT BRIDGE, which carries Route 9 over the Mohawk River, will be replaced by state officials.—*Photo caption in the Albany Times Union.*

Strong ones, presumably.

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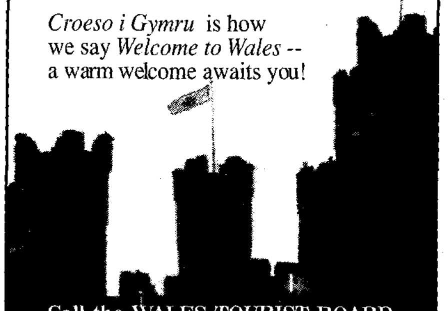

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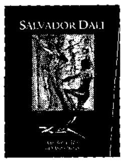

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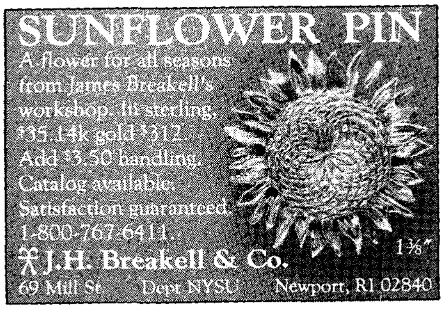

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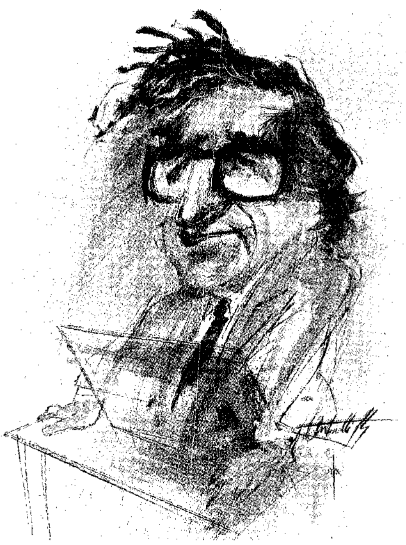
MUSICAL EVENTS

BERIO BECOMING BERIO

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

THERE'S been a lot of Berio about. Earlier in the spring, the composer was in town for the American première of his "Notturno," given by the Alban Berg Quartet in Carnegie Hall. Had he stayed three days longer, he could have heard his "Sinfonia" conducted by Semyon Bychkov in the same place, but he had to get back to Boston to rehearse the symphony orchestra there in a pair of recent big pieces, "Concerto II (Echoing Curves)" and "Rendering," and to work on the last of the Norton Lectures he was giving at Harvard.



In his string quartet "Notturno," the modernist Luciano Berio continues his conversation with the past.

These lectures were bewildering, to judge from the texts of the first four and experience of the fifth, and the more bewildering because bewilderment didn't seem to be the object, as it was when John Cage was the Norton professor, a few years ago. Mr. Berio is a great composer of performances for others: his solo "Sequenze," begun in 1958 and now twelve in number, provide modern virtuosos with opportunities to show off their prowess, to speak for the continuing dignity of music, and to tell fascinating tales of their instruments' histories, techniques, and predilections. But he doesn't write well for himself as lecturer, nor did he seem easy at the lectern. He read, eyes down, at a steady mezzo piano, which amplification didn't make any more lively. He went back to correct errors of pronunciation. Phrases got chopped. There was none of the relaxed generosity and the sly humor he shows in informal conversation. Perhaps what the Harvard audience was seeing was an operatic performance, that of the composer as professor, costumed for the part in sober suit, and speaking the language he felt was expected of his station: "Adorno's dogma involves the whole of musical activity and throws a problematic, but intellectually stimulating, light on the inherent conflictuality of music creativity, which is an inevitable condition of the work's very existence." And so on: the sound of thought sinking under words.

Sink it must, perhaps, when the thinker is one whose thinking goes on primarily in music, and who's not prepared either to turn his lectures into musical compositions, as Cage did, or—this was Stravinsky's way—to fake authority. For Mr. Berio, there's also the more specific problem that he's not by nature imperious—something he kept saying. As he put it in the first lecture (and the passive generalization of the personal viewpoint is one of the sorry marks of his, may one say, professoriality): "An essential factor of modernity has always been its ability to modify perspectives." This is certainly part of what distinguishes his music, this ability, or need, to say, "Yes, but, on the other hand." Hovering ambiguities, though, don't make a treatise.

Nevertheless, these lectures, once published, will go on being read for their momentary glimpses of Mr. Berio's real thinking, his musical thinking—glimpses that tend to arrive, not surprisingly, when his language lifts toward poetry. Musical instruments, he told us, aren't just neutral tools. "They are the concrete depositories of historical continuity and, like all working tools and buildings, they have a memory. They carry with them traces of the conceptual and social changes through which they were developed and transformed. They talk music and—not without conflicts—they let themselves be talked by it." Happily, this was demonstrated at each of the lectures, since each was framed by a pair of "Sequenze" that reared up as the true expositions, and certainly as far clearer statements than the words. At the fifth lecture, Patricia Shands played "Sequenza IX" on a fluent clarinet, by turns peppy and luxuriating—an instrument at once talking Berio and being talked by Mozart, Weber, Brahms, Goodman.

Each of Mr. Berio's compositions is a conversation with the past—not an imitation, in the manner of the saddening body of recent music that supinely allows the orchestra its head in talking Mahler or Stravinsky, but indeed a conversation. Sometimes Mr. Berio's part in the dialogue thins to a whisper, as in the orchestral arrangements he has made of works by Brahms, Verdi, Mahler, and Falla. At other times, it may seem that the past is struck dumb by surprise at what's going on, as in some of the works from his most radical period, the late fifties and very early sixties. But normally both partners can be heard firmly—and sometimes unignorably, because the business of dialogue is what the dialogue is about. That was so, to take the most celebrated case, in the middle movement of the "Sinfonia," the joyous-alarming roller-coaster ride on the scherzo of Mahler's Second Symphony past fleeting visions of Debussy, Ravel, Richard Strauss, and so much else.

First performed in 1968, the "Sinfonia" speaks with the voice of a present that's now a distant past: this is music feeling the fresh excitement of Lévi-Strauss, of Martin Luther King (the fresh tragedy, too), of demonstrations against the Vietnam War. Just now, as it makes the journey from novelty to classic, it's passing through the doldrums of the merely dated, and is difficult to get right. Mr. Bychkov's performance, with his own Orchestre de Paris, was too drilled and sometimes too fast; the last movement sounded, as it easily can, perfunctory. Also, I wonder if it wouldn't be better to have the amplified voices (those of Electric Phoenix on this occasion) coming into the hall from persons unseen. Placing the group onstage suggests that they're soloists inside the orchestral body, whereas so often their interventions are provocative or appellant. It might suit to have them sounding as if from a radio station in the outside world.

The celestial railroad of the "Sinfonia" shows—as the lectures showed, less in what they said than in their not saying—that Mr. Berio's music isn't rooted in a strong framework of ideas. Instead, single ideas may spring open musical possibilities, which are then explored empirically; the question of what to quote alongside the Mahler was partly decided by what the composer happened to have with him on vacation in Sicily. One conceptual germ, that of recomposing the Mahler movement, was all it took; and, similarly, he needed only one inspired notion, that of presenting some late Schubert sketches for a symphony in D major—sketches that his wife, the distinguished musicologist Talia Berio, was editing for publication—to bring a second orchestral conversation with preëxisting music into being twenty years later, in "Rendering."

Mr. Berio has said that his part here was that of a fresco restorer, presenting segments in such a way that they could stand for the whole. But the comparison is too modest. Music has no equivalent of bare plaster, empty space: silence is always an ending to time, not a conveyance through it. So the conveyance has to be created, in music that bends away from ideas in the sketches, looks to other Schubertiana—an elementary counterpoint exercise, themes from different works—and has ideas of its own. By happy chance, the Schubert material gives the dialogue a dramatic shape. Large sections of the first movement were drafted, at least as a melody line, and so Mr. Berio's interludes can be quite brief; his task was largely one of filling out what Schubert had provided. (In one of the lectures, he quoted Walter Benjamin on the "saintly vocation in the sheer act of copying," on how "copying is to *be* the text being copied.") The second movement, inversely, needed a beginning and an end, and the third movement offered an invitation to a faster interplay—though an interplay in which Mr. Berio seems just as much present in his exuberant orchestration of the main theme, more a round than a

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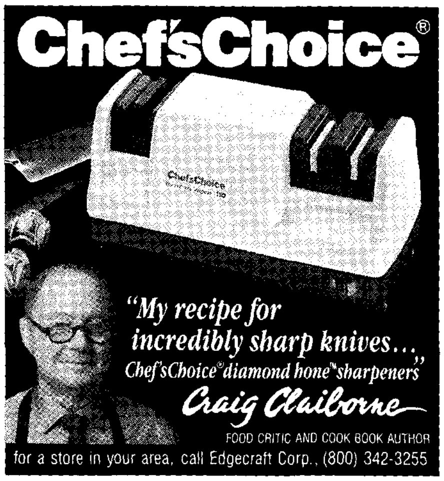
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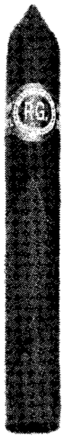

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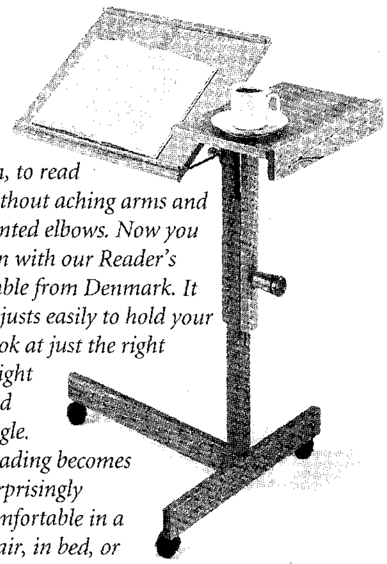

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rondo, as he is in his marvellously scored original music. So finally the neat scheme of "Rendering" reveals itself as something of a false trail. We don't hear Schubert alternating with Berio but, rather, a new compound, Schuberio—a composer fluent in the Viennese tradition but also capable of a modern sophistication in handling a classical orchestra. If Berio as copyist becomes Schubert, then Schubert in being copied becomes Berio.

More often, we hear Berio becoming Berio, as the composer reëxplores music from his own past and finds there opportunities for adding alternatives and commentaries to the alternatives and commentaries of the original scores. There was an example included in this Boston Symphony program in "Concerto II (Echoing Curves)," a piece that, like "Rendering," found its definitive form in 1990, and does what its subtitle indicates to "Points on the Curve to Find . . . ," a limber, small-scale piano concerto. The effect is of that frenetic, skittish 1974 piece being submerged in a swimming pool: everything is ampler, and the wider space offers occasion for spectacular interior dialogues, as, at one point, between the piano and the distant violins, both in jabs of sound; but the downside of creative reverberation is indistinctness. Every melodic gesture seems to have been smeared into a harmony, and the effort of melody to lift itself from harmony produces a curiously Scriabinesque thrashing—though a thrashing in which the soloist here, Andrea Lucchesini, was at once opulent and motile.

A further result of Mr. Berio's conscientious and delicious prevarication is the abundance in his music of trills and tremolos: prevarications between note and note, between note and not-note. Both "Rendering" and "Concerto II" are full of them, but not as full as the new string quartet, which consists of little else. This "Notturno"—a slight name for a twenty-two-minute composition—is, according to the composer, "nocturnal because it is silent," and "silent because it is built in unspoken words and on unfinished discourses." On the score is a line from Paul Celan: "*Ihr das erschwiegene Wort*" ("To her the silenced word"). But silence has to be composed, here as much as in "Rendering." Mr. Berio composes his silence partly in the frequent tremolos that flitter on the edge of it, partly in his extreme pianissimos. (This wasn't a piece for Carnegie Hall: it's chamber music.) But most of all he composes silence by composing atmospheres, arenas, and instigations: open spaces that fail to get filled, propositions that aren't taken up. The most conspicuous of these propositions comes as a line from the viola a little way into the piece. Nobody else in the quartet seems to be hearing it (though on the level of performance the piece needs four highly sensitive communers), and it fizzles out into the inevitable shiverings. When, nearly twenty minutes later, the viola tries again, that's the signal to quit.

The citation from Celan suggests that we might hear in the silence of "Notturno," in the night of "Notturno," a Jewish silence and a philosophical night: the blank fuzziness of Rothko, the exacting restraint of Wittgenstein. That would place this new work with one of Mr. Berio's strongest pieces, "Ofanim," as an effort to go perhaps further than any other composer has gone in comprehending Schoenberg, and in comprehending Schoenberg's great silences: the silence at the end of "Moses und Aron," the trailing off at the end of the "Modern Psalm." On a lower, closer level, the feverish absence of "Notturno" may be a signal of waiting from a composer engaged on a big theatrical project—provisionally called "Outis" and having the Odyssey in its background—that's due to open in Milan in 1996, with Thomas Hampson in the leading role. We must hope for a performance of Mr. Berio's preceding opera, "Un Re in Ascolto," which is all about listening and waiting.

But at the same time the silence of "Notturno" is the silence of a broken connection, of an effort to hear from a tradition, that of the string quartet, too far removed for communication to be possible. One can understand why Mr. Berio might feel a kinship with Mahler, whose music is as loaded as his own with the joys and the obligations of history. One can understand why he should be able to touch—as if they were being delivered from his own hands—sketches from Schubert, since his own music so often deals with things just formed, just being formed. And one can understand why he should feel no response from the quartet literature's great catalogue of perfected masterpieces, so that all we hear in "Notturno" is music's dial tone. ♦

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BOOKS

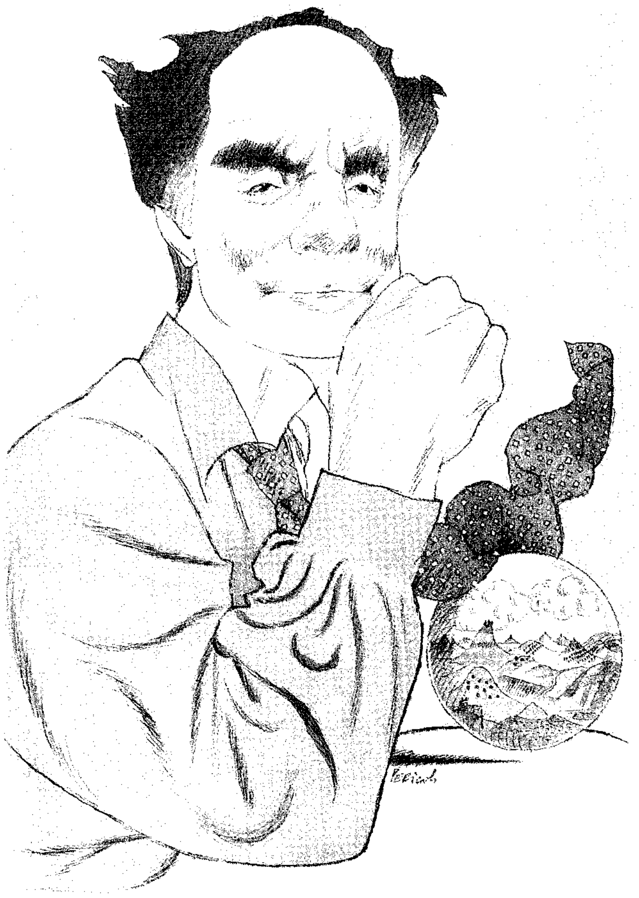
POSTHUMOUS OUTPUT

BY JOHN UPDIKE

The Road to San Giovanni
by Italo Calvino; translated from the Italian by Tim Parks
(Pantheon; $19)

Thirteen Uncollected Stories
by John Cheever
edited by Franklin H. Dennis
(Academy Chicago; $19.95)

WHEN a notable writer dies, his work in progress flies out of his control, and his heirs have to decide what to publish. They have tended, lately, to publish all they can. Hemingway's widow brought out "A Moveable Feast," which Hemingway had pretty well completed; "By-Line: Ernest Hemingway," a collection of his newspaper writings; "The Dangerous Summer," an excerpt of about forty-four thousand words from the hundred and twenty thousand words of a misbegotten assignment for *Life* concerning bullfighting in Spain; a large book of his letters, which Hemingway had expressly directed his executor not to publish; and two novels—"Islands in the Stream" and "Garden of Eden"—rather peremptorily carved from the mass of his unresolved fiction. Vladimir Nabokov's widow and son approved publication of three books' worth of the academic lectures he gave on literary subjects, a volume of his letters, another of his plays, and a novella, "The Enchanter," composed in Russian in prewar Paris on the pedophiliac theme of "Lolita," but they have not yet confided to print the novel "The Original of Laura," on which he was working before his death.



Italo Calvino's unfinished "memory exercises" offer insights into the thoughts of a writer who was never easy to know.

TULLIO PERICOLI

Soon after Italo Calvino died, suddenly, of a brain hemorrhage, at the age of sixty-one, his widow, Esther, supervised the publication of two small volumes: "Six Memos for the Next Millennium," containing five of the six lectures he had intended to deliver at Harvard as the Norton Lecturer, and "Under the Jaguar Sun," containing three of five short stories, each centered on one of the five senses, he had intended to assemble. Recently, a third fragmentary volume, a set of five "memory exercises" written between 1962 and 1977, was offered to the American public under the title "The Road to San Giovanni."

The book uses a

very narrow format to generate a hundred and fifty pages—but then none of Calvino's books, except his collection of Italian folktales, are large. What they are is exquisite—intricately systematic, highly polished, and infectiously thoughtful. Calvino wrote of "the special satisfaction I get from thinking." For him, as for Paul Valéry, the actions of the mind are a sensuously felt operation, a purring of silkily oiled gears. In the essays gathered here, his mind is engaged in recovering the past, a process that conduces to long, uncharacteristically lax and tangled sentences:

> . . . as I saw it, the world, the map of the planet, began on the other side of our house and went downwards, everything else being a blank space, with no marks and no meaning; it was down in the town that the signs of the future were to be read, from those streets, those nighttime lights that were not just the streets and lights of our small secluded town, but *the* town, a glimpse of all possible towns, as its harbour likewise was all the harbours of all the continents, and as I leaned out from the balustrades around our garden everything that attracted and bewildered me was within reach—yet immensely far away—everything was implicit, as the nut in its husk, the future and the present, and the harbour—still leaning out over those balustrades, and I'm not really sure if I'm talking about an age when I never left the garden or of the age when I would always be running off out and about, because now the two ages have fused together . . .

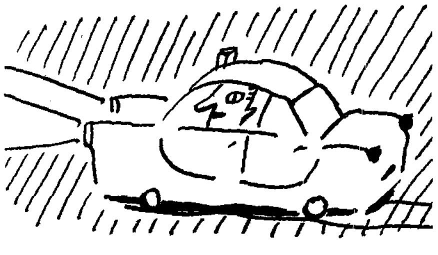
And so on, for nearly two hundred more words. This comes from the first, and title, essay, which is the oldest in the collection, and reaches farthest back, into Calvino's childhood in the coastal town of San Remo, just over the Italian border from Monaco and Nice. His home was situated "in an area once known as 'French Point,' on the last slopes at the foot of San Pietro Hill, as though at the border between two continents." His father, an agronomist who had had his "most successful years" in Mexico, maintained a model farm back in the hills, in the village of San Giovanni, to which he and his two sons hiked almost daily. But young Italo's heart was tugged downhill, toward the city, the harbor, and the sea. His guilt at shunning his father's vocation, at refusing to learn the botanical names and agricultural practices paternally inculcated, at becoming "a citizen of cities and of history . . . a consumer—and victim—of industrial products" instead of entering into "a relationship with nature, one of struggle and dominion," continued to haunt him, and gives the five essays their basic psychological topography.

The second, "A Cinema-Goer's Autobiography," in superb style testifies to his generation's bewitchment by the movies—an industrial product that he had to descend to the city to consume. His period of intense, illicit cinema-going was brief, consisting of "the years between '36 and the war, the years of my adolescence." He gives another version of the "rift" that dominated his growing up:

> It was a time when the cinema became the world for me. A different world from the one around me, but my feeling was that only what I saw on the screen possessed the properties required of a world, the fullness, the necessity, the coherence, while away from the screen were only heterogeneous elements lumped together at random, the materials of a life, mine, which seemed to me utterly formless.

The cinema "satisfied a need for disorientation, for the projection of my attention into a different space, a need which I believe corresponds to a primary function of our assuming our place in the world." American films, above all, provided the needful disorienting space. They formed a world unto itself, offering no connections (unlike French and Italian films) to the real world: "Between the catalogue of women encountered in American films and the catalogue of women one meets off the screen in everyday life one could establish no connection; one might say that where one ended the other began." The pantheon of remote Hollywood goddesses, "from the spirited Carole Lombard to the practical Jean Arthur, and from the full, languid mouth of Joan Crawford to the thin, thoughtful lips of Barbara Stanwyck," raised the young Italian's budding gender-political consciousness:

> From the cheeky opportunism of Claudette Colbert to the pungent energy of Katharine Hepburn, the most important role model the female personalities of American cinema offered was that of the woman who rivals men in resolve and doggedness, spirit and wit, this lucid self-possession in confronting their male counterparts finding its most intelligent and ironic exponent in Myrna Loy.



Ever the playful metaphysician, Calvino wonderfully evokes the sensations of the innocent movie addict—the disturbing discrepancies between weather and time within the movie and conditions outside the theatre, and the narrative puzzles posed by arriving in the middle of the plot, in that era of continuous showings. Fascism, which had ruled Italy for all of Calvino's lifetime, impinged disagreeably upon him for the first time when the government, in 1939, embargoed the films of American producers and distributors. "It was the first time that a right I had enjoyed had been taken away from me . . . and I experienced this loss as a cruel oppression, one which contained within it all the forms of oppression that I knew about only from hearsay or from having seen others suffer." His cinematic rapture would never again be so pure, though he remained a lifelong moviegoer; the essay, too, pales after the embargo, and becomes an interesting but relatively narrow discussion of the films of Calvino's contemporary Fellini, who was doing his own adolescent cinema-going in a similar town, on the Adriatic coast of Italy. Perhaps the whole piece, whose first two-thirds glow with the intimate, shimmering light of Proust's magic lantern, was intended as homage to Fellini and those autobiographical films of his wherein "the cinema of distance which nourished our youth is turned forever on its head in the cinema of absolute proximity." One wonders how Calvino, had he lived, might have edited this luminous reminiscence.

The three remaining essays cry out for his reshaping hand. "Memories of Battle" seems a fragment of a larger campaign within him to recover the details of that epoch of his life when he fought with the Italian Partisans against the Fascists. He remembers almost nothing, he concludes, facing "the distance that separates that night then from this night I'm writing in now." Too abruptly, we are transported, in the next essay, "La Poubelle Agréée," to the middle-aged Paris-dwelling literary man as he carries out the daily garbage to the communal *poubelle*, an official rubbish container named after M. Poubelle, the Préfet de la Seine from 1883 to 1896. Calvino can weave witty phrases around anything, but this essay, on which he worked, he apologetically tells us, for three or four years, never quite arrives at its epiphany. He does arrive, meditating upon the waste-disposal rift between rural and urban societies, at his original guilt—"the remorse . . . of the landholder's son who in disobedience to his father's wishes has left the estate in alien hands, rejecting the luxuriant mythology and severe moral code in which he was educated." The last essay, "From the Opaque," composed with the minimal punctuation and wearisome precision of Samuel Beckett, presents Calvino's fundamental sense of himself in relation to the world: "It's as if I were always on a balcony, looking out over a balustrade, whence I see the contents of the world ranged to the right and to the left at various distances, on other balconies or theatre boxes above or below, a theatre whose stage opens on the void, on the high strip of the sea." He is back, in other words, in San Remo, above the city—the first of so many cities that he will contemplate and construct in his mind—feeling the slope behind him, feeling the southern sun on his face, mentally projecting the shadows that are the inverse of the sun, and sensing his identity as a writer arising out of those shadows, "the opaque":

> From the depths of the opaque I write, reconstructing the map of a sunniness that is only an unverifiable postulate for the computations of the memory, the geometrical location of the ego . . . the ego whose only function is that the world may continually receive news of the existence of the world.

Calvino's philosophical bones, as it were, are lifted from the matrix of his childhood memories, of the natural amphitheatre around San Remo. (It is a pity that Tim Parks' melodious, loving translation ends on a typo—the word "exits" when "exists" was meant.)

Esther Calvino was guided in arranging this book by a list her husband had left, under the over-all title "Passaggi Obbligati." Some of the planned entries, such as "Cuba" (where Calvino was born), were never written. The five she did assemble do not perfectly harmonize, though the last is a schematization of the first. In such finished works as "Cosmicomics," "Invisible Cities," and "Mr. Palomar," every possibility of the design was filled in, making a kind of impervious density. Calvino was not, even in so autobiographical a work as "Mr. Palomar," an easy writer to know; his crystalline intelligence deflected our personal curiosity. Through this small, scattered posthumous book, we draw closer to the innermost Calvino than we have before.

SINCE the death of John Cheever, at the age of seventy, in 1982, his heirs have not been idle; they permitted the publication, in this magazine and in book form, of excerpts from the writer's harrowingly moody and graphic journals, and his elder son, Benjamin, edited—informatively, charmingly—"The Letters of John Cheever" (1988). Ben's sister, Susan, in 1984 issued an acute and affecting memoir of her father, "Home Before Dark," providing the public's first glimpse of the journals, and anticipating much of Scott Donaldson's biography of 1988. The family's rush to print, however, dramatically reversed itself in the case of a posthumous volume of short stories to be brought out by the obscure Academy Chicago Publishers. A contract was signed with the author's widow, Mary, in 1987; the estate and a freelance editor, Franklin H. Dennis, split a trifling advance of fifteen hundred dollars. When, however, the heirs grasped the publisher's plans to print a total of sixty-eight stories—all it could find which Cheever never published in a collection—and, allegedly, to emphasize the autobiographical, revelatory aspects of some of the stories, the Cheevers balked, setting Ben's agent, the fearsome Andrew Wylie, and Mary's lawyer, Martin Garbus, into action against Academy Chicago, a mom-and-pop operation run by Jordan and Anita Miller. Lawsuits from both sides were filed, in Illinois and New York State. Four years and over a million dollars in legal expenses later (the Millers' legal costs were over four hundred thousand dollars, and the Cheevers' are estimated at more than twice that), the Cheevers won, the Illinois Supreme Court ruling in 1991 that the contract lacked "the definite and certain essential terms required for the formation of an enforceable contract." By the final terms of legal truce, the New York lawsuit was dropped and Academy agreed not to publish any out-of-copyright material

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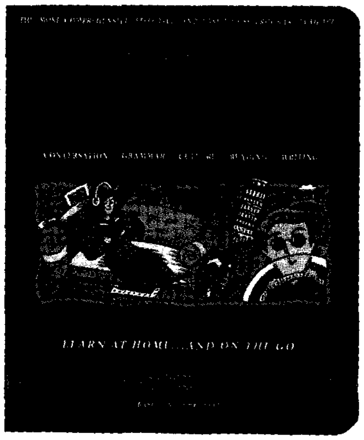

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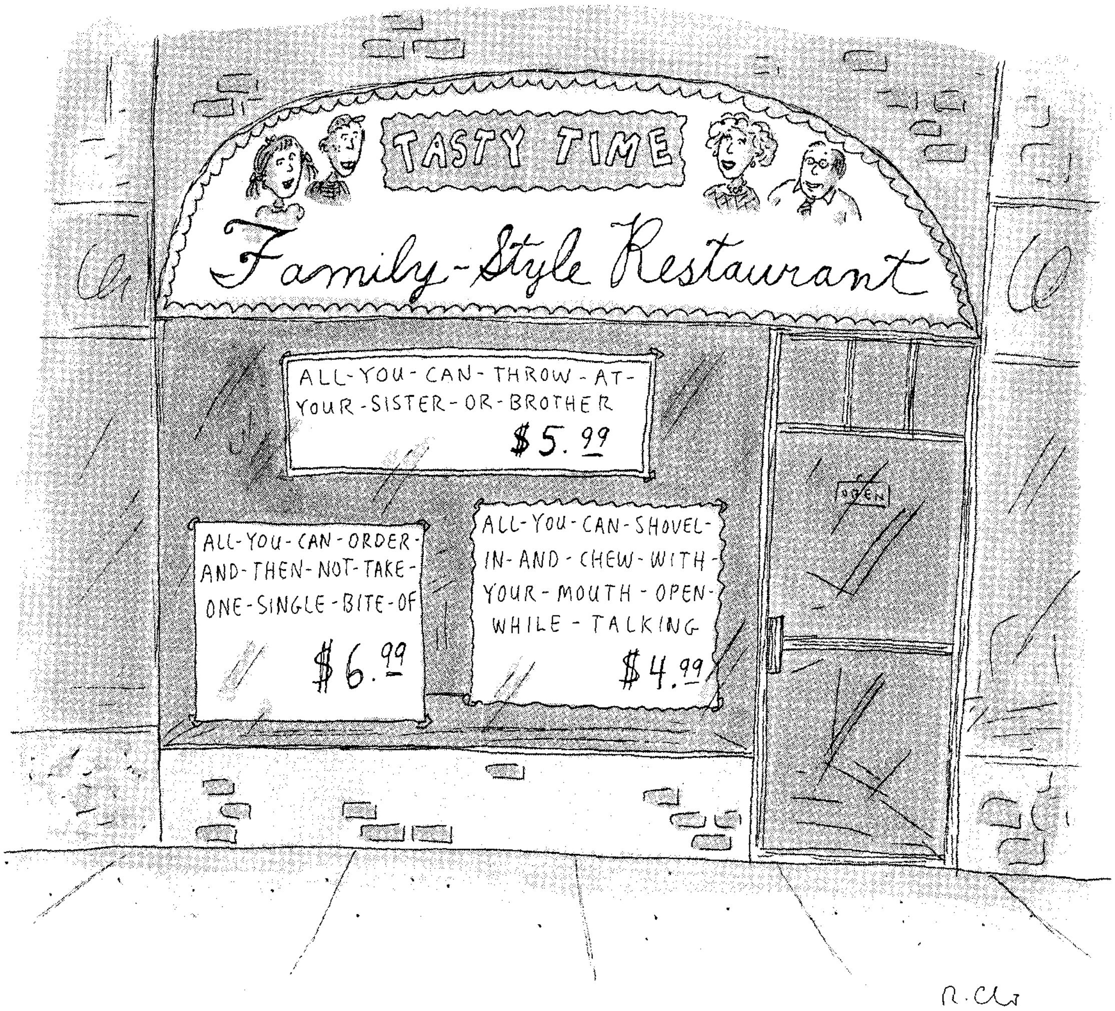
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by the author for two years. Out-of-copyright material? Under the old rules, a copyright was good for twenty-eight years, and could be renewed for another twenty-eight. It emerged during the wrangle that a number—cited as "about fifteen"—of early Cheever stories had been allowed to lapse into the public domain. Anyone could print them, and now Academy, awarding itself this curious consolation prize, has.

"Thirteen Uncollected Stories" is a pretty book, actually, with a sober painting by Edward Hopper—a ubiquitous jacket artist these days—adorning a chaste yellow jacket. The embattled Franklin H. Dennis is named as editor, but he has little to say in his editor's note, and nothing to say of the purely legal principle of default that has determined this selection; only the absence of any copyright credits prior to 1994 hints that these stories, and only these, were up for grabs. George W. Hunt, S.J., the editor of the magazine *America* and an esteemed literary critic, provides a benign and perceptive essay, tracing influences, political as well as literary, on the young Cheever. The book is, as if nervously, overintroduced; it opens with, in addition to the pages by Mr. Dennis and Father Hunt, a page of clarion endorsement by Matthew Bruccoli, a tireless promoter of secondary material by famous literary talents. "It is instructive and pleasurable to read an important writer's formative work," he begins, and so it is, even when so arbitrary a selection of it is presented. The stories range in date from 1931, when Cheever was nineteen, to 1949, when he was thirty-seven. Cheever's first published piece of fiction, "Expelled," which appeared in *The New Republic* in 1930, when the author was eighteen, and which was published in a miniature, boxed, limited edition in 1988 by the West Coast firm of Sylvester & Orphanos, is not here. Nor are any of the thirty-four uncollected stories published by *The New Yorker* between 1935 and 1950. Only magazines that did not bother to hold on to the copyright—a number of them defunct but three of them, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The New Republic*, and *Cosmopolitan*, among the living—have won entry to this particular *salon des refusés*.

Nothing if not self-critical, Cheever could be careless and dismissive of his work. His books were in scarce supply around his house, and he had to be persuaded, by Robert Gottlieb, of the wisdom of giving the public another chance to buy his short stories, in the highly successful "Stories of John Cheever" (1978). That collection, which sold handsomely and won the Pulitzer Prize, holds no story written earlier than 1946, when Cheever was thirty-four. His novel "The Holly Tree," the focus of much effort and hope in the mid-thirties, was finally consigned to a trash barrel—at least, no copy was ever found. He was over thirty when his first collection, "The Way Some People Live," was published, in 1943; it brought together thirty stories, all but seven of them from *The New Yorker*. After receiving in Army camp a copy of this, his first book, he wrote Mary, then his wife of two years, "I was glad to see the stories in a book because they give me an idea of how much I have to learn and what not to do." He subsequently withheld translation rights and basically disowned the book, but he included two stories from it, "The Pleasures of Solitude" and "Of Love: A Testimony," in the 1965 paperback reprint of his second collection, "The Enormous Radio" (1953). How much more emphatically, then, would he have disowned "Thirteen Uncollected Stories"? Chronologically arranged, the thirteen begin with some formless, vaguely anticapitalist effusions by a teen-ager and progress to some pat, hokey confections by a young man trying to survive the Depression by selling to the slick magazines.

Yet it is, as the three introducers promise, fascinating to see a splendid talent grow its wings. The last two stories, published in a 1942 *Collier's* and a 1949 *Cosmopolitan*, display, if not quite the full-feathered sheen, many gleams. They give off Cheever's particular atmospherics—a wry susceptibility, an offhand yet edgy concreteness, a radiance against all odds breaking through a miasma of weary and bitter wisdom. From the 1942 story, "Family Dinner":

> Surfeited with food, with work, with the burdens of their lives, they sat stiffly in their uncomfortable chairs as though the music were a kind of imprisonment. In the heaviness of the atmosphere, the steam heat and the smells of cooking, the arpeggios seemed incredibly light and ascendent and because Frank supposed that Chopin was French he remembered then an early summer morning, five years ago, when he and Frances had bicycled into Avignon and some soldiers called after her: "*Hé, la blonde, hé la blonde. . . .*"

Father Hunt points out that Cheever began to write under the spell of Hemingway and then fell under the spell of Fitzgerald. In his youth, he read, according to Donaldson's biography, Flaubert, Joyce, Dostoyevski, Tolstoy, Proust, John Donne, "Yeats and Eliot and the Romantics." He also flunked out of Thayer Academy, failing math and French and getting only C's in English. The famous opening rhythms of "A Farewell to Arms" are shamelessly imitated in "Fall River," published when Cheever was nineteen in *The Left: A Quarterly Review of Radical and Experimental Art:*

> The house we lived in was on a steep hill and we could look down into the salt marshes and the high gray river moving into the sea. It was winter but there had been no snow and for a whole season the roads were dusty and the sky was heavy and the trees had dropped their leaves for the winter.

This experimental piece and "Late Gathering," which follows, attempt to nail reality à la early Hemingway, but the style's naïveté is not always faux; e.g., "The man's face was square and his hair was straight like plain wood" and "Then we went down the long planes of the country road" and "Such muscle in the awning frame Ruth would say and drag her fingers over the dry ivory like little white rakes." In "Bock Beer and Bermuda Onions," a story that appeared in the esteemed *Hound and Horn* in 1932, the attempt to be vivid works curious wonders in syntax and vocabulary:

> But a house full of guests and memory crowded with spring only makes the sum of her, flesh, blood, wrinkles, hair, a more final object to go up against April.

> She is short and blonde with heavy drooping eyelids, and when she speaks she lifts her face as though to shake back her eyelids and speak up from under her eyes.

> Walking back and forth on the stage shooting out her abrupt smart buttocks.

With however strained a squint, Cheever is looking at women, and most of these thirteen stories have a woman at their center. "Bayonne," "The Princess," and "The Teaser" all concern women fighting for their lives as age and hard times and mediocrity catch up to them. One is a chorus girl, one is a striptease artist, and one is a waitress in a restaurant patronized almost entirely by men; the relation between a lone female performer and a mass of men is deftly, rather eerily explored from both sides. Not so much the stripper as the male audience is credited with sensitive feelings. The heroine of "The Teaser," fifty-two but still fit, "had grown more confident and proud until she didn't make any effort to put it over. She made the house feel like dirt." When a novice stripper acts shy onstage, she is advised, "You're not here to embarrass them."

Cheever's family—a fascinating and yet somehow dangerous older brother; a once prosperous father impoverished by his own self-indulgences; a plucky, English-born mother who gamely coped with financial disaster by opening a gift shop partly stocked with her own possessions—was led in its battle for survival by his mother, yet her gift shop embarrassed him all his life. Before he had the skill and flair to cloak his family facts in the gorgeous mythifying of the Wapshot chronicles, he wrote two relatively straight accounts, included in this collection. "The Autobiography of a Drummer" tells the story of his father's decline as a quality-shoe salesman, and "In Passing" has the youthful narrator visit a demoralized household very like that of Cheever's financially desperate parents in Quincy, Massachusetts. Published in *The Atlantic Monthly* when he was twenty-three, "In Passing" is his most ambitious story up to that time, and provocatively, if awkwardly, combines the narrator's exposure to a dedicated Communist agitator with his familial experience of fallen, but still striving, bourgeoisie. The "intensity and purity" of the Communist's selfless spiel ("It is a matter of pure reason. We are living in a rotten world, shaped by dead hands and ruled by dead hands. . . . There is only one way out—the dictatorship of the proletariat") comes off, finally, as empty noise in an America that has consecrated selfish ambition. "I want to make a lot of money," the narrator's brother tells him. "I like money and I like women and I like to travel and go fast." As "Fall River" and "The Autobiography of a Drummer" show, the ruthlessness of a money-driven society did not escape Cheever, in a time when millions were feeling its effects. But his social consciousness could not be hitched to a blinkered left-wing commitment. In a 1977 interview, he told John Hersey, "People . . . decided that the only literature was the literature that would provoke social change. That struck me as being rubbish. And then, when I was perhaps twenty, I was singled out by Marxist critics in *New Masses* magazine as the final example of bourgeois degeneration." One wonders what youthful texts *New Masses* had in mind. The political truth of the matter is that Cheever's achingly keen sense of lurking failure and rejection sought balm only in a private, religious, aesthetic transfiguration. Donaldson's biography quotes its subject as saying that he was concerned not "with social reconstruction" but "with literature as an intimate and acute means of communication."

The flip side of Depression poverty and hunger was the gaiety that even a little money could excite. The songs of the time, and the motion pictures, take lilt and glitter from the vision of pennies from heaven. Once Cheever had learned from Fitzgerald the uses of romanticism and light irony, he chased his own pennies by selling *Collier's* three happily ending stories about the Saratoga racetrack. In his darkest financial days, the artists' colony Yaddo, on a large estate in Saratoga Springs, housed and fed Cheever for months at a time, and of these bucolic interludes the nearby racetrack seems to have impressed him most. As the burlesque house offered a semblance of sex to its Depression patrons, the racetrack offered a semblance of sport and quick wealth. Cheever's friend and peer Daniel Fuchs managed to flesh out his chancy freelancer's income with racetrack winnings. The cultural importance of rac-

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ing in Cheever's stories, like their mention of milk wagons and crosstown trolley cars (and their appearance in *Collier's*, defunct in 1957 but once a slightly less folksy rival of *The Saturday Evening Post*), dates them; these racing tales pursue the interplay of money and romance, under the full moon of a lucky long-shot bet, with almost the gossamer impudence of a P. G. Wodehouse fable. Though negligible in their glossy, wish-fulfilling plots, they hold pockets of uniquely Cheeveresque longing and poetry. In "Saratoga" we are told of the rootless, horse-mad hero that "although he never made any effort to change his way of living he thought continually of the better worlds in which other men lived, of country houses and steady jobs, of wives and children." In "His Young Wife," a similar man is conceived as saying, in remarkably Victorian accents, "I know it isn't kind or considerate or honorable but I haven't seen enough of kindness or consideration or honor in my world to have taught me to sacrifice my only happiness for those principles." And in "The Man She Loved" Cheever's concision, once fumblingly imitated from Hemingway, paints quick pictures in his own poignant colors:

> The sweet, desultory fall of hoofs came to them there as the entries filed up from the paddock. The jockeys' silks burned in the sun. . . .The backstretch smoked, the entries streaking, drumming the loose dirt, going faster than anything you can imagine and somehow not fast enough.

This quotation dates from 1940, which may be taken as marking the end of Cheever's journeyman years. By 1940, he was successfully courting Mary Winternitz, and his production of short stories had impressively accelerated—only two stories by him appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1939, but there were eleven in 1940, and seven in 1941. He had arrived as a writer, and had arrived, after his thirties sojourn in seedy bachelor milieus, at the domestic scenes he was to fill so brimmingly with American enchantment and disenchantment. Toward the end of "Family Dinner":

> They made their farewells on the porch, looking like one of those pathetic and bewildered groups you sometimes see at country railroad stations or in the waiting rooms of city hospitals.

The final story, "The Opportunity," published in *Cosmopolitan* in 1949, is a flimsy thing, in which a beautiful young would-be actress, with a great opportunity before her, refuses to play the lead in a trashy play whose plot sounds rather like that of "The Man She Loved." Her mother is one more struggling woman condemned to a life of drudgery, but the daughter's confident scorn of the second-rate introduces a new note, as the confident author enters upon his prime.

Cheever's prime was of such glorious quality that perhaps, to placate th[illegible] who find something to love in all his work, his estate might eventually arrange an edition of his uncollected stories more generous and orderly than this baker's dozen born of bitter litigation. At the least, there should be a reissue, after fifty years, of "The Way Some People Live," which was Cheever's pick of the stories written before 1943; these are generally short, in the snapshot mode of the thirties, and sometimes very slight, but the compressed, impulsive dialogue can be startlingly comic and revelatory. His sense of hidden despair, with its tension of impending outburst, became ever more richly animated by an eagle eye for social status and physical detail. Between 1943 and 1946, there was a marked lengthening of Cheever's stories, as he turned his Army experience into relatively expansive narratives and wrote a series of six stories, forming a kind of novella, under the title "Town House." The frequently unfortunate interactions of three young married couples—each with one child—who, in the wartime housing shortage, share a spacious town house in New York City are described; it takes a while to get the couples sorted in the reader's mind, and the bickering has a certain monotony, but the complex weave of psychological and domestic detail is unprecedented in Cheever's work. Though George S. Kaufman directed a play (unsuccessful) based on the "Town House" stories, Cheever never collected them in a book, or the war stories, either. The work he chose to preserve began with "The Sutton Place Story," published in *The New Yorker* the month after the last of the "Town House" stories ran. Altogether, the magazine's files hold forty uncollected stories; if they, with those of "The Way Some People Live," were brought out in a handsome, usefully annotated companion to the 1978 "Stories," posterity would be served and the air of unease that lingers in the wake of the Academy squabble would be dispelled. ◆

BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Waters of Thirst
by Adam Mars-Jones
(Knopf; $20)

THE narrator of this angrily comic novel is funny about the theatre, in which he worked before becoming successful at voice-overs in TV ads, and about sex; about the boyfriend he lives with and about religion; about death and about dialysis, which he has been undergoing three times a week since his kidneys failed. He is so proficient in his work that he is known as One-take, even to his beau—with whom he marks the end of each sexual interlude by asking, "More tea, Vicar?" In between fantasizing about, on the one hand, a motorcyclist who will conveniently crash and donate a perfect kidney to him and, on the other, a porn star descriptively named Peter Hunter, the narrator cooks elaborate dinners. This is the kind of book you want to review simply by quoting one line after another, the lines are so crisp, clever, witty, and right, from dry observations like "I'm always surprised by how many straights there are, and in all walks of life, not just in the obvious professions" to the even drier "Death was not, as it turned out, something I could do in one take."

The Bitterest Age
by Raymond Kennedy
(Ticknor & Fields; $22.95)

THE veteran novelist, whose last book was a slapstick romp, has entirely changed gears in this deeply satisfying Second World War story about a headstrong ten-year-old German girl. It's strange to read about the war from the other side of the action. You can't help noticing that Ingeborg and her younger brother, who are almost perilously hungry from dinners of watery cabbage soup, cower in the cellar during bombing raids on Potsdam in a manner identical to that of their contemporaries in novels of the London blitz—and the awareness brings home the idea of war as an absurd theatre of parallel experiences that can't be shared. Ingeborg challenges the prevailing ethos of despair around her through her irrepressible, almost perverse convictions: she makes friends with the portly Nazi block warden in her beleaguered neighborhood—as much because she enjoys charming him as because he may be able to help feed her brother—and maintains against all evidence that her father, who is "missing, presumed dead" somewhere on the Eastern Front, will eventually come home.

GENERAL

On Looking Into the Abyss
by Gertrude Himmelfarb
(Knopf; $23)

THE title of this collection of seven essays, by the well-known historian of Victorian England, is borrowed from Lionel Trilling, who, back in 1961, complained that students of modern literature, on being presented with the heart of darkness, peered dutifully into it, remarked on its very interesting horrors, and, counting themselves now truly well rounded, proceeded cheerfully with their conventional bourgeois lives. Since then, Himmelfarb thinks, "the beasts of modernism have mutated into the beasts of postmodernism—relativism into nihilism, amorality into immorality, irrationality into insanity, sexual deviancy into polymorphous perversity." Her fear is that we are now being taught—by deconstructionists, multiculturalists, and liberals—to cast a bland eye on these new beasts, and are losing the vocabulary needed to distinguish truth from falsehood, and good from evil. Having thus overstated her case, Himmelfarb is hard pressed to come up with examples of people who actually endorse nihilism, insanity, and polymorphous perversity (whatever that may be). She can only come up with people who think that terms like "truth," "reason," and "morality" cannot be shown to refer to immutable qualities and have sometimes been known to serve as masks for falsehood, for self-interest, and even for evil—suggestions that a historian ought to find unexceptionable.

FROM OUR PAGES

(*All or part of these recently published books originally appeared in The New Yorker.*)

The Silent Woman
by Janet Malcolm
Knopf; $23

The Massacre at El Mozote
by Mark Danner
Vintage; $12

Family Terrorists
by Antonya Nelson
Houghton Mifflin; $19.95

Borderlands: Nation and Empire
by Scott L. Malcomson
(Faber & Faber; $22.95)

MALCOMSON is our guide through Romania, Bulgaria, Istanbul, and finally, leapfrogging the Caucasus and the Caspian Sea, Uzbekistan. In the post-Communist thaw, "Europe" and "Asia" are far from stable entities, and the author finds all sorts of creatures swimming in the ethnic bouillabaisse: Romanian anti-Semites scrapping with Hungarian irredentists in Transylvania; "Euromuslim" Turks in fear of Bulgarian nationalist pogroms; Islamic-revivalist schoolgirls rebelling against the secularism of the Turkish state; and Uzbek smallholders stubbornly maintaining a way of life despite armies, empires, and despots. Malcomson meets them, speaks to them in their own languages, and reports the encounters with a deadpan scrupulousness that is by turns generous and ironic. To get some purchase on this protean subject, he becomes a shape-shifter himself, blending history lessons and reportage with anthropology and reverie. Just when you think he's losing it, letting an imam from Tashkent ramble on about Islam being of many nations and people all over the world eating different kinds of food, the imam comes to an end with "The world was created this way in order to make it interesting." Why, yes. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE TIMES ON-LINE

BY CHARLIE VARON

YOU have chosen page A1 col 6 top
Headline: High Court Holds Sulking Illegal

Subhead: Justices, in Narrow Ruling, Also Strictly Curb Minors' Rights to Whine, Plead and Make 'Unreasonable' Demands

Sub-subhead: Blow to Children's Advocacy Groups

Byline: LINDA GREENHOUSE

Text (press [ESC] anytime to abort or F1 for options): Overturning a Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals decision, the Supreme Court today ruled that children may be held liable for tantrums or lesser outbursts that disrupt their parents' activities, even for brief perio<USER INTERRUPT>

>AUTHOR'S COMMENT (please note that this is a premium service billed at $0.81/min. Do you wish to continue? Y/N/Help)

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Headline: The President's Sea Change

Inset tag: News Analysis

Byline: THOMAS L. FRIEDMAN

Text: President Clinton's speech to a group of foreign policy analysts in Cleveland last Thursday was on its surface a reaffirmation of his eojrt blrkdflx8. But at a deeper level it signals a new pebkdboblgn 3 hf—this time with a human fa<USER INTERRUPT>

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Headline: Professor with Feet on Ground

Inset tag: Woman in the News

Byline: R. W. APPLE, JR.

Text: Shawna deNixon Lopez-Cohen, the President's appointment for the post of Nominee, once waited eleven hours in the pouring rain to buy tickets for a Van Morrison concert. Then, having reached the front of the line, she bought two dozen tickets and gave away all but a pair to people at the very end of the line, most of whom had by then given up hope. It is that kind of persistent determination and creative advocacy for those at the bottom, coupled with the down-to-earth recognition that there must also be something in the struggle for herself, that friends and Washington insiders say will serve her well in the confirmation hearings that begin next Tuesday. The hearings are expected to last well into the next Administration.

Ms. Lopez-Cohen, who received her B.A. magna cu<USER INTERRUPT>

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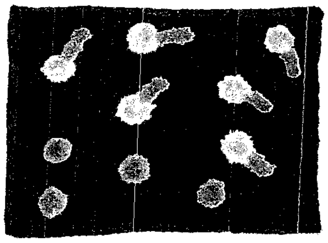

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Headline: Multiple Piercings May Ease Cancer Risk, Study Finds

Byline: NATALIE ANGIER

Photo Caption: Belinda Hatshepsut, who says she has not gotten any new tumors since last September, when she had piercings done on her nose, lip and<USER INTERRUPT>

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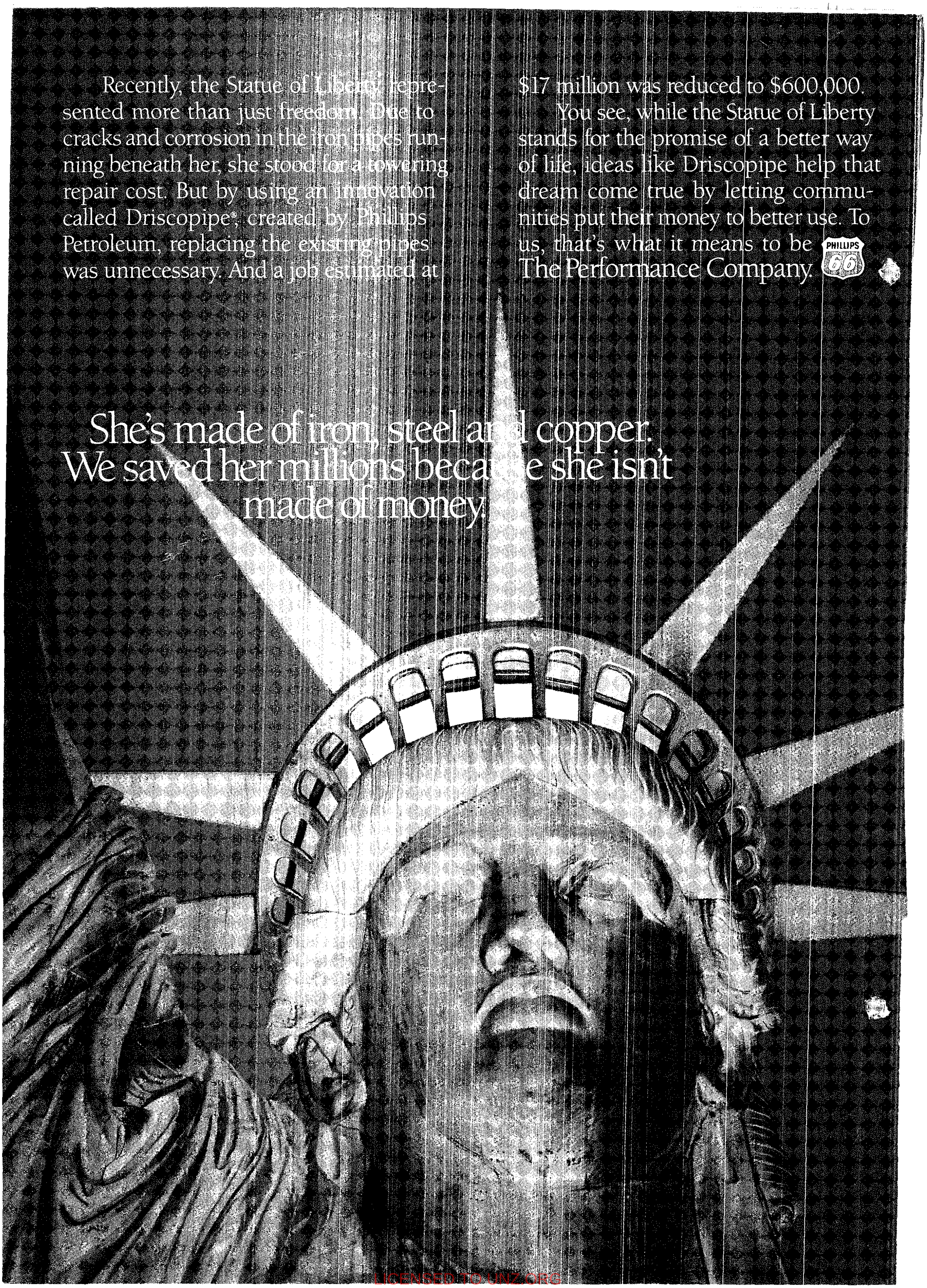
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